

THE
GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JANUARY, 1854.

ORIGINAL.

CLEANSED FROM ALL SIN.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

IT IS DESIRABLE TO BE CLEANSED FROM ALL SIN,

At least, so it would seem to me. So, if I am not wholly mistaken, it must seem to everybody. Even opponents of the doctrine, must, upon sober reflection, exceedingly regret that, in their humble opinion, no available provisions have been made in the gospel, to save the soul entirely, and in this life, from so dread an evil—or that provision having been made, it is placed beyond our reach—or if entirely possible we are so constituted, that we never *can* or never *will* avail ourselves of it. I have often imagined that devout persons unfortunately restricted by theological systems, must be driven again and again to search the Scriptures, and pour over the records of piety, to see whether after all, there is not some lurking error, in the view, which deprives the thirsty soul of *full* draughts of salvation so abhorrent are the slightest motions of inward depravity to the truly regenerate. I shall write in harmony therefore, with the *feelings* of such Christians, whatever difficulties mere theory may

oppose, when I attempt to show *how* desirable it is to be "pure in heart." And amongst the thousands who in honest faith receive the doctrine of experimental holiness as a practical reality, there must be extremely few who, even under the greatest delusion, cherish sin—or defend it from real affection. And yet, surely the delay, the shrinking when the subject is mentioned, and the various apologetic theories put forth, justify the conviction that the *true* desirableness of "a clean heart," is not appreciated by the Church.

Let us look at the nature of sin. In principle, and in fact, it is rebellion against God. His will is revealed in the Bible. "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just and good." It is the principle upon which the moral harmony of the universe depends; and yet sin attacks that principle—subjects it to utter contempt, and tramples it under foot. It is the rule which binds the creature to the Creator, the subject to the sovereign, the child to the parent, the beneficiary to the benefactor. But sin, in full view of all these sacred relations, perpetrates its high enormities. So far as man is under its influence, he says, I know I did not create myself—I know a Divine Power brought me into being, and that power has a right to demand all my services, but I will not yield to that demand. I acknowledge the right and rebel against it. Those creature abilities shall serve, my own purposes, my own lusts. There in Heaven and everywhere is my rightful Lord, the Being who holds the destinies of the Universe. But I defy Him! Let Him order as He will, I will not obey the order! I will be my own ruler! I will live as I list, in despite of Him! Let Him throw down His law, as a line of fire to stop me; I will rush over it! Lo! He is my Father. I am but His weak, dependent, helpless child. Every day He feeds me, and every breath I receive from His Almighty Providence. See now! I will insult Him—despise Him! Let Him command me—threaten me—expostulate with me; I will resist all. He has no love that shall win me—no terrors that shall awe me—no authority that shall bind my will! Such is sin, "the transgression of the Law," founded upon every relation held sacred by God or man.

And it is more. There are sacred duties binding upon the moral agent. Heaven enjoins repentance, but the sinner says I will cling to my sins—I do not regret them. I love them and will repeat them as often as I have an opportunity. Heaven requires trust in the Divine veracity, in His omnipotent power, and holy love; but I will not confide in Him—Faith is the great want of my soul, the proffer of Divine grace, the most reasonable exercise of a rational soul; but I will not trust in the Being whom I know to be unalterable truth; whose word can never fail—I will not rely upon the things I know to be true, and the only truths that are of inevitable and eternal moment to me. Heaven requires that I should pray, but I choose to “restrain prayer”—“who is the Lord that I should serve Him, and what profit shall I have if I pray unto Him?” No confession, contrition, deprecation, or petition, shall have place in my heart or fall from my lips. God my bountiful Benefactor requires my affections—I see Him, “the fairest among ten thousands and the one altogether lovely;” but I will not love Him. I can love the creature-man, a specimen of moral deformity, myself, the very type of folly and odiousness; but not God—the pure, benevolent, and faithful God! The great Jehovah demands that I should fear Him, and though I see Him clothed in majesty and strength—with the terrors of justice flashing from His eye, yet I shall render Him no filial awe. I fear my fellow man, the frown of the populace, the ban of fashion—everything mean and contemptible, but not God—the righteous, sin-avenging God! It is required by Him who has the right, that I should “love my neighbor as myself;” but my neighbor—*who is he* that he should occupy my time, engross my sympathies, absorb my means, and interfere with my enterprises. If I can use him in any way, if I can compel him to supply my wants, administer to my passions, or elevate me for the adulations of my fellows, very well—if not, let him keep out of my way. And so of every duty. Sin is neglect—continued, obstinate, constantly recurring neglect. “To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.”

And this is not all. It is gross inward corruption. No symmetrical beautiful human figure can illustrate it. As said

the Prophet, of the moral condition of the Jews, so says the truth of all who are under the influence of sin—"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." A putrid mass of loathsome corruption! Deeply seated within the soul, lies the source of outward rebellion. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?" "A corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit"—"An evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is evil"—nothing is right within. The passions are perverted—the affections are alienated—the conscience is untruthful—the will is rebellious. Wrong—everything wrong in the soul, and "all unrighteousness is sin."

One other thing must be said of sin, distinctly, that it may be impressively. It rejects the Son of God! It is in the light of Calvary, that all sin has its true deformity. The race are not merely the unfortunate descendants of guilty parents—not vile, because by inheritance doomed to be vile—not rebellious because hopeless. The love of God has attempted to reach them. A scheme of stupendous mercy has been devised. The only begotten has appeared in flesh. Earth has seen, and felt his compassion, and received his blood! To every mortal's ear the call is issued, "if any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The guilty are offered pardon, the rebellious mercy, the dead life, the polluted purification. It is against all this that sin persists in its obstinacy. There is no power in dying love to melt the heart! There are no charms in the Redeemer to win its affections! The Gospel instructs, intreats, threatens, and commands, in vain! The vast remedial scheme, with its endless variety of expedients, involving the resources of a God, by sin is mocked, despised, and rejected. Can we—need we say more! Is there any other light in which it appears so vile—so flagrant—so terrible?

Such is sin—as a violation of Divine Law—as neglect of sacred duty, as a principle of innate, habitual, cultivated depravity. Such is the rejection of Divine compassion. Thus

it "tramples under foot the Son of God;" *Can it be in any sense desirable?* No. All will instinctively say, surely not in its grosser forms. It is offensive even to decency in the forms of idolatry — profanity — Sabbath breaking — disobedience to parents — murder — adultery — fornication — theft — false witness — and covetousness. From all these we pray to be delivered — however much we may be in spirit attached to any of them. And Christians feel that in the sense of *guilt*, they can not bear it. From its condemning power, they entreat, by night and day, to be delivered. Strange, that, in any of its forms, it should be accepted — it should be allowed a quiet home in the soul. For the mere fact of having *within* the seeds of sin, the roots of bitterness, the fountain of "bitter waters," how few of the church give themselves any heartfelt trouble, feel any pain of conscience, or engage in any struggle of prayer! But in this form of inward depravity, is it any less desirable, any less offensive, or dangerous? It is verily the same in principle, whether within, or without. In the outward forms of hateful vice, or robed in the garb of loveliness and beauty, breaking out in rebellion, or suppressed and governed, it is the same offensive "thing that God hates." True, the condition of the sinner is by no means the same in an unforgiven, and in a pardoned state. Blessed be God, there is rich mercy in pardon. There are the beginnings of a complete salvation in justification. There is the earnest of a blissful immortality in regeneration. But we must not be misled by the comfort of pardon, the joy and triumph of the new birth, and the glorious hopes of immortality, to pass over with indifference the corruption which remains, to feel or suppose that God has waived, in its favor, the claims of his holy law, or that it is entitled, to any extent, to our toleration, or sufferance, because we have been enabled by grace to conquer it. We must examine it in the light of revelation, and of a convicted conscience, until we can see all its deformity. We must watch its tendencies, until we can realize that it is just as corrupt and rebellious as in any condition whatever — that it embraces the first opportunity to flame out against God, and against the soul — that, just as in any form, it will give a welcome home to the devil, and the world — lead the

spirit away from Christ and duty — chill its affections, and pervert its judgment. Just as surely, then, as it is desirable to be delivered from sin at all, *it is desirable to be delivered from all sin.* Desirable, as sin is wrong in itself — odious to God, — against the rights of the Saviour, and at war with the operations of the Holy Spirit. Desirable, in every aspect in which it can be viewed. Desirable in proportion to its inherent malignity — its corrupting, damning powers over the souls in which it is allowed to reign. O, who can look at it, and love it ? Who can answer its deformity with a smile ? Who can permit with quiet complacency, its concentrated poison in the soul ? How exceedingly desirable is deliverance from all sin on its own account. Let each of us think, and examine, and pray, until we shall cry out for deliverance merely because we loathe it more than anything offensive to us in the universe of God.

ORIGINAL.

THOUGHTS SELECTED FROM MADAM GUYON'S LETTERS.

BY P. L. U.

Melancholy contrary to true devotion ; its evils ; helps to guard against it.

1. I assure you, my dear M., I sympathise deeply in your interior sufferings. It is, however, of great consequence that you yield not to melancholy. It is a dangerous temptation. Satan does not in this, tempt you after a gross manner, which you would easily detect, but he aims to render you melancholy, which proves a real hindrance to your progress, thereby extinguishing the grace of the interior, and making you insupportable to yourself and others. Melancholy contracts and withers the heart, and renders it unfit to receive the impressions of grace. It magnifies objects, and gives them a false coloring, thus making your burdens too heavy to bear.

2. The little consolation you have from circumstances around you, help to nourish this state. But all these trials should be proof to you, that God is willing to purify your heart. He

puts bitterness in all things, in order to detach you from all but Himself, and make you willing to serve Him alone. Receive then the blessing that comes in the present trial. Let God by this work in you, to purify and subdue, and bring you to himself. Try not your state by anything anticipated ; stretch not your capacity to do the things which are removed from you, and which you can never accomplish. It is better to be shut up in the acceptance of all which comes to your heart, in the present circumstances of your life ; in *the trial* now weighing down your spirits. Be persuaded, if there be not good in the thing itself, and direct profit, yet it will work for good, by subduing the evil tendencies of your nature.

3. You must strive hard to combat this tendency to melancholy, if you would have God pleased with you ; and in order to do thus, be careful to nourish your mind with reading ; the mind needs food as well as the body. Also accustom yourself to occupations, and fear not to make your acts, or doings, prayer ; or offerings to God. On the contrary, pray much while you labor ; thus will your labors be a help and not a hindrance. It is better to divert your mind with innocent recreations, than to nourish melancholy ; but if you cannot come to this point, strive to make your duty and employments your pleasure.

4. There are two ways in which we serve little children. One is to give them all they choose for present pleasure. Another is, to deny them present pleasure for greater good. God is a wise Father, and chooses the best way for his children. Receive then joyfully all that happens to you. Sweet or bitter; content yourself with what you have, nor suffer yourself to desire what you have not.

5. A sad exterior is more sure to repel than attract one to piety. It is necessary to serve God with a certain joyousness of spirit, which makes one comprehend that we do it with pleasure ; that the yoke of obedience is neither a burden, nor inconvenience. If you would make manifest the operation of God within you, it is necessary that your exterior should be all sweet, all humble, all subdued, all cordial and cheerful. You will not doubt how much I am your friend.

SELECTED.

DO YOU GROW IN GRACE.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MRS. R. AND HER PASTOR.

The pastor of the village of S., was a good man. He was one of those Christians who are so truly devoted to God, and have constantly such a sense of the divine presence, that they bring all who are with them into that presence. There was something serious in his very smile. Nobody would talk about trifles to him, for better thoughts always seemed to suggest themselves when he was by, and conversation naturally took a religious turn. He was like that good man of whom a young person remarked, "I cannot see him pass the house without thinking of God!"

This good pastor preached the gospel faithfully and earnestly. Of all the talents that go to make up an acceptable minister, there is nothing like *earnestness*. He was not satisfied with preaching in public, but like Paul, (for "the love of Christ constrained him,") he went from house to house warning and entreating every one. Everybody in the parish was convinced that he cared for their souls. He sought as earnestly to build up Christians, as to convert sinners; for he knew well, that to raise the tone of piety in the church was the most effectual way to promote the conversion of the world.

The following conversation with one of his flock will show something of his views of Christian duty and privileges.

Pastor — Well, Mrs. R., how do you prosper in the Divine life?

Mrs. R. — I hardly know, sir. We are commanded to grow in grace, but it don't seem to me that I have made much progress since I was first converted.

Pastor — I suppose your views of truth and duty have been considerably enlarged since then?

Mrs. R. — Yes. They were very limited at first, and I must say I have enjoyed a great deal in the contemplation of truth, but then you teach us sir, that to grow in knowledge is one thing, and to grow in grace is another. Now I don't know as I am any better for all I have learned; and I am certainly not so happy as I was at first.

Pastor — Do you take pleasure in the service of God?

Mrs. R. — Yes. Yet I never feel satisfied. It always seems to me afterwards that I might have done more; then too, I find there is a good deal of self-will and self-seeking in all I do. If I am blessed with success in my efforts, I am apt to have feelings of self complacency; and when unsuccessful, I am discouraged.

Pastor — When you feel that you have sinned, what do you do?

Mrs. R. — Why it seems as if I did little else but sin—at least, I must say with the poet,

“ Sin is mixed with all I do.”

It is the consciousness of this, which depresses me.

Pastor — Do you make confession of all your sins to God?

Mrs. R. — O, yes sir; and this is another thing which troubles me—that I should, year after year, keep confessing the same things. I often think how tired God must be of hearing me!

Pastor — We read, “ Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy.” Do you try to forsake all that you confess, or do you confess these wrong feelings, still expecting to continue in them?

Mrs. R. — I used to go away from the Throne of Grace with strong resolutions of amendment; but I always broke them; and now I have got almost discouraged about making any more.

Pastor — I suppose you used to comfort yourself very much with these good resolutions?

Mrs. R. — Yes, sir! I did.

Pastor — What do you do for comfort now?

Mrs. R. — I go to the Saviour and tell him how weak and sinful I am, and entreat him to forgive and help me. Some-

times I am favored with a very sweet sense of his forgiveness and love; then I feel happy. But I lose this happy frame, and fall again into sin. This I find is the case with others. Still it does seem to me that it is not right to live so.

Pastor—The Scripture says, “Strive to enter in at the straight gate;” “Labor to enter into this rest;” “Fight the good fight of faith.”

Mrs. R.—I do strive at times, very earnestly, to overcome my easily besetting sins. I try to govern my temper, to conquer my tendency to indolence, to watch my tongue, and control my wandering thoughts, and I try especially in seasons of social and secret prayer, and at the communion table, to have devotional feelings; but I find the wrong thoughts will not go away at my bidding, and the right feelings will not come.

Pastor—Had not you better give it all up, and not strive any more?

Mrs. R.—Why then I should have to give up all my hope! No, though my resolves and strivings don’t seem to come to much, yet I should not dare to give them up.

Pastor—Do you remember how it was with you when you were under conviction? You came to the inquiry meeting week after week, without obtaining a hope. At last, you got quite discouraged, and said you had done all you could, and it seemed to be of no use to try to be a Christian.

Mrs. R.—O, yes! I remember well that night when I was so disheartened. You told me that my efforts to make myself better before going to Christ, had not amounted to anything, and never would; that I must give up striving in that way, and renouncing every other dependence, throw myself at once on the pardoning mercy of God; asking him to take me just as I was, for Christ’s sake—fully believe that Christ had done enough to cover my sins. I did so, and found peace. The moment I let go of my own righteousness, and laid hold of the righteousness of Christ, I was happy.

Pastor—Do you remember the words of St. Paul? “As ye received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.” Are not

your feelings very similar to what they were when you was under conviction?

Mrs. R. — Yes, I believe they are.

“I see the right and I approve it too;
Abhor the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.”

Pastor — As you went to Christ at first and threw yourself upon him to save you from hell, so now you must throw yourself upon him to save you from sin. “The just shall live by faith.” They begin by faith, and by faith they must ever after continue to live.

Mrs. R. — What is it to live by faith?

Pastor — It means that you not only trust in Christ for final salvation, but that you trust in him daily and hourly to enable you to discharge all known duty, make a way of escape for you in temptation, and hold you back from the indulgence of wrong feelings.

Mrs. R. — And may I venture to expect so much?

Pastor — You recollect it was said of Him, “His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.” He is mighty to save, even to the uttermost.

Mrs. R. — I supposed he would do that by taking us to heaven.

Pastor — The great object of the gospel is to make men holy; and they will become holy whenever they avail themselves fully of its provisions.

I should be glad to dwell longer on this subject, but must defer it to another time. Meanwhile I commend you to the Great teacher.—*Friend of Virtue.*

“This little fellow,” said Martin Luther, of a bird going to roost, “has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for his morrow’s lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God alone to think for him.”

ORIGINAL.

ALWAYS REJOICING.

BY A STUDENT.

"Rejoice always, and again I say rejoice!" Phil. iv. 4.

To be commanded to have any particular state of feeling, strikes us as something strange; for we have long since learned to notice, that the feelings are the spontaneous fruit of a principle planted in the soul, which is living and thriving there. But to be commanded in the Scriptures to the enjoyment of certain emotions, and to the natural expression of them, must mean something. And we have the command repeated many times, being applied to different persons, under different circumstances. Christians are in this way told to "rejoice evermore," to "be of good comfort," as well as told to "be perfect." And as we have it above we hear Paul saying, "rejoice always, and again I say rejoice." How emphatic he makes it, by repeating the sentence as he does. He tells us of himself too; that even when he is sorrowful, he is always rejoicing. Again he says, "I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation." What more could he say to encourage us to expect the same state of feeling? But, the difficulty yet remains, how we can, by an act of the will, come into possession of certain kinds of emotions; and yet the question stands, why are we commanded to come into the frame of feeling mentioned, if the will has not the leading power in the work? It is plain that the inspired writer here uses the same mode of writing, that uninspired writers sometimes use, applying his terms to the *effect* when **BOTH cause and effect** are included in the idea. He writes in the same manner when he says, "be strong," and again "be filled with the Spirit." That is, he commands us to secure the cause—to use the means that will certainly result in these effects. So we come back to the metaphysical truth, that the emotions are not under the direct control of the will. The amount of the command is this, that we adopt, and cherish con-

tinually the principle that will bear the fruit of perpetual rejoicing. It is in this sense that we are commanded to "rejoice always." But what is that principle? Many in the Christian world will ask, for though, they have passed from death to life by the quickening power of the Holy Spirit, they have felt the force of the command to "rejoice always," but little. Though to have everlasting joy is *so* desirable, how could they get at it by the force of a command? — by using the voluntary power in obedience to that command? What, then, is the cause which must operate, to produce the result so strange in this sorrowing world of ours — that of continual joy? What is that principle — that belief, which, being adopted, and constantly cherished, will make its possessor "exceedingly joyful in all tribulation?"

It is this, it appears to me, as near as I can make human language apply to my idea of it. First, in general application. *God doeth all things well; as much so in what he permits, as in what he appoints.* Second. *Those who give themselves wholly into God's hands, for his process of discipline, and his direction for business, (taken in the full import of that last term busy-ness) could have nothing done better for them, than he does for them directly, and permits and appoints, to be done through other agencies.*

This second statement amounts to nothing different from the first, except in this respect. The wicked who are included in the general application, might have that done, which would be better for them than what is done, if they would come to God's terms. But the righteous — the truly right ones, have no such hindrance to the greatest benefits of God's plans. They are sure of the best of everything. But O! this principle goes deep! None can realize it, but the pure in heart. It is perfect love only that casts out fear utterly. The soul, with this principle for its element, no longer wishes that this, that, and the other had not happened to it. It is still and calm, when the child of chances would writhe and struggle under the hand of an enemy, — who is no less an enemy, and a wicked one, because it is God who lets his actions have a bearing upon one instead

of another, or permits his wicked designs to come into action at all. If we were angels, no doubt, all the sorrows that come to us through the disordered action of this world of sinners, would be carried by us, by the direct interference of our God and Father, as some of them now are ; for we should not then be suffering weakness from having long been in a disordered state, and should not then be clothed with mortality as we now are, and so should not then need the rigid discipline, that we now need to teach us the building of spiritual fortifications, and the using of spiritual weapons with agility. We are yet in a scene of militant action, and the captain and army arrayed against us, has an invisible power as well as visible.

But we have no need to reason out the propriety of God's letting us suffer in this world after we have given ourselves wholly to him. Enough for us that, the foundation standeth sure, that God is infinitely good ; and from this comes the strongest argument, that if we are perfectly committed to him, he will take perfect care of us ; and it is just as easy for him to hinder the sufferings that come upon us, through the misdemeanor of others, whether in small or great matters, as to withhold anything of his own direct agency toward us that would harm us ; and he would do it just as soon. But, what seems hardest to realize, is, that errors of judgment sometimes fallen into by consecrated ones as well as others, (though not so often as others, for since their minds are cleared of prejudices, and hasty passions which cause, by far, the greater half of mistakes, they see clearly, where others have fogs to look through), it seems strange that these are so made use of by God for our discipline, as to result in greater good to us than entire correctness in opinion and action would have done. But if it were not so, would God permit us to be in the least error in anything ? Some one may say, God does not guide us into error ; if he guides us entirely, while he is so guiding us we cannot fall into error, for he is the author of correctness,— for he adjusted everything to its exact relation both within the soul and without, originally. So He is this author ; and He is leading us to learn this adjustment through a gradual process which Infinite Wisdom sees to be better for us, taking our course through,

than direct inspiration would be. Certainly, it would be very easy for God to directly inspire us with exactly correct thoughts on every subject, both those of apparently small moment, and those of great consequence. And, he would do this, as a matter of course, — acting, as he does, from unchanging benevolence, were it not better for us, upon the whole, to let us act out perfectly our free agency, and, in convincing ourselves be of more benefit to the mind in its essential operations, than the being taught by direct impulse would be. For we must be taught by mere impulse very often, if not allowed at all to get into mistakes — else we must be able to see everywhere, and know all things as God does, which we know can never be the case with a created being. As we have before said, it is well that angels are led by impulse, beyond where their own power of seeing or knowing would direct them, and it is well for us, to some degree ; but, as we need a training different from them, we should expect a different course. It seems to me, that a parent cannot fail to understand the subject of Divine Guidance, as reconcilable with errors of judgment in the subjects guided. How many times parents let children convince themselves of the unhappy nature of certain things, and circumstances, by approaching near enough to them to feel some suffering from them. And yet, it is in the greatest love, and under the closest watchcare that this is done. The mother may let the little child touch its finger to the fire-coal, to save it from getting burned to death afterwards. That would be an error in the little child — a necessary result of its lack of knowledge, but it might be the best means of saving its life. If its mother could always be watching the child, perhaps she could save it from harm without such means. It is certain, God being always present, could save us by a direct act from that which our errors are calculated to make us shun, but he might not always do it without infringing upon some law of mental action. But the training process which the mind goes through, and the benefit secured to the mind itself, by this course of discipline, is of infinitely greater importance to us, than the use of small outward sufferings to save us from greater ones. The work upon the *soul*, which is effected in this dispensation, is *the* great work, which should chiefly fix our atten-

tion upon this subject. And little do we know of how much value the discovery of our own weakness, and the discovery of what the consequences of our weakness would be, did not God interfere, — little do we know, of how much value this is to us, just recovered as we are from sin, our natural powers being yet in a state of great debility, and we still standing on probation-ground with enemies all around, and many avenues to the mind being yet left in the disorders of the body. .

I know that some persons who do not doubt that God makes use of mistakes, whenever he permits them in those who are pure in heart, for the accomplishment of greater good, under existing circumstances in this state of being, than direct inspiration would accomplish, say on this ground, that we ought not to suffer ourselves to feel regret for our mistakes — that we ought not to have sorrow over our errors of judgment. But it seems to me, that one of the greatest purposes of God in permitting us to make mistakes is, that we see them in the light that would give us regret on account of them. We mourn over the weakness of our mental powers, of which mistakes are a direct consequence ; we mourn over the cause of this weakness, and the necessity we are under of being disciplined by our own frailties ; and we mourn over the evils that our short-sightedness is liable to give rise to. This mourning leads us to implore Divine interposition that no evil may originate in anything that we have done ; it dictates to us greater deliberation of thought and manner ; and it leads us to go further into the cleft of the rock that is opened for our shelter. Such are the uses of spiritual sorrow ; and this does not at all hinder the spiritual joy of which the principle here laid down is the source, but tends only to heighten it. The sentiment of the joyous emotion is, my heavenly Father is taking the very best means for the greatest perfection of my character for this world and the next. He does not permit me to go into essential error. He watches me as the mother watches her little one. He allows me to go so far, and no farther than is for my greatest good. I cannot see why the joy of the pure in heart, may not be as unbroken under the consideration that God makes use of

unavoidable frailties as instruments of the highest good to us, as if he, for the same object actually hindered these frailties from operating at all. What is God's way is the best way ; and certainly, the ultimate results are the same upon the subjects of Divine guidance as to their greatest well-being, whatever course Providence may take with them. Let us remember that if God saw it best for those who render themselves entirely into his hands to be saved altogether from errors of judgment, he could do it and would do it. So we see that it is under his guiding hand, that he permits us to act naturally — to act according to regulated nature ; but, according to perfected nature we cannot act until nature is perfected ; and we cannot expect this, in this mode of being ; though we are coming nearer to it as we progress. There is one consolation arising from the nature of many of the mistakes that we are permitted to make. Many of them, are only relative in their character, and not primary. Instance. Through some mistake, I deprive myself of light to write by, for the last two hours of the evening. But the next day, I find this mistake to be a mercy, for as it was, I hardly escaped over-doing, and should, probably, have unfitted myself for next day's labor, if I had had light, which would have been an error certainly. At one time, I had my mind upon finding a friend in the city, where I had arrived on a certain day, intending to make his house my home for the night. But by a singular succession of mistakes, I missed the house, and was compelled to return to my first stopping place. I soon afterwards learned that in the days in which that one day was included, the family of my friend were all coming down with a dreadfully contagious disease, of which fact they were altogether unaware, and, therefore, not at all secluded. If I had got into that family at that time, it would, without doubt, have proved to be a great natural evil to me and mine ; and the instrumentality employed to save me from it, was a succession of my own mistakes. I would not be understood to advocate the necessity of the many mistakes, and great errors that some have fallen into who profess perfect love. In their little mistakes, they are often saying and doing things hurtful to the feelings of others. Most

of such mistakes proceed from a lack of love—a lack of genuine good will. There is not in such persons, a disposition to do as they would be done by. A tender regard for the feelings of others is lacking. And the greater errors, (so estimated)—errors in belief and in plans, which such fall into, are the result of their inordinate self-esteem and self-will : and God permits them to fall into disrepute among their fellow men, by the gross things which they say and do, that they may suffer the natural consequences of their sins, and thus be reformed. I mourn that such ones profess holiness at all. The case of such, is very different from that of God's *little* children, who walk closely with him, and watch the expressions of his countenance with infantile simplicity. These are no longer under that law of necessity which those are under, who think that it takes sin to cure sin ; or in other words, that it takes the shame and discomfort of outward transgression to break down the pride and self-will which struggle within. The pure in heart have passed that period. By going to God, and securing the might of his right hand in their behalf, they have witnessed the destruction of sin from the heart ; and now they are ready to walk in righteousness and true holiness all the days of their lives. And they, and they alone feel the Divine sweetness of the Saviour's words, "*Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*"

But let us never forget that death will come. Let us be plying in good earnest the work of preparation. We are in danger of having only a name to live—of lulling ourselves asleep by the mere cadence of orthodoxy—of calling Christ Lord, while we follow him not as such—of being sunk in carnality and spiritual sloth, and that too while we recognize all the truths, and are present at all the ordinances.

ORIGINAL.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

PROFESSION OF PERFECT LOVE.

"One great means of retaining what God has given, is to labor to bring others into this grace, and to profess it to all mankind."—*Wesley*.

. Among other testimonies not to be forgotten, given in at the Tuesday meeting, was that of Brother A., our excellent Missionary now laboring at the Five Points. All that know Brother A. speak of him as a good man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He has been very successful at every point where he has labored since he entered the ministry. His success is doubtless attributable to the spirit of inward holiness that possesses his heart. It was not long after his powerful conversion that he felt an earnest longing for the witness of inward purity. One night he retired to a barn, resolved to wrestle with the Angel of the covenant, until the blessing was given. I think it was about the break of day before he was able to leave. He had prevailed, and such were the overpowering effects of grace that it was long before he felt that he could leave the place. On his return he met a friend who was skeptical in relation to the subject of perfect love. Brother A. did not dare to hide the righteousness of God within his heart, but boldly declared what God had done for his soul. His friend looked skeptical, but Brother A. said, "If you do not believe me, you may eye me closely, and you will see the fruit." But Brother A. overcame his skeptical friend, even by the ancient way. It was not only by the blood of the Lamb, but by the word of their testimony that the ancient worthies overcame. And now the unbelief of Bro. A.'s skeptical friend was overcome, — he wondered, wept, and believed, and soon became an experimental witness of the same grace.

Not long after this, Bro. A., with his heart filled to overflowing with the burning, purifying love of Jesus, was thrown in with a company of wicked colliers. Out of the abundance of

his heart he began to talk to them of his own realizations of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. On hearing of that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord, they began to feel the startling force of the truth, "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear." And here again, in a signal manner, the Lord set the seal of his approval to the testimony. Twelve of those rough, hardened colliers, were overcome by this word of testimony. They sought mercy, and never rested till they found redemption through Christ.

A Baptist brother from Rhode Island, who, I believe, is a minister, rose after Bro. A. had given in his testimony, and said that he had been enabled a few months since to receive Christ as his Saviour from all sin. But for several weeks his evidence of that grace had been dimmed. The cause of this had not been clear to his mind till on hearing the testimony of Bro. A. he saw what had occasioned the obscurity. He had yielded to the opinion of mistaken friends who were opposed to the belief of salvation from sin in the present life. He had ceased to labor with his former definiteness in helping others toward the attainment of present and entire sanctification, and he had refrained from speaking explicitly of his own enjoyment of this state. The result was, his evidence had become beclouded, and he was involved in perplexities. By the luminous testimony of Bro. A. he now saw his error. On resolving that he would no longer hide the light enkindled by the Holy Spirit in his heart, but would boldly declare what great things the Lord had done for him, his light again burst forth from obscurity, and the Spirit again bore testimony with his spirit that the blood of Jesus was applied, to the cleansing of his soul from all sin.

At the last social meeting on the theme of holiness I attended, a Congregational Minister was present, who, ten or twelve years since received the blessing of holiness. He received it the day our acquaintance commenced, and a clearer or more blessed witness of this grace I have seldom if ever known. The effect of the grace in its manifestations of wisely-directed and ever-consuming zeal, does not greatly differ whether its re-

cipient be a Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian or Methodist. It is Christ enthroned in the soul of the believer. And where Christ reigns unrivalled, burning love, consuming zeal, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, will so predominate as to evidence, that the disciple is in his measure even as his Master. And so it was with this Congregational Minister, till he could rejoicingly say,

“ And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of the cross.”

His brethren in the ministry witnessed his zeal and his success. One minister went so far as to say, to this and another who had with him espoused the same views, when summoned before a synod of ministers to answer for their belief in this proscribed doctrine, “ Brethren we love your spirit but we cannot bear your terms.” But these holy men knew that holiness, sanctification, and perfect love, were terms which had been given by the Holy Spirit’s dictation, and were divinely expressive of a state in which all believers were required to live, and they resolved not to be ashamed of Christ or *His* words, but to abide the consequences of a steady adherence to truth and the form of sound words. The consequence was, that their names were cast out as evil, and they ceased to be members of that order. Though cast out by the synod, their congregations detained them, and they were installed over Independent Congregational Churches. One after living a life of eminent devotedness in which it is believed, hundreds were brought to Christ through his instrumentality, went home to glory rejoicing in victory through the blood of the Lamb. The other still remains, and as I have observed was at the meeting last Tuesday. After all that he had suffered, the enemy by a well circumstanced temptation came well nigh robbing him of his crown. “ Holiness is but one out of the many doctrines of the Bible, and why give it so much prominence when it brings so much obloquy from even well meaning men ?” So said the tempter. Satan had so transformed himself, that the tempted ere he was scarcely aware had almost imperceptibly yielded, and for months had ceased to labor specifically on

the subject, or to give prominence to it in his thoughts or in his experience. Suddenly he was arrested on a Sabbath noon, to see how Satan had beguiled him. He now saw how he had been shorn of his strength. He wept and groaned. For hours, it seemed as though he might never regain the forfeited grace. After spending a tearful, sleepless night, he called at our house on Monday, and while we were pleading, and he confessing his sin, he obtained again an application of that blood which cleanseth from all sin.

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Poetry.

ORIGINAL.

THE TRUSTING PENITENT.

BY M. L.

Oppressed with grief, I bow my head,
And suppliant at thy feet I lie ;
Was not thy blood, dear Saviour, shed
For mourning sinners, such as I ?

Thou knowest, Lord, my fearful guilt,
Thou hear'st my agonizing cry,
And thou can'st cleanse me, if thou wilt,
And grace, and love, and peace supply.

O blessed hour ! what joy divine
Breathes in thy gracious words, " I will."
Thy promises of love are mine,
If I thy kind commands fulfil.

Jesus, I will — I do believe ;
In faith I touch thy garment's hem ;
My trusting soul thou wilt receive,
And wear it in thy diadem.

Now, precious Saviour, I am thine,—
Bathed in thine own deep, cleansing fount;—
Celestial light doth round me shine,
Sweet raying from dear Calvary's mount.

Though nothing I to thee can bring,
Except my poverty and shame,
Exulting to thy cross I cling,
And triumph in thy glorious name.

ORIGINAL

THE PEACE OF GOD.

BY W. S. B.

How *peaceful* is the Christian's heart,
When, faithful to his Master's word,
He lives his fellow man to love!
How *glorious* is the victor's part,
Who, through the Spirit's conquering sword,
Obtains a crown of Life above!

How *sweet* the joy, and *pure* the light,
Which fill his once desponding mind,
Who trusts in Jesus' saving grace,
Loving the holy and the right,
Unto life's care and toil resigned,—
The grave will be his *resting-place*.

How *troubled* is the sinner's breast,
Who, bending 'neath his weight of guilt,
Rejects the lowly Saviour still!
His soul, by powerful foes opprest,
Would fain return unto her rest,
But for that *blind forbidding will*!

When *shall* he find his sad mistake,
 His long-continued wand'rings cease,
 And yield his foward heart to God ?
 When *will* he from his stupor wake,
 Learn from thy *Word* — list to thy *voice* —
 And cleanse him in thy precious *blood* ?

Come, wand'rer, to thy Father's home,
 Whose voice still pleads — (*may't move thy heart*
 '*Till tears of penitence shall flow* ;) —
 With thee no more from Him to roam,
 Nor from thine heritage to part,
 Nothing but *want* and *death* to know !

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Nov., 1853.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

The following letter, written by a clergyman in Connecticut, to a friend, whose initials will be readily recognized by our readers, will be read with deep interest :

MY DEAR SISTER P.—:

I often recur to our singularly providential meeting upon the Camp-ground, at North Port, L. I., and as often, your own, and the image of your beloved husband is before me. The circumstances of that memorable meeting are most vividly impressed upon my recollection, and will, I trust, be remembered to the praise of the glory of God's grace forever. Perhaps, no one period of my somewhat eventful life, is more distinctly marked — as constituting an era in my history, than the one above referred to. Those occurrences seem to have been *burned* in upon my memory, as by the spirit of God.

When God met his ancient servant Jacob at Padan-Aram, it became the occasion of a *vow*, and a *monument*. And thus it was to me, when God met me at that Camp-meeting. I “vowed a vow unto the Lord”—that he should be my God—and that I would consecrate my feeble efforts to promote his glory, and the interests of his kingdom among men. That vow, has thus far been kept by his grace as I humbly trust, in good faith. “Hitherto, the Lord hath helped me.” And I have not knowingly, or wilfully departed from him. He still keeps me in “perfect peace.” O, how tranquil is my spirit—how strangely I am holden. “My heart is fixed”—my purpose does not waver. “As for me, and *my house*, we will serve the Lord.” I have sometimes been strangely tempted, and occasionally *confused*, but never “*confounded*.”

And here “let me raise my Ebenezer”—here let me add another stone to the pile, which I propose to erect, as a monument of this special visitation.

You, my dear Sister, with another, whom I shall never forget, was with me there. Good angels came down upon that “*ladder*” to help my poor struggling soul to rise. *You* are identified with this transaction. And it is meet, and right, that you should help me build my monument to perpetuate its memory. “*God was in that place*,”—Hallelujah, to his adorable name. “What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits?” “The Lord met me in the way”—and although I saw no shape, or likeness, *I heard a voice*. It spoke to my soul, and its own immortal echo, still lingers in its spirit chambers. O, wonderful voice! O, wonderful visitant!

My heart melts within me while I write, and the tears are pressed from their hiding places, as I pen these lines.

“O wondrous grace! O boundless love!” I have seen the *switch-man*, stand and move a lever that changed the destination of a train of cars. And I have thought, how simple that operation, and yet how important in its consequences. *Some one* turned the switch with me; and if they did not change my destination, they at least put me on a *much better track*. The motive power is greatly increased—the rails are solid—and the speed and safety are in proportion.

A new thought, is a *new world*. *Some one* gave me a new thought, and I have lived in a *new world* ever since.

I have seen the world, and eternity, from a *new stand-point* of observation. And I find my circle of vision greatly extended, and a boundless prospect before me. Neither the world, or eternity looks as it did before.

I have been introduced into *new relations*, vastly more interesting and delightful. And I am sitting as a little child, while Infinite Wisdom condescends to be my teacher.

My sympathies take a wider range. My aspirations take a firmer hold of God, and heaven, and eternity. My impulses move me upon the elastic springs of love divine ; and my soul makes melody in sweet response to the sweep of the great Master's hand.

Here, then, I make my record :

Two years ago, last August, I met Dr. P. on the Camp-ground, at North Port, L. I., I felt a strange impulse to shake hands with him. I did shake hands with him, and with Sister P., and I became the “prisoner of the Lord.” A *great duty* stared me in the face, and stopped me, as the angel of the Lord stopped Balaam in the way. I could not urge my beast any farther. I yielded : I said, “*Lord, I will*,” and he had compassion upon me, and blessed me—Hallelujah! And now, Sister P., I have told you what I had in my heart, as a debt of gratitude to God, “whose you are, and whom you serve.” And I am sure you will unite in praising his name with me, and will not cease to pray, that I may be “faithful unto death, and receive a crown of life.”

I remain, yours in Christ.

A. H.

Heaven is no heaven at all but to the holy. The unholy could not enjoy it. It derives all its blessedness from the gratification of spiritual affections ; and how can we be preparing for it if our affections remain earthly, sensual, grovelling ?

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY REV. E. DAVIES.

DEAR BROTHER:—I have long believed that the doctrine of holiness faithfully preached in the pulpit, and clearly manifested in the life, was the glory of Methodism; and I am fully persuaded, that if this blessed truth,—to diffuse which, Methodism was undoubtedly raised up,—should ever be obliterated from our beloved Zion, Ichabod may be written upon our walls, for the glory will have departed.

I have been often encouraged to press on to greater heights and depths of this divine fulness, whilst reading, from time to time, the very interesting articles of Christian experience, found in the Guide, and I believe with you, that “a narrative of our personal experience is perhaps one of the most attractive forms in which light on spiritual subjects can be disseminated;” therefore, in compliance with your request, I would, with all humility, “publish to the world the steps by which I was led into the Canaan of perfect love.”

After enduring the untold wretchedness of a backslider’s life for five wearisome years, I was graciously restored to the favor of God, on the third of October, 1847. Finding such blessedness in the enjoyment of religion,—a blessedness which seemed increased by contrast with my past deserved misery,—I sought every means to obtain larger measures of divine love,—frequently attending two or three class-meetings a week, besides the usual prayer-meetings. The witness that I received of my being a child of God, was followed shortly after, by a conviction, deep and clear, that I was called to preach the gospel. To this heavenly calling, “I was not disobedient;” but, desiring to be eminently fitted for usefulness in this new sphere of duty, I was led, with all simplicity, to ask an old class leader, what he deemed the best qualification for a preacher. He promptly, and, as I now think, very appropriately answered, “A sanctified heart.” Trembling at the awful responsibility of the ministerial office, and anxious to secure every possible help to sustain me

in it, I began at once to seek this great and invaluable blessing. Through the kindness of a friend, I read the life of the Rev. John Henley, formerly a preacher of the Methodist Church in England,—a man of deep piety and extensive usefulness. Whilst reading the Christian experience, the great success, and the glorious and triumphant death of that indefatigable and devoted man, my whole soul was fired with a heavenly zeal, to resemble him, in character, labors, and final reward. But I was conscious that, in order to do this, I must not only possess it, but, on every suitable occasion, profess the grace of perfect love. I therefore began to press towards this “mark for the prize of my high calling” with all possible diligence. I sought it by “mortifying the deeds of the body,” giving myself to fasting and prayer, breaking off my “besetting sins,” reading every book that came in my way upon the subject, &c., till one evening in the month of February, 1848, I became convinced, that it was my privilege, by simple faith, to have the blessing without further delay; and, for this purpose, I tarried after the family had retired to rest, to pray for the fulfilment of my heart’s desire. I had not been long engaged in this blessed exercise, before I was enabled to believe, that, for Christ’s sake, the blessing was mine. Satan presented his suggestions, and endeavored to make me doubt, but I refused to reason with him. I knew the blessing was mine, the moment I believed the promise of God; and whilst waiting, with confident expectation, for the corroborating witness, I felt a sacred peace, which “passeth understanding,” come over my soul, accompanied by the assurance, that my prayer was answered. It was :

“ The sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.”

Whilst thinking, for a moment, whether I should be able to keep the blessing or not, these words were sweetly impressed on my mind :

“ In all our temptations he gives us to prove,
His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.”

These lines have often been precious to me since. While the endless ages of eternity roll on, I shall not forget the sacred

peace and heavenly joy that I felt through the succeeding day. All nature seemed to have been clothed with fresh beauty. The change was far greater than that experienced at conversion. A question, which now created something of a struggle in my mind, was, "Shall I profess it? What will the members of the church think, if I tell them, that I enjoy perfect love, especially as it has been but about four months since I received pardon?" But I resolved not to yield to this temptation of hell, assured, if I did, that I should forfeit the blessing. Therefore, the very next evening, on my way to band-meeting, I told a familiar friend, who enjoyed the blessing, "what great things the Lord had done for my soul." He encouraged me to continue to speak of it, and rejoiced as one that had found great spoil. With shame, I must confess that, although I continued to enjoy it for some time, through discouragements of different kinds, I at times lost its enjoyment. One great hindrance to me was, that my class-leader gave me no encouragement at all, when I confessed it in the class; and lukewarm professors were not pleased with my renewed zeal to promote the glory of God. Then again, the great adversary was far from being pleased with my ambition to destroy his kingdom. But God, who orders all things well, was pleased, in his providence, to remove me to a more fruitful soil, where I found an open field for usefulness, and every possible encouragement to give myself wholly to His service. Then I again renewed my covenant with Him, and He testified his approval, by employing me, though unworthy, as an instrument of plucking souls out of the fire, and spreading the holy flame of divine love. In that field I labored,—with what success the morning of the resurrection will reveal,—till, by the recommendation and counsel of Dr. Dixon, and the deep convictions of my own mind, I was led to bid adieu to my dear relatives, and the many precious souls who had become dearer to me than my kindred, and seek a home in this flourishing and interesting country, where I find many "fields white unto the harvest." I pray God, that, by his grace, I may be able to gather a great harvest of precious souls. But I am more than ever convinced, that, to do this effectually, I must still prove, by my own

experience, the truth of that blessed Scripture, "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." I was greatly blessed, the Tuesday after I arrived in New York, by attending the meeting at Dr. Palmer's. I thought it about the best season of the kind I ever enjoyed. How very much that meeting will suffer, when the light of Dr. B.'s experience shall cease to shine there. May the great Head of the church raise up many such holy and devoted men, and may this glorious cause of holiness continue to prosper yet more and more.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE NEW YEAR.

Very sincerely do we wish our numerous readers "A HAPPY NEW YEAR." And it is a satisfaction to know that the question of our happiness or misery is, to some extent, left to our own choice. 'Tis very true that a large class of events affecting our physical, domestic and social life, is subject to laws wholly beyond our control; but it is equally true that the grace of God has made provisions by which its subjects are put in a position of independence of the circumstances of life for their joy.

Holiness is not more the prerequisite of happiness in another life, than it is the condition of it in this.

Unholy tempers are, every one of them, positively tormenting.

The sentiment of pride, or anger, or envy, or hatred, or variance, or wrath, or strife, or covetousness, or indeed any other unholy affection, does of itself, whenever felt in the bosom, produce an unpleasant agitation of the heart.

There seems, at first thought, to be an exception to this view, in favor of such sinful affections, as grow out of the instincts imbedded in the physical nature of man; but upon a little reflection, it will be seen that even there the momentary gleam of pleasure, is but the scented bait upon the barbed hook of pain; the deceitful mirage of the desert beckoning on the unwary traveller with the vision of oasis, and lake, and streamlet, only to be mocked by the retreating prospect, and whelmed in the drifting desert sands.

This tormenting character of sinful principle is witnessed in the action of these affections taken singly. The view is, however, greatly heightened, if we consider their *joint* influence upon the heart in which they reign. There is generally little concurrence — often the sternest antagonism between the various sinful desires of the heart.

Men find their pride of character, and their more grovelling appetites continually at war. Cowardice and ambition oppose each other ; and so do covetousness and several forms of personal vanity. Meantime, there is no concurrence between the several functions of the soul itself : the affections oppose the judgment — the passions rebel against the conscience — the will disobeys reason.

Men talk and think of happiness, as if it were a thing of dollars and cents, of houses and equipage, and the like. Alas for the blunder — the real bliss of life lies not at all in these. The condition of happiness is within you. "The *kingdom of heaven* is within you," is the sententious announcement of God's word.

A man might as well hope to rest in his bed above the throes of an earthquake, as to expect happiness from mere outward circumstances, while within, his very nature is the jarred battle field of warring passions.

But happily, the full reverse of this view is true of a holy heart. The graces of the spirit are all beatitudes as well as moral adornments. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, faith, goodness — What but bliss is in all these. Let us cultivate them, then, dear friends ; and in proportion as these things be in us and abound, they shall make us not only fruitful of good works throughout the year, but they shall secure us during its progress the abiding conditions of bliss.

G.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—We would call the attention of our friends to the improved appearance of the present number. We commence the year with new type, and continue to print on a quality of paper not inferior we believe, to any similar periodical in the land. Besides neatness in mechanical execution, we purpose to spare no pains in securing contributions from the ablest and most useful pens, thus rendering the Guide every way worthy of the most extended patronage. We are happy to announce to our readers that Rev. B. W. Gorham, of the Wyoming Conference, is associated with us in the editorial department.

The January number will be sent as a specimen of our work, to many Clergymen and Editors. Our brethren of the press, if friends to our cause, will do us a kindness, to give us a passing notice, and forward a copy of the paper containing the same.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RALPH RATTLER, or *the Mischief-Maker*, the fourth volume of the series entitled, "My Uncle Toby's Library," by Francis Forrester, has come to hand. Like its predecessors, it is written in a style that cannot fail to interest the Juveniles, while it develops the unhappiness which one Mischief-maker can produce both on himself and others. George C. Rand, No. 3 Cornhill, Boston.

We are indebted to the Rev. H. O. Sheldon, of Roscoe, Ohio, for a copy of the NORTH OHIO ANNUAL CONFERENCE MINUTES. It forms a pamphlet of some 79 pages, and contains, not only full reports of Conference action, but, what enhances its value greatly to us, a good alphabetical index. We are much obliged to our brother, and hope to receive similar favors from brethren in other Conferences, as we find such documents very useful to us.

LIGHT ON THE DARK RIVER, or *Memorials of Mrs. Henrietta A. L. Hamlin, Missionary in Turkey*. By Margarett Woods Lawrence.

This is the title of a Memoir of the deceased wife of Rev. Mr. Hamlin, who has been for many years a faithful and highly useful Missionary at Constantinople. It is written by Mrs. Lawrence, wife of Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of Marblehead; — already favorably known to the public by her writings. We cordially recommend it to the Christian public, as a Memoir of great interest and merit; — interesting in its main subject, in its various touching incidents, and in its general literary execution. Published by Ticknor, Reed & Co. Boston.

THE UNITY WITH GOD, and *Magazine of Sacred Literature*, is the title of a new monthly, issued by the "United Brethren in Christ," and published at Dayton, Ohio. Its mechanical appearance, highly spiritual tone and general literary character, is highly creditable to the denomination under whose patronage it is published. B. Edwards, Editor.

POSITIVE THEOLOGY; *being a series of dissertations on the fundamental doctrines of the Bible; the object of which, is to communicate truth affirmatively, in a style direct and practical*. By the Rev. Asbury Lowrey, A. M., Cincinnati. Printed at the Methodist Book Concern, for the Author. Boston: J. P. Magee, No. 5 Cornhill.

This book should have been noticed in a previous issue, but by some means was overlooked. Of its general style, and our appreciation of the work, some idea may be formed by our readers, from the Dissertation on "the nature, attainability and bliss of holiness," which we copied and published as our "leaders," in the October and November numbers of the Guide. It is a book of theology for the people. Passing over the controversies with which more elaborate works are cumbered, our author selects and exhibits in a clear, logical, and yet popular style, the leading truths of Revelation. We know of no work of its size, containing so complete a summary of religious truth. Every candidate for the ministry should read it, — not in the place of, but as an introduction to, a more thorough course of theological reading.

ORIGINAL

IT IS DESIRABLE TO BE DELIVERED FROM ALL SIN.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

LOOK AT THE EFFECTS OF SIN.

Sin has interrupted the moral harmony of the universe. It has arrayed the creature against his Creator. It turned rebellious angels out of heaven, and man out of paradise. It kindled the flames of hell, and produced all the malignity and woe of that fearful place, where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." It brought the death-penalty upon our race, and the curse of God upon our earth. It has arrayed man against his fellow-man, and drenched the earth in blood. It has offended the eye with sights of pollution, and the ear with sounds of cursing and blasphemy. Who can defend it? Who can look out upon its devastations, and plead for it? But let us examine its work more minutely.

First of all it defiles what God intended should be holy. The moral nature — the conscience — the heart — created originally in God's own image — pure as the sun-light — white as the driven snow, has been corrupted by sin — has become "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Its moral vision is hence darkened. Its discriminations are inaccurate. Amid the wild confusion of principles right and wrong — the endless diversity of things which ought and ought not to be done, the soul is confused, and gropes its way in darkness, where it ought to have moved with unerring accuracy. How melancholy to see the exalted good rejected as though it were bane to the soul, the degrading evil seized as the richest luxury. The moral judgment misled, when the feeble desire to do right is struggling for the ascendancy. And then how corrupt and powerless the moral impulsions towards the right when clearly seen. What stronger evidence of the deep moral depravation of the soul, than that the wrong attracts, and the right repels it. How justly may the sinner say,

"I see the right and I approve it too,
I see the wrong and yet the wrong pursue."

And how little pain does the soul endure in reflecting upon its guilty decisions. Were it pure as when God created it, sin would inflict severest suffering. As the nerve shrinks from the knife, as the eye from dust or gravel, the uncorrupted conscience would writhe at the touch of crime. Now in what myriads of instances does it delight and revel in sin. At first, perhaps, and afterwards occasionally, when the spirit of God arouses the conscience, it shrinks from contemplated wrong, and endures more or less pain upon the remembrance of offences against the laws of God. But how soon are these kindly admonitions hushed, amid the clamors of appetite, and destroyed by the power of vicious habit. And the susceptibility of pleasure upon the performance of the right, shares the same fate, until, in point of fact, the fallen spirit is more seriously discommoded by the right, than the wrong — the pure than the impure. These are the effects of sin upon the soul ; and there are others.

The passions have shared deeply in the general depravation. The affections are perverted — are torn from God, the race, and holiness, and placed upon the world, and self, sin. The pure and elevated benevolence which God designed to reign over the soul, has been driven from the throne, and malevolence has usurped the sway. Anger rises up where only aversion to the wrong, and pity for the offender are due. Envy stares at the successful and the happy, when congratulations and delight ought to tremble upon the lip, and beam from the eye. Jealousy sends out its venom in the stead of genial sympathy, and unwavering confidence. Pride flatters and demands, where humility and meekness ought to dwell in deep composure and yielding simplicity. Lust burns and devours, where purity should reign. Indeed, the whole desirous and emotional man is perverted by sin. Who can vindicate the cause of such sad revulsions, such fearful wrongs, such frightful disasters ?

But the sensibilities have not suffered alone. The whole intellect is involved. Its power to know, and think, and reason, is paralyzed ; and eternity alone will reveal the struggles it has passed, to arouse itself from its lethargy — to open its eyes upon the light — to grapple with the mysteries of nature and of God — to solve the dark problems of science, and of life — to separate the

true from the false—to correct its errors, and prevent their fatal results. Mind was intended for work, but not against such fearful odds—to study, but not in the dark—to expand and develop itself—but not in a state of infirmity and disease—to rise and soar amid the splendors of the firmament, and the glories of heaven, but not against the ponderous load of sin it bears. Alas, what universal wreck in the architecture of God! What magnificent ruins, reveal the perfection of the design, and the destruction of the temple! And yet we are asked to show mercy to the spoiler, and preserve for him somewhere, and for a time at least, a sanctuary in the inner nature!

One obstinate final stand, made by this one dread enemy, must not be overlooked. He has seized the moral active power of man. Has seduced it to stubborn resistance against the higher sense of duty—against the most affectionate appeals of truth and of interest. He has taught the soul to say no, when the Bible entreats, and conscience urges, and God commands. The perverted will, which originates action, which gives character and direction to the soul's doings, yields now, when it ought to be firm; stops, when it ought to advance; rushes on when it ought to pause, and fills the soul with obduracy, when it ought to be tender and submissive. These sad results of sin, join with those we have named before, to condemn and denounce it.

But not only is inward depravity thus the source of wrong being, and wrong actions. It produces guilt and misery, which no language can describe—God condemns it and those who willingly retain it. However “dead in trespasses and in sins,” the soul is destined some time to awake—awake to the dread consciousness of inward wrongs, to the fearful fact of war with God. The “sting of death” is in it, and there it must inflict its terrible wounds, and infuse its malignant poison. It is “treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God.” It is like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. “There is no peace to the wicked saith my God.” Inward conscious guilt—the dread forebodings of coming retribution—the horrors of endless death, already begun, prey upon the soul, paralyze its energies,

and destroy its usefulness. *The effects of sin!* Alas! who can describe them?

Look into the suffering hearts of guilty millions, and see the storms that are raging there—look out upon the scenes of woe that darken the face of day—look into the lanes, and courts, and alleys,—the cellars, and garrets of crowded cities—listen to the wail of distress, as it comes up from the couch of suffering, and of death—to the sobs and groans and shrieks of agony, from the hearts, riven by untold calamities—or dark with corruptions, unseen but by the eye of God. Hear the angry curses, and the terrible blasphemies which roll from the lips, designed to utter Jehovah's praise—see justice trampled to the earth—mercy bleeding with wounds, inflicted by those, over whom she weeps in sympathy, and love—see decency outraged—the poor neglected—the weak crushed by the arm of power—humanity outraged, and the Sovereign God despised—look upon “the whole creation, groaning and travelling in pain together until now,” and then say if you have a plea to offer for sin—if for any thing it has ever done, you can offer for it vindication or excuse—if there be any form or degree of it, that you wish to hide in your hearts.

Nay, go on to the judgment, and see its doings by the light of a burning world, and the flames of hell. Look at the pale and horror-stricken throng upon the left of the Judge—imagine, if you can, the agony of that suspense which awaits the final doom—the depth of that woe which fills the guilty, as they see the multitudes of the redeemed rise up, and on wings of fire, move into the world of light, when the terrible conviction sinks into their hearts, that they can never enter there—think of the bolt of flaming wrath, that must strike them, as they hear the sentence, “depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels”—of the consuming anguish of a world of sinners, amid “the fire that shall never be quenched,” and the gnawings of “the worm that never dies”—see the “weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth” when the “smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever!” And, as upon the waves of dark damnation, their spirits rise, and cry “how long, oh Lord, how long,” hear the sentence of justice, echo and re-echo

from the walls of fire "eternity," "eternity!" and then behold them plunge again, to rage and welter, amid that sea which "burneth with fire and brimstone;" where devils work, and hiss, and curse, and rage, for ever and for ever! O, tell me, will you cherish that which has produced these scenes of woe?

Say not, sin has no power if it be subdued, and pardoned. Too many have found to their sorrow, that "the least remains of sin," after regeneration, had power to germinate and produce the fruits of death. With what fearful strength will it rise, and extend, and struggle to overthrow you. How promptly will it claim affinity with the temptations of the devil, and the allurements of the world! How many through the influence of remaining depravity, have been betrayed into angry passions, into vanity, pride, and unbridled lust! How many have gradually yielded to the suggestions of an evil heart, and found at length, that their strength was gone, their confidence gone, their Saviour grieved, and their souls brought into bitter condemnation! It is not safe to rest in this state for an hour. When we see "how great a matter a little fire kindleth," — that "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," — how many thousands have been slain by harbored inward foes, which have seemed to be harmless — what a mass of backsliders there are now in the Church, for the very reason, that they have been satisfied without going on to perfection, we are ready to say, surely, it is desirable to be cleansed from *all* sin, — from the last and least remains of sin. Desirable? O what desires should rise up and struggle within us — what longings for deliverance — what restless breathings after full redemption! When by steady, sincere reflection, we see the effects of sin — even of sin remaining after conversion; when by quickened memory, we recall the wrongs and the perils of the past — when we look out with deep and earnest gaze, into the crimes, and woes of the world, and forward into the scenes of death and the judgment, and see the ruin which has followed in its train, we shall realize, and yet inadequately, how desirable it is, to be delivered from all sin.

Carelessness is an evil of imperceptible growth.

ORIGINAL.

YOUNG CONVERTS MAY BE WHOLLY SANCTIFIED.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

Young converts ought to be urged onward to the speedy attainment of the grace of entire holiness. Unless their bent to backsliding is taken away, and the soul wholly renewed, roots of bitterness will spring up and trouble them. I fear it is because young converts are not more earnestly admonished to go on to perfection, that so many lose their first love—backslide in heart, and by their half-heartedness, and worldly minded professions, become clogs to the chariot wheels of the Church. I wonder that Mr. Wesley's sentiments on this subject are not oftener brought out before the people. He seems to delight in bringing up instances of entire sanctification, which occurred but a short time after the conversion of the recipients. Among many others he speaks of S. H., who resided at Macclesfield. He observes of her, "I have seldom known so devoted a soul. She was sanctified within nine days after she was convinced of sin. She was then twelve years old, and I believe, was never afterwards heard to speak an improper word, or known to do an improper thing. Her look struck awe into all that saw her. She is now in Abraham's bosom." Wesley's works vol. 7. p. 14. "Four of those children who seemed to be saved from sin, were of one family; and all of them walked holy and unblameable. And many instances have I found in every part of the county." Vol. 7. p. 377. "Many children were indisputably justified; some of them were likewise sanctified, and were patterns of all holiness." Vol. 4. p. 614. He gives also the experience of Grace Paddy, as he received it from her lips, it reads thus: "In a short time all my troubles were gone, and I did believe all my sins were blotted out, but in the evening, I was thoroughly convinced of the want of a deeper work of grace. I felt the remains of sin in my heart, which I longed to have taken away. I longed to be saved from all sin, and cleansed from all unrighteousness, and at the time Mr. Rankin was preaching, this desire increased exceedingly. Afterwards he met the society. During his last prayer, I was quite overwhelmed with the power of God.

I felt an inexpressible change in the depths of my heart, and from that hour I have felt no anger, no pride, no wrong temper of any kind ; nothing contrary to the pure love of God which I feel continually. I desire nothing but Christ, and I have Christ always reigning in my heart. I want nothing ; he is my sufficient portion in time and in eternity." Vol. 4. pp. 128-9. Mr. Wesley adds : "Such an instance I never knew before ; of such an instance I never read ; a person convinced of sin converted to God, and renewed in love within *twelve hours* ! Yet it is by no means incredible, seeing with God one day is as a thousand years."

In another portion of his journal, Mr. W. says, "I spoke to these, forty in number, one by one. Some of them said they received the blessing ten days, some seven, some four, some three days after they had found peace with God, and two of them the next day." What marvel, Mr. Wesley again exclaims "since one day is with God as a thousand years!" Vol. 4. p. 135. He also speaks of one who was reclaimed from a backslidden state, and cleansed from sin on the following day. Vol. 4. p. 170.

In passages too numerous to mention, Mr. Wesley continues to enforce by precept, and illustrate by example, the duty and privilege of young converts to be holy. "It plainly follows," he says, "that the quantity of time is nothing with Him. Centuries, years, months, days, hours, and moments, are exactly the same. Consequently He can as well sanctify in a day after we are justified, as a hundred years. There is no difference at all, unless we suppose Him to be such as ourselves. Accordingly we see in fact that some of the most unquestionable witnesses of sanctifying grace, were sanctified within a few days after they were converted." Vol. 7. p. 14.

How encouraging to young converts are these examples, as given by the eminently pious and judicious founder of Methodism, corroborative as they are of Scriptural testimony, and the observation, and experience of Bible Christians of later days. And where is the young convert who reads these lines, who would not at once sacrifice all for the attainment of this grace ? And if it be the privilege of the young convert to be holy, where is the

teacher, or the leader in Israel, to whose watch-care the flock of Christ has been entrusted, who would stop short of this grace? "A way shall be there, and it shall be *called* the way of Holiness, and the redeemed of the Lord shall *walk* there." P.

SELECTED.

DO YOU GROW IN GRACE.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MRS. R. AND HER PASTOR.

PASTOR. Good morning, Mrs. R., if you are at leisure, we will have some further conversation on the interesting topic which we left unfinished the other day.

MRS. R. I am very glad to see you Sir; for the more I reflect on the subject, the more I am interested and perplexed. You said I must trust in Christ not only for final salvation, but to aid me in every duty, make a way of escape for me in every temptation, and hold me back at all times from the indulgence of wrong feelings. No doubt he is able to do all this, yet it seems too much for us to expect.

PASTOR. The inspired apostle says, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Now you have been accustomed to look to him for pardon, but not for cleansing.

MRS. R. I have.

PASTOR. You have been trying to cleanse yourself—forgetting that sanctification comes through faith, as well as justification. When you were converted, you surrendered yourself to God, and accepted of his mode of salvation; now you must renew that surrender, and accept of his mode of sanctification.

MRS. R. What is his mode of sanctification?

PASTOR. By the indwelling Spirit. Speaking of his people under the new dispensation, he says, "I will dwell in them and walk in them;" "I will write my law in their hearts;" "I will circumcise their hearts; and cause them to love me with all their heart and with all their soul, that they may live." "On my sons and my daughters will I pour out of my Spirit in those days."

MRS. R. I am surrounded with temptations, and there is within me that which responds to them ; thus it will be, I expect, as long as I am in the body.

PASTOR. I suppose these outward temptations would have no power over you, if that within which responds to them were to be taken away.

MRS. R. No, It would be like offering dainties to one who had lost all appetite for them.

PASTOR. And what is "that within," which you say responds to temptation ?

MRS. R. I suppose it is that tendency, which we all have by nature, to please ourselves without regard to God. This is so strong originally, and become so much strengthened by long indulgence, that I don't see how any one can hope to be ever wholly rid of it.

PASTOR. Then you do not dread the temptations so much as the tendency to evil within ?

MRS. R. O no ; that is the great trouble. If I could only be like the Saviour, who said, "The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me!" But this I never expect in the present life.

PASTOR. The Gospel, it seems to me, authorizes us to expect great things even in the present life. What can be stronger than the language used 1 Thess. v : 23, 24.

MRS. R. How is it possible to live in a world like this, and be always blameless ?

PASTOR. You are like Nicodemus ; you love the Saviour well enough to go and talk with him, but when he offers you grace to discharge every duty, and meet every trial—offers to dwell in you, and keep you from all evil—in every temptation to make a way of escape—to cleanse as well as to pardon,—to give you perfect and permanent peace—you only reply, "How can these things be?"

MRS. R. But I never saw any one that was so fully saved.

PASTOR. Neither had Nicodemus ever seen any one that was born again ; yet the Saviour only answered, "marvel not!"

MRS. R. I would not limit the power of God ; He who can convert a sinner, is surely able to "preserve him blameless ;" but *will* he do it? *Does* he ever do it?

PASTOR. The apostle answers your first question, ‘ faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it;’ (that is, if you permit him.) As to your second question whether he actually does preserve any one blameless;—It is not easy looking into people’s hearts, but there are some, who appear to have the love of God so fully shed abroad in their souls, that it moves them in all they do or say, and as far as we can see, they are preserved blameless.

MRS. R. Yes, I have known some Christians of this stamp, yet though they appear so well, no doubt they are conscious of much within that is wrong.

PASTOR. You know that God himself has spoken of some individuals as being “ full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.” Now it seems as if there could not be room for “ much that was wrong” in hearts *full* of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

Those Christians of my acquaintance who have a similar experience are very humble—they feel that in and of themselves they are nothing,—but if you question them as to what God has done for their souls, they will give a testimony to Divine grace, which is truly wonderful. It is evidently the same experience that was common in the primitive church.

MRS. R. Do these Christians always act, and speak, and feel exactly right.

PASTOR. Probably not. A Christian may love God with all his heart, as it seems to him, and trust in him fully at all times, and have it for his one great purpose to please the Lord in every thing, without any reserve, that is perceptible to himself; yet his views of truth and duty may be comparatively limited; this would lead to mistakes, and relative wrong doing. Then again, he may be deficient in judgment, and thus do or say things which another would not approve; and according to the laws of mind he cannot expect to be delivered at once from the effects former bad habits; yet all the while he is honestly acting up to the light he has; the one steadfast purpose of his soul is to please God in every thing, and he is constantly relying on the indwelling Spirit to enable him to do so; therefore God, who looketh on the heart—observes the intentions—accepts him, and will constantly impart more light, provided he is faithful in using that already given. This is the true way to grow in grace.

RS. R. How did these Christians get where they are, and how do they stay there?

PASTOR. In the first place, it pleased the Holy Spirit to excite in them a great hungering and thirsting after righteousness; they sought it as earnestly as they ever sought pardon when they were under conviction; they were led to give themselves anew to God; they ventured to believe that he accepted them, and *would hold them to it*. In this simple trust they live.

You see, in this simple life of consecration and faith, a remedy for all your troubles. The Lord Jesus Christ offers to take you in his arms and carry you over the rough places. He will be to you wisdom, righteousness and sanctification. You are complete in him. Yielding, believing, receiving is your easy part. Yield yourself up continually to his control; believe without wavering that the promises are to you; and continually receive the offered influences of the Spirit. Then all will be well.

Friend of Virtue.

S. J.

ORIGINAL.

SELECT THOUGHTS TRANSLATED FROM LETTERS OF MADAM GUYON.

BY P. L. U.

Continued. No. 2.

Prayer of the heart; sanctification by faith; benefit of temptations.

1. The letter you have taken the pains to write me, my dear A., making me acquainted with your state, has given me great pleasure. I see therein the mercy of God towards you, in giving you the desire to be wholly his. You will not be able to accomplish this desire by any austerities you may practise. There is a shorter way and more efficacious, and more acceptable to God, viz., by giving up yourself to Him, as a dear child, and living in his presence, by a continual inward recollection of him; or, in other words, by the *prayer of the heart*. Not that prayer, or inward recollection which is forced; — to which the mind compels itself, but that to which it is drawn by the sweet movement of the heart; that which love operates, and gives life to, as is said by St. Augustine, “Love is my strength.” It is the heart of love that realizes the presence and strength of God, and not the mind compelled by force to think of Him.

2. In resigning yourself to God, you rely upon his goodness and mercy to conduct you in the way that pleases him, and is best for you; and believing that He will never desert you, however dark your way may be. I rejoice that God conducts you by the way of naked faith. It is the most sure, and I dare to say, the only way, inasmuch as faith takes away all honor from the creature, and gives back all to God. Faith also is the twin sister of Love. This faith, which operates by love, simplifies the mind, destroying its vain and multiplied reasonings; whereas the mind, without faith is bewildered in natural reasonings and left in its own darkness.

3. If you were never to suffer on account of temptations, you would believe yourself to be something, and thus nourish a secret self-esteem. God permits temptations in order that you may hate yourself, and be separated from everything which may injure you; in order to bring you to cast yourself, *just as you are*, into his arms, that He, himself may purify you. Therefore to practise great austerities, and neglect this abandonment of yourself to God in faith, is contrary to the designs of God, who wills himself to sanctify you, that he may have all the glory.

4. Humility, true, deep; a willingness to take the lowest place is the only remedy for temptations, for neither the devil, nor the flesh can operate upon nothing. Be not afraid of your nothingness. God will be glorified by the destruction of the vile man of sin, in order that you may become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

I advise you to live in the vocation, to which God has called you. To quit the world is not to quit oneself, because one carries himself with him, wherever he goes, and this self is his greatest enemy. You will find self in solitude and in the desert, as well as in the crowd. But God will give you the victory over yourself, and over all your enemies. He is able to command the winds and waves, and He will make the storm a calm in due time, when you are so convinced of your misery as to live wholly upon Him, and let self die out. Have courage, therefore. Love God with all your heart. Endeavor to keep his divine presence ever with you in the depths of your heart, by a

continual recollection of Him ; by a habit of entering within to converse with Him ; not in a constrained and formal way, but all simple and natural, remembering that the Kingdom of God is within the *heart of love*. I pray God to become all things to you. Believe me, in Him, your true friend.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

The following is from the pen of one of our valued contributors, who has recently returned from a long journey of many thousand miles, and in many different countries. It exhibits the power of Divine grace in preserving the soul amid the varied and exciting scenes of foreign travel, and the ease with which a mind habituated to such exercises can turn every event to spiritual profit.—EDS.

It is a common remark, I believe, that travel in foreign countries is favorable to improvement of manners. It aids also, by means of the multiplied objects of nature and arts, which it brings to notice, in the development of the intellect and of taste. But in addition to this, it has, or *ought* to have, a favorable effect upon the religious nature. It is with a feeling of sincere and devout gratitude, that I am enabled to say, that I found it favorable in this last respect.

My religious experience had been somewhat peculiar. By a remarkable series of events, which seemed to me to bear the mark of a providential designation, I had been led to examine the subject of the inward Christian life with no small care ; and had been brought to the conclusion, that it is the privilege of the Christian to make great advancement ; and indeed, with God's help, to bear on his own renovated soul the image of that sublime faith and love, which characterized the heart and life of his great Master while here on earth. Under the favorable influence of such a belief, I was encouraged to ask of God, and although I cannot go into particulars at this time, I will say, that I found such returns of grace and strength, as seemed to me to harmonize with this opinion. More than twelve years of subsequent experience, tested in multiplied forms of duty and trial, has served to strengthen the opinion then formed. And in reference to the situations in which I have recently been placed, I will add here, that, if a man wishes to travel into

distant countries with profit and pleasure, it will be much in his favor and conduce much to his benefit, as it seems to me, if he has reason to think, that his mind is guided and enlightened by that wisdom which is from above. In other words, and still more emphatically, it ought to be the feeling of his heart, that he wishes to see more of foreign countries, because his mind, continually searching after the infinite, wishes to see more and know more of God.

I left my native country in September, 1852. My leaving at that particular time was somewhat unexpected to myself, and under circumstances which precluded the ordinary preparation. I was unused to travel, my health was quite feeble. I knew not that I had friends, or should be likely to find friends in foreign countries, and took no letters of introduction except one to a person in London, which, however, failed of reaching its place of destination. In my physical weakness, which was one principal cause of my going abroad, and which naturally produced an unfavorable effect upon the mind's action, I could hardly be said to be able to take care of myself.

But still, such was the combination of circumstances, I had no doubt that the Word of Providence was uttered, which required me to depart. This conviction was a great consolation to me, because I had learned in my previous experience, that those higher results of the Christian life to which I have referred, could be reached only by harmonizing with providential arrangements. Harmony with providence is of course harmony with the God of providence, and as the providential adjustments which touched my case, were such that I could not well do otherwise than I did, I did not doubt that I went because God required me to go. But where he was to send me, — what I was to see, — whether my health was to be restored, — or whether I should be sick and perhaps die in a foreign land, — I did not know, nor had I any anxiety to know. I stood upon the deck of the steamer Arctic, which was the name of the vessel that took me away; feeling that I held the only hand which could rightfully and truly guide me, and satisfied that I was led into this novel situation by a wisdom higher than my own. And this was sufficient for me.

The ocean was a new scene to me, I had never been upon it before,—at least out of sight of land. Day after day brought nothing but the same expanse of wave added to wave. Space seemed to enlarge itself. Magnitude had new dimensions, and man, at least in his relation to material expansion, became a very little thing. The winds and the waves beat upon us; and at one time, on the coast of England, we encountered a very violent storm. Perhaps it was owing to my ignorance, but it seemed to me, at this time, as if our situation was a perilous one, with a rocky coast near at hand, a raging sea, and in the darkness of the night; but I found the lessons of faith, which God had been teaching me for a number of years, available at this trying juncture and sustaining the soul without murmurs or fears.

I had scarcely entered the river Mersey and set foot upon the shores of England, when I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of wealth and piety, never seen by me before, who offered me the hospitality of his house, and in various ways exhibited a strong and generous desire to render my stay in England profitable and pleasant. My personal obligations for the marked kindness of this excellent man* can never be forgotten; and it was the more pleasing, because I saw that his wealth, his position and influence in society and in the church of which he is a member, and his assiduous personal labors, were all devoted to the cause of truth, religion, and humanity. I thus found that Providence, in not furnishing at my departure the ordinary letters of introduction, had not left me without friends; and that full faith in the present and protecting care of God is a letter of introduction and credit, which the great Being on whom it is drawn would not allow to be discredited.

Nor was this the only instance of providential interest and care. Other friends were raised up, other arrangements were made, almost without any care or effort on my own part, which gave a new distinctness and impressiveness to the great practical truth, that God will take care of those who believably put their trust in him.

In regard to my journeyings, I have already said, that I had no anxiety, and I may here add, that I had but one specific

* Mr. George Pennell, of Liverpool.

desire; and that was, that it might be put in my power, if it were pleasing to God, to travel in those lands and to see those places, which have been rendered memorable by the residence and labors, the teachings and sufferings of his people. God was pleased to raise up friends, (and I should be glad to name them here if I supposed it would be agreeable to them,) by means of whose kindness this desire was fulfilled. The persons, to whom I now allude, were Americans, who were, at that time, visiting in England: persons of piety, but some of them never seen nor personally known by me before. They cheerfully consented to admit me to the privilege of their society, took the most friendly interest in my comparatively helpless situation, relieved me from many duties and cares which would have been beyond my strength, and contributed in many ways to my happiness, as we travelled together in France, Savoy, Sardinia, Tuscany, Rome, Naples, Malta, Egypt, the peninsula of Sinai, and Palestine. It is hardly necessary to say, that I could see nothing but the hand of God in this favorable and unexpected arrangement, especially as the persons to whom I have referred, — one a distinguished clergyman in the city of New York, the others, a much respected and wealthy manufacturer in the same State, and his excellent and accomplished wife, constituted a little family, in which mutual confidence and respect mingled with Christian affection.

In the state of mind in which I was, I could not travel without seeing God in the works of which he is the author. With the exception of sin, the origin and relations of which are not easily understood, it is, I suppose, a just and commonly received idea, that God has a real and positive relation to every thing which exists, or which takes place, both natural and moral. He is, therefore, not far from every one of us at all times. And there is a pure and believing state of mind, of which the soul, as it advances in Christian experience, will not fail to be the subject; in which all existences, and all events and providences also, will become of the nature of divine revelations. He, therefore, who has an opportunity of seeing most of nature, (I speak now particularly of physical or material nature,) may expect to see most of God, if he has within him that opened and purified eye, by which the great fact of the divine presence and agency is

perceptible. In other words, the world is *God's book*—the embodied and finite representation, so far as it can be made, of that which is Infinite ; and he, who has an opportunity of turning over its pages and seeing most of it, has an opportunity, other things being equal, of seeing and knowing most of God himself. In passing, therefore, from land to land, from ocean to ocean, along beautiful or mighty rivers, the Seine, the Arno, the Tiber, the Rhone, the Thames, the Nile, the Jordan, and over lofty mountains, the beautiful Tabor, the majestic Carmel, the snow-clad Alps, the wooded Appenines, the burning brow of Vesuvius, and the rugged granite peaks of Sinai, the conception of the Deity, aided by these vast objects of sight, greatly expanded and magnified itself. It seemed to me, as if my heavenly Father, as he thus went with me from place to place, held me by the hand and opened in my presence on each new river's bank or mountain height some new page or picture in that vast and wondrous volume of nature, which is in part the record and monument of his unsearchable glory. The letters which formed the great name of Jehovah, were made up, if I may so express it, of rivers and oceans, of vast plains and mountains ; and I read and understood them on that account, the more easily. I cannot tell how my heart rejoiced — how it exulted — in these new revelations.

I must say further, in giving an account of the religious suggestions to which an acquaintance with different and distant countries gives rise, that I was led to think much of God, and to appreciate more fully the excellence of his character, considered in the light of his providential dispensations.

There is a providence of individuals. There is also a providence of nations. And it is to the last I particularly refer in the remark just made. It is not easy to tread among the ruins of buried or prostrate nations, without learning a moral lesson. And the more we know of the mighty power of right and wrong,—whether by the rewards or the sorrows which they bring,—the more we know of God, and the greater confidence we have in Him. I cannot be expected to go into particulars ; but will make one or two allusions. If no nation of ancient times arose to greater power and influence than ancient Rome,

extending her sway as she did over a great part of the world, it is also true I think, that she reached that overshadowing position by a course, characterized not unfrequently by deception, and almost always by pride and cruelty. In completing the measure of her glory,—or rather what the world calls glory,—she completed also the measure of her sin. And in travelling over Italy, I saw every where, in broken walls and scattered columns, the fragments of a prostrate nation, which had fallen at the touch of Providence, because it had been founded, not on justice and mercy, but on ambition and violence. Not only invading armies had trampled on her gates, but making our way though the ashes and lava of Pompeii and Herculaneum, it was not easy to forget that burning mountains and tossing seas had also risen up in testimony against her.

At an earlier period Egypt had its grandeur. The Pharaohs were as proud as the Cæsars; and the massive monuments of the Nile cannot justly be regarded as inferior in extent and grandeur to the magnificent ruins, which are scattered on the banks of the Tiber. But the greatness of Egypt; a greatness which is sufficiently indicated and proved by the extent of its remaining desolations, could not sustain itself against that providential law, which pronounces death upon everything that is not sustained by principles which meet the divine approbation.

Among the tottering walls and the sea-beaten columns of the proud Phœnecian cities of Tyre and Sidon, and in the wasted plains, and crumbling mountains, and the desolate cities of Palestine, I saw other evidences, perhaps not less striking than those to which I have referred, that God, in the light of his providential history, is impressively revealed in his great attributes of power and justice. So true it is, that morality, having its foundation in the unalterable constitution and relations of things, has its practical development and its commentary in historical events; and that desolation itself, when viewed in the light of a just philosophy, will “ vindicate the ways of God to man.” I looked down from the mountains of Judea on the Dead Sea, and remembered the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, which sleep in silence beneath its dark waters. As I stood on the Mount of

Olives and beheld Jerusalem, I called to mind the sad prediction of the Saviour, which the sword of Titus and the gathering of the "Roman eagles" had accomplished.

My religious convictions were strengthened also in another way: — and so much so as to draw still more closely the bonds of communion and love. Providence so ordered my journey that I was led to travel over lands which have a connection with Biblical history; and every thing which came under my notice tended to confirm that great record of God's intercourse with men. I travelled that Appian way — I passed the site of that Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, of which I had read, or to which I had found references in the book of Acts. At Puccioli, where the apostle Paul first landed in Italy, at the Island of Malta, where he was shipwrecked, and at Rome, where he was a prisoner, and where he was put to death for Jesus' name, I felt I was treading upon soil, honored by eminent religious associations. On the Nile, at the Red Sea, in our long march through the wilderness of Sinai, at Hebron, at Bethlehem, at Samaria, at Esdraelon, at the Sea of Galilee, and in many other places, we found striking confirmations of the narratives and statements of the Bible.

I had never doubted the Bible. On the contrary I believed and loved it. Perhaps few persons have ever had a deeper and more abiding conviction of its truth; — a conviction resulting not only from the external evidence which may be brought to bear upon it, but especially from the evidence which it carries in itself. And yet in some way which perhaps it would not be easy for me to explain, the Bible seemed to me, when I had actually been amid the scenes of its wonderful narratives, to have more distinctness, more fulness of truth, more transcendent power. I shall not easily forget, how, on Judah's hills and at the base of the mountains of Gilboa, the songs of David echoed through my spirit, as if they were flung for the first time from the master's lyre.

I know not how it may have been with other travellers, but I am obliged to add further, that the works of art which I saw from time to time in different countries, not unfrequently inspired emotions, which harmonized with and strengthened the highest

religious sentiments. It is something to see the judgment scenes of Michael Angelo, and to stand in the presence of the historical events of the Bible, as they are brought to light in the miraculous cartoons of Raphael.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection."—HEB. 6.—1.

Every building must have its foundation—every language its alphabet—every science its axioms,—so Christianity has its elementary truths, upon which its sublimest declarations and its richest experiences are based.

But a foundation is not a building. The alphabet is not the language. The axioms are not the whole science. In like manner a primary experience of gospel truth is valuable, mainly, as putting us into the Christian way and giving us the elements of the Christian character.

The text speaks of "leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ." By "the doctrine of Christ" is doubtless meant the doctrine of human salvation through Christ, as taught in the New Testament.

By "the principles of the doctrine of Christ," I understand those truths of the gospel which relate to the earliest experience of a Christian.

By 'leaving' these principles it is intended not that we should leave them as a man leaves his place when he changes his residence, or as a man leaves his sins when he turns to the Lord; but we are to leave these principles as a builder leaves his foundation when he proceeds to rear his superstructure, or as a child leaves his letters when he goes into his abs.

The text further enjoins—"Let us go on unto perfection."

Christian Perfection—What is it? What, then, is Christian Perfection, or what, specifically, is that state of grace to which

the Scriptures refer, in the use of the words perfect, perfection, purified, cleanse, &c.; and of the phrases, "perfect in love"—"sanctify you wholly"—"perfecting holiness"—"pure in heart"—"free from sin"—"dead unto sin"—"a clean heart," and the like?

There is reason to believe that one of the principal reasons why any true Christians have ever disagreed in regard to the doctrine of Christian Perfection is, that they have not understood each other in the language employed to express their respective sentiments. What, then, have the Methodists understood the Bible to teach, as the specific privilege of believers in the use of the terms before mentioned?

1. We have not held that man may become absolutely perfect. Absolute perfection belongs to God alone, and in this sense, "there is none good but one, that is, God."

2. Nor have we taught, that in this world, man may become as the angels of God in heaven. These creatures, though finite and dependent, are unfallen and pure by nature, and must be supposed to be endowed with powers and susceptibilities, both physical and spiritual, perfectly adapted to their spheres of action; and exhibiting perfect symmetry of development, as the result of uniform obedience from the moment of their creation.

3. Nor have we taught that man may be brought back, in this life, to precisely the position occupied by Adam before he fell. Adam's holiness must be supposed to have belonged to him in such a manner as to have been inherited by his offspring had he not lost it. His mental powers were such that he named the various animals and the woman at sight.

These considerations, and several others, have led the standard writers of the church to make a point of saying, when they insist on Christian Perfection, that they do not mean Adamic perfection.

Still, it should be remarked, that there is a point of perfect coincidence between angelic, Adamic, and Christian perfection. That point is, that every being in order to be perfect in its sphere must love God with all the heart—must be in a state of entire dedication to God of all its powers and possessions.

4. We do not teach a perfection in knowledge, or a freedom

from error or mistake, whether of opinion or practice, when we talk of Christian perfection.

5. We do not teach a perfection which excludes subsequent growth in grace.

6. We do not teach a state of grace from which temptation is excluded when we talk of Christian perfection.

7. Nor a state from which it is impossible to fall.

8. Nor a state of continual extacy.

9. Nor, finally ; have we understood the attainment of Christian perfection to bring with it the extinction of the instincts embedded in the physical nature of man. Paul, who every where professes this grace of perfection, says of himself, " So fight I, not as one that beateth the air ; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection ; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

What, then, is Christian Perfection ?

1. " It is the maturity of the graces of the spirit which believers may attain under the Christian dispensation." — *Fletcher*.

2. " It is the loving God with all the heart and our neighbor as ourselves." — *Wesley*.

3. It is being " *dead indeed unto sin.*" — *Paul*.

4. More definitely, it is so much grace as to *exclude the opposites* of grace from the heart.

Thus the Saviour says, " Blessed are the *pure in heart.*"

David says, " Create in me a *clean heart.*"

Paul says, " Let us *cleanse* ourselves from *all filthiness* of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

The great Old Testament promise is, " I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you."

These passages represent a large class of Scriptures on the subject of entire sanctification, and it is manifest that the idea—the fundamental idea in them all is, that holiness consists in the extirpation of sin in principle from the heart through the abounding grace of God.

The passage cited from the epistle to the Corinthians may be set down as a technical definition of what it is to be perfect in holiness. Hear it again, " Let us cleanse ourselves from all

filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," — indicating, in so many words, that to be cleansed from sin, is to be perfect in holiness. This seems every where to be the Bible idea of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. Let this truth be set clearly before our people at all times ; namely, that to be a perfect Christian is, to have grace enough in the heart to exclude all the opposites of grace from the heart. The question is not so much *what is in* the heart as *what is not* in the heart. Love enough to expel hatred from the soul with all tormenting fear is perfect love. Meekness enough to save the soul from all the inward motions of irritability and petulance is perfect meekness. Humility enough to banish pride is perfect humility ; and so of every other grace of the spirit.

This Scriptural view of entire sanctification gives the solution of a difficulty with which many persons have met in regard to Christian perfection. They have said, "If a Christian becomes perfect, what possibility is there of subsequent growth in grace ?" The answer is obvious. Grace achieves the expulsion of all sinful appetites and affections from the soul : and this is Christian perfection. But from that point onward, the Holy Spirit continues to enrich, adorn, and furnish the soul more and more with his graces.

This progression in holiness is not only possible after the attainment of Christian perfection, but is likely to be far more rapid and constant than it was before. It is indeed true, that when grace has entirely purified the heart, it is not possible for it to carry forward the process further of separating sin from the soul. Still it is entirely manifest that the soul may constantly acquire increasing abhorrence of sin, and increasing knowledge, love and establishment in holiness.

Perhaps the idea of what it is to be a perfect Christian may be further illustrated by reference to the Scriptural figure presenting sin under the figure of disease, and purity under that of health. If the question were asked, "What is health ?" the answer must be, "Health is the absence of disease." So, to the question, "What is holiness ?" the answer is, "Holiness is the absence of sin in principle from the heart, through the abounding grace of God imparted to the soul." Of two persons, one in health and

the other diseased, it is not always true that the healthy one is the stronger or the larger, or the taller, or the more beautiful, or symmetrical in person. So of two Christians, only one of whom has yet attained entire purification, it does not always happen that the perfect Christian exhibits the greatest strength or the most perfect symmetry of character, or the clearest or largest views of truth.

This view, however, should not be dismissed without adding, that as the healthy man is constantly gaining on his fellow, so the holy man is daily progressing at a more rapid rate than the unsanctified believer, and so will very soon come to exhibit in a superior measure the attributes of the Christian character.

[To be Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL.

BENEVOLENCE—PROMOTIVE OF HAPPINESS.

BY W. O. C.

There appears to be nothing more apparent than that men were constituted for *action*, physical, mental, and moral. And it seems to be equally evident that all mankind act in view of happiness, which proves that the desire is innate and universal. Benevolence, from *benevolentia*, is defined to be the love of mankind, accompanied with a desire to promote their happiness. If this be the correct idea of benevolence, then it follows that the happiness, holiness and usefulness of intelligent creatures is promoted through the action of benevolence. Is not this true of superior created intelligences. Of angels and archangels, seraphim and cherubim? “Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?” And is there not “joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth?” And while it may to a greater or less extent be true of those who are made superior to ourselves through gloryfying grace, for they are equal unto the angels, it is *emphatically* true of the children of men in this world. And hence the reflection that an act of benevolence, so improved by the receiver as to elevate him, either physically, mentally or morally, or perhaps in all these respects, is not only a very pleasing one, but effectually promotes the happiness and

holiness of the giver. Indeed there is not an act of created intelligences which so much imitates the Supreme Being as that of benevolence. The love of God toward the human race is indeed *incomprehensible!* The Earth may be measured,—the Sea fathomed,—and with a good degree of accuracy the distance calculated from one planet to another; but who by searching and investigation, can comprehend the love that moved God to the gift of his “only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have eternal life?” “It was the spontaneous tide of his own goodness setting in on our world, and rolling its billows of mercy on our desolate earth.” With angels and all the “blood washed” in heaven,—and all the truly regenerate on the earth would we joyfully exclaim, “Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift.”

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Poetry.

SELECTED.

PERFECT LOVE.

The following lines were found among some promiscuous papers, after the decease of the authoress. She is now, doubtless, among the glorified saints, enjoying the blissful inheritance of those, who on earth possessed the Saviour’s “Perfect love.” When they were written, the authoress was about twenty years of age. S.

“ Oh love! thou sweet — thou heavenly word ;

Exemplified in Christ our Lord,

I feel thee reigning in my breast,

I know—I prove thy blissful rest.

’Tis peace—’tis joy—’tis heaven below—

The depths of love divine to know :

And all the bliss of saints above

Consists in Jesus’ *perfect love*.

Affection’s smiles, ’tis true are sweet ;

And friends on earth we love to greet ;

But sweeter, lovelier, better far,

To meet our bright—our Morning Star.

We meet him when alone we pray—

We meet him all along the way—

In crowded hall—in silent grove—

If we enjoy his *perfect love*.

E'en in temptation's fiercest hour,
 We sit in love's delightful bower ;
 And Jesus says—Oh, blessed thought—
 “ I've prayed for thee that faith fail not.”
 Ambrosial fruits from life's fair tree
 We eat, and Oh how blest are we ;
 While all those mighty joys we prove,
 That spring from Jesus' *perfect love*.

SELECTED.

UNDISTURBED REST.

BY H. B. S.

“ Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man
 thou shalt keep them secretly as in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.”

“ When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
 That peaceful *stillness* reigneth evermore ;
 Far, far, beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er he fieth,
 Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.
 So to the heart that knows thy love, Oh Purest !

There is a temple, sacred evermore,
 And all the babble of life's angry voices,
 Die in hushed stillness, at its peaceful door.

Far, far, away, the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce so e'er he fieth,
 Disturbs the Soul that dwells Oh Lord, in thee.
 Oh rest of rests ! Oh peace, serene, eternal,
 Thou ever livest ; and thou changest never ;
 And in the *secret of thy presence*, dwelleth,
 Fulness of joy—forever and forever.

WHEN the Lord reigns supreme in the heart, how easily, how naturally holy aspirations arise, at all times, in all places, and in all circumstances.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

A SABBATH DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY L.

This has been a day of blessed rest to my soul. It has been very refreshing to sit beneath the droppings of the sanctuary, and once more listen to the sweet sound of the gospel from the lips of my beloved pastor and teacher. This evening the Lord blessed my soul beyond my highest expectations. He descended to surround me, both at home, and while in his temple, with his blissful presence. I felt like closing my eyes and ears to all earthly sights, and sounds, and attend only to the whispers of his love and grace. While engaged in closet devotion, under a deep sense of my utter helplessness and nothingness, I suddenly felt an invisible power diffusing itself through my entire being: every avenue of my soul and every fibre of my body, seemed to feel and acknowledge the presence of the great I AM. A passage of Scripture which I had not previously thought upon, was presented to my mind as with the voice of God; it seemed as though I heard Christ himself say, "I am married unto you." And, Oh! What unspeakable thoughts filled my soul, while I felt that I was united to Christ, by an engagement for life, for better and for worse, by a union, which eternity itself cannot dissolve. "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but his loving kindness shall not depart, nor the covenant of his peace be broken," "nor life, nor death, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall ever separate me from his love." Though entirely alone, I seemed to be encompassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, and I thought I saw, and the sight seemed real to me, all the hosts of heaven, silently looking down upon the solemn transaction, and I called upon them with the most subdued feelings, by the most sacred and solemn invocations, to witness my union with their King and my Redeemer, while with a calm and deliberate understanding, with supreme

affection and attachment, with implicit confidence in his character and promises, and in humble dependence upon his continued assistance, I promised obedience, fidelity and constancy, and in this interesting and silent hour, in the most cheerful and sacred manner, I have given myself away to Jesus, and taken Him for my husband, Saviour, brother, friend, my portion and my all.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine,
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

*Now rest my long divided heart
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest,
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.*

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

I feel my heart with strong affection cleaving closer, and closer to my beloved Saviour, my helpless soul hangs entirely and lovingly upon Him, as its only refuge, and I feel assured that he will not leave me alone, while I thus affectionately rely upon Him. He is the lover of my soul, and I will hide me in this Rock, until the storms and calamities of life be overpast. O I find in Him a secret and constant spring of happiness. He is indeed that "well of water springing up" in my heart, the antepast of Eternal Life. O! I felt so weak and helpless, both in the inner and outward person, when I arose from my knees, that I could scarcely stand or walk to my chair in the adjoining room, yet my body appeared as light, as if I had partaken of some ethereal essence; but Jesus seemed to say to me, "Lean all your weight upon your Beloved, as you come up out of the wilderness." *O, what a Saviour! all-sufficient to save now, to keep, to redeem.*

"Forever thy dear charming name,
Shall dwell upon my tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be,
The theme of every song."

It seems too much for a poor simple worm like me, to say, "For me to live is Christ, to die will be gain." Yes, Jesus, I may say it,—

" For when on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulne s of rapture I find
My heaven of heaven's in thee."
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
What Christ has for his saints prepared,
Who conquer through their Saviour's might,
Who sink into perfection's height,
And trample death beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

Jesus has an unquestioned right to dispose of me,—I am his, by loving sacred ties, and voluntary engagements, which I shall be happy and grateful to acknowledge, and I trust daily to renew. I leave all the circumstances of my future life to him—I place my interests entirely in his hands, let him give, or deny me, what he pleases, whatever comes from his hand shall be thankfully received,—I must be safe in his arms—in his care, to which I now humbly resign myself.

" Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast;
Secure within Thine arms to lie.
And safe beneath thy wings to rest."

Glory be to his precious name forever.

The Psalmist saith the wicked have no bands in death—neither have they in their life ; they indulge their appetites, vent their passions, and form their habits according to their own sinful wills and purposes : they will not brook restraint in any wise, if they can at all compass their ends. But all these doings are remembered in the great book of accounts ; there the long-forgotten record will speak in burning words of terror in the great day, if the heinous guilt is not washed away by the blood of Jesus. O, who would thus live in the unrestrained liberty of a depraved heart ? Rather accept the yoke discipline, made easy by the yoke of Christ.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE SAVIOUR'S REPROOF.

"WHEREFORE DIDST THOU DOUBT?"

It is affecting to note the tender solicitude with which the Redeemer habitually sought to prop and nourish the wavering, feeble faith of the disciples in their Heavenly Father's love. "Oh thou of little faith—wherefore didst thou doubt?" "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." "Have faith in God." "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Thus often ran the gracious current of his words. True, he never encouraged presumption—the vice of which persons of hesitating faith, are apt to be so much afraid. His warnings are frequent in their recurrence, and even terrifying in character, against hypocrisy, against those who hear and do not, against all deception, all cloaking of sin, all unrighteousness of men.

Still, whatever may have been the character at any former moment, the man who to-day honestly repents, finds ever, a benignant Saviour, patient with his weakness and irresolution, compassionate of his darkness and misery, and ready at once to hasten and cure, with the anointing of his own blood, the self-inflicted wounds of the now grieved and guilty spirit. All the measures of God's grace toward man are found *in his own nature*—He is merciful in act, because "*He delighteth in mercy*," and not at all because the recipient is supposed to be worthy.

According to his mercy he saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

*In whom we have redemption through his blood, * * * according to the riches of his grace.*

Let it ever strengthen our faith therefore, to know that the processes of our salvation are carried forward by agencies wholly of God. True it is, indeed, that He does not consent to employ his omnipotence upon a heart to effect its salvation except with the concurrence of the volitions of the heart itself. Still it is true that the rapidity or the degree of the process does not depend on the power of human impulse. A man does not ride in the cars except by

his own choice, but if he choose to enter the cars and remain there, he is carried forward by a force not at all his own and the rapidity of his motion onward is thenceforth to depend not on his own agility or strength, but simply on his *remaining in the cars*.

So of the soul and its salvation. We shall never originate salvation for ourselves, as it is not possible that the soul should be the fountain of its own peace or purity. There is no salvation only *in Christ Jesus*. But if the soul remain steadily, moment by moment, *in Christ*, it does by that continuous act, resign itself to the action of forces having their seat in the omnipotence and mercy of Jehovah.

How fast and how far such a soul shall be saved are questions, therefore, which are to be answered only in the light of those Scriptures which declare the ability and will of God in the matter. "This is *the will of God* even your sanctification." "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, *who also will do it.*" "Wherefore *He is able* to save unto the *uttermost* all them that come unto God by him."

These Scriptures, poor trembling disciple, declare both the will and the ability of God in reference to the sanctification of thy spirit even its purification from all iniquity.

Let not your faith stand in the wisdom of man, but in *the power of God*. You will not conquer your difficulties by the force of mere resolution to conquer them, but if you continue "looking unto Jesus," abiding in him, and receiving him as your "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption," expecting nothing from yourself, but everything from him, you shall find that your enemies have Christ and not you to contend with. When the soul thus ceaselessly abandons itself into the hand of God, it realizes at once the rest, the fruition and the victory of faith.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE THREE VOICES, or Light and Truth, through a thin veil of allegory. By HODGES REED. This is a small volume, published by the N. E. S. S. Union. The author evidently understands how to write, so as to interest children. Important truths are conveyed through these simple allegories. Boston, Heath & Graves, 79 Cornhill.

We find on our table, THE RUNAWAY or *The Punishment of Pride*, FRETFUL LILLIA, or, *The Girl who was compared to a Sting Nettle*, and MINNIES PIC-NIC, or, *A Day in the Woods*, all belonging to

the series entitled, "My Uncle Tobey's Library." We take great pleasure in again calling attention to the successive issues of this series. The Christian parent in search of books for children between the ages of seven and fourteen, which shall be both safe and attractive, will find the very thing he wants in this Library. Boston: Geo. C. Rand, 3 Cornhill,—and Wm. J. Reynolds, & Co.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS:—Or Instructions in the Divine Life of the Soul. From the French of Fenelon, and Madame Guyon. Edited by James W. Metcalf.

Through the politeness of our esteemed friend the author, we have recently received a copy of this work. We have not been able as yet, to give it a thorough reading; but so far as we have perused it, it has afforded us great pleasure, and we trust some profit. There are certain *mystical* forms of expression, which in our judgment, will not contribute to the utility of the book. This however is a mere matter of opinion, in which we may stand alone. There are a class of persons we are persuaded, to whom the perusal of the volume would be *a feast of fat things*. With the permission of Dr. Metcalf, we shall occasionally give extracts to our readers. New York: Published, by M. W. Dodd, Brick Church Chapel, City Hall Square.

THE MISSION OF THE COMFORTER with Notes, by Julius Charles Hare.

M. A. This work consists of five sermons, founded upon John xvi. 7., very extensive notes from the Fathers and more modern writers, upon points having relation to the subjects discussed in the sermons.

It is the work of a discriminating and vigorous mind. It abounds in profound views of a most important branch of doctrinal and practical theology. No minister or intelligent Christian can fail to be spiritually and mentally enriched by its careful investigation. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, for December and January, have also come to hand.

We never take up a number of this periodical and examine its illustrations, without wondering how the publisher can afford it at so cheap a rate. Each monthly part contains at least *thirty superb engravings*, several of which are printed separately on superfine Plate paper. \$3.00 per annum. New York: Alexander Montgomery. Boston: F. Parker, 35 Washington Street.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR, for January, is also before us.

We regard this as one of the most useful of Mr. Montgomery's serial publications. Each department of science is here represented, and well illustrated by appropriate engravings. Price, 12 1-2 cents per number. Boston: F. Parker, 35 Washington Street.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

THE GREAT LAW OF LOVE.

A SERMON.

BY REV. D. B. LAWTON.

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment." MARK xii. 30.

May we not expect that men will pay attention to this command, in proportion as they conceive of it, as *first* among all the commands issued either on earth or in heaven! Let us notice a few of the many circumstances, which conspire to elevate this commandment, at the head of all others. "This is the first commandment." 1. In antiquity; being doubtless the original law among Angels; besides it was proclaimed to man in the first age of the world and engraven upon his heart. 2. In excellence; because it secures to man the greatest good, and to God the greatest glory. 3. In justice; as above all others it secures to God his due; his just claim; for what is more just than that he who made, redeemed and preserves us, should have our love and entire service? 4. In sufficiency; it is capable of itself alone, of making all who obey it, positively happy. There is no condition in which we could be miserable while loving God. If a soul were sent to hell, when obedient to this law, hell would cease to be such to him. 5. Fruitfulness; being the source of all other excellence whatsoever, whether in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, every good we can behold or imagine, springs from or relates to the love of God. 6. In extent; embracing all the human family, every individual of whatever grade of intellect, color of skin, or condition in life. And not only so, it embraces every faculty and power of the individual, as we shall see if we proceed in this exposition. 7. In necessity; it is irrevocably decreed that he who will not love God must be miserable forever. Absolutely indispensable, there being no alternative. Either love God and be happy, or hate him and be miserable. Some laws may be violated and the offender escape, his sin being winked at; not so with this. 8. In

dignity ; it is not issued from any human court, but from the King of heaven. Now if any command be issued, or law made by any earthly Potentate, the subject considers it worthy of notice, in proportion to the dignity of its origin. How then ought we to heed this command, coming as it does from the Arbiter of nations, and the Sovereign of the Universe ? 9. Lastly, this commandment is first in its duration. It will continue binding to the end of time, and will never cease to be binding in eternity. Most laws become null after a time, — such for instance, as those given to children or parents, to rulers and ruled, to husbands and wives, &c. But, not so with this law, for it will be pleasingly binding on the hosts of heaven during the roll of ceaseless ages, while its iron grasp, and uncancelled claim upon the damned, will constitute their wretchedness forever and ever !

Love is the chief of the affections, though a little child knows the difference between love and hatred, there is a depth and sublimity in this affection when elevated to God. The theme of the original word signifies vehement action. For the soul in loving God is drifted towards him with all its powers, prompted by admiration, approval and delight, in view of God's infinite perfections and moral beauties.

Having seen thus briefly what this law is in itself ; the next question is, how can it be obeyed ? The answer is, by coming to Christ for a new heart. "The carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Rom. viii. 7. The carnal mind may consist with deep attainments in philosophy, and with a strongly impassioned poetic sentiment : the mere approval of the head, the heart not being affected. How can a man love God, when he "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned ?" 1 Cor. ii. 14. Men naturally are impelled to love themselves and the world : in short, any thing and every thing, before they will love God ; nor can they do otherwise till a radical change be wrought in their nature, called "regeneration, renewing of the Holy Ghost, new birth, new creation," &c. Such language must imply a very deep wrought change, one that requires the same

power that spake the world from naught, and made man holy in the beginning. It would offend the nice and genteel worldling to tell him, he hates God. But certainly he does not love him, unless he brings forth the fruits thereof. To prove this, only place him in contact with pious christians, whose shouts of praises, and hallelujahs are ascending to God, and he manifests great uneasiness, or looks on as coldly, as if encased in forty feet of polar ice. Let me put the question to such! If you cannot endure the rays of twilight, how can you bear the effulgence of the sun shining in his strength? And if the tone of your moral feelings does not chime with the feeblest note of praise to God on earth, how could you bear the songs of redemption, that come up from the myriads around the throne of God, like the voice of many waters? The fact is your heart must be attuned here on earth to the symphonies of the loving song; your sight must, to a good degree, be strengthened here, to look on this glory or you will never sing the song of Moses, nor see within "the palace of angels and God." But Christ is now ready to pardon your sins, "and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness." Since competent aid is offered you in Christ, whereby you can obey this command, by perfectly loving your Maker, he is as consistent in requiring you to do so, as he was in requiring Adam to obey in his primeval state.

The third question which naturally arises in the investigation of this text is, when may it be said that we love God with all our heart, soul, mind and strength, and what are the signs of this love.

1. A man loves God with all his heart, when he loves nothing in comparison with God, when God reigns without a rival in his affections. The heart is taken to mean the moral feelings, passions or emotions. As the sun in the natural heavens, so God in the moral heavens of his thought and feelings, imparts to him divine light and heat, and receives his supreme adoration. He leaves it for the African to divide his adoration between his gree-gree, and his clay image; for the Hindoo to reverence the crocodile, and the slaughtering car; the Egyptian to distribute his regards between the sun, moon, stars, and reptiles of the earth; the men of the world to scatter their affections

between their gold, silver, herds, houses and farms ; for the Unitarian so called, to parcel out his worship of superior and inferior, to God, a creature, and an attribute or emanation ; but he who loves God with all his heart, in a Gospel sense, worships "the Father the Son and the Holy Ghost," as the supreme one God, for "these three are one."

2. The Greek word rendered soul is often rendered life, and will make better sense to be so understood here. If so, then to love God with all the life, is to devote life entirely to him. True and genuine love seeks to promote the interests and honor of the object loved : and that love, if love it be, which is satisfied with mere good wishes and loud professions is base hypocrisy. If our love to God is to be tried by this standard, that is, if our love is in proportion to our effort to advance his glory and honor, how little love for God is there among men ! It was obedience to this command to love God with all the life, or more than life, that drew forth the blood of the martyrs. It is this principle that enabled the Apostles and early Christians to welcome the block, the stake and the faggots. This command devotes life, with all its riches and comforts; honor and credit, authority and influence, time and talents, to God through Jesus Christ. It holds life with a slight tenure ; as being the gift of God, therefore ready to lay it down whenever the interests of his cause demand it. Let me ask the question, are there many at this time among professing Christians who thus love God ? To aid self-examination let me press this question and suggest to you how it may be answered. I have no sympathy with those who answer it in the negative, who complainingly lament that the Church is fallen, and that genuine love for Christ is generally extinct. That there is much sincere regard for Christ and the success of his kingdom is easily inferred from the Missionary Spirit, the Sabbath School cause, and charity among the churches.

It is easy to misjudge in this matter. We see a man walking erect and straight forward, and perhaps from a preconceived notion or prejudice we consider him a weak man. But bring him into straits or dangers, and he displays gigantic powers we little looked for. So with the Christian. He may have love enough to Christ for the present purpose, namely, "to deal justly, love

mercy, and walk humbly with God." But should he be required to renounce his religion or suffer martyrdom, his strength would be as his day. The principle of love though apparently latent, would develop itself suitably for the occasion. Yes, there are thousands in this country, who if put to the test, would shudder at the thought of living at the expense of Christ: who would say to the persecutor, "bring your stake, your fire, and your faggots." But there is another feature to this subject, though not contradictory. It is very far from true, that all who pretend to love God do so in truth. For there are hosts of professing Christians, of whom if our Lord should inquire as he did of Simon, "Lovest thou me?" the answer would be, "No, not at all." That this is so appears to me evident from two or three considerations. 1. Human nature is now no better than it ever was, and is worthy of no more confidence. It has no more courage to perform moral deeds than when St. Paul said, "By grace are ye saved, and that not of yourselves." 2. In the Apostles' days many "denied the Lord that bought them," and when Jesus was crucified they nearly all forsook him and fled: and Satan got possession of one of only twelve ministers! What if the same proportion of the Christian churches should prove to be apostates or false-hearted? What a vast possession would Satan obtain besides the unbelievers of Christendom and the heathen world? 3. But there is another reason, of more weight than both these, why I conclude so many fall short of true love to God, that is so many do actually turn their backs upon the cause of Christ, who, for the short-lived pleasures and gaudy spoils of this world, for the amusements of the theatre, the circus, or the ball-room, or the honor that comes from men, will renounce all love for the Lord Jesus Christ, all title to Heaven. Go into the houses of the irreligious and you will find a large majority of them backsliders, and even in the pale of the church there are hundreds upon hundreds, who show no love for God, only that their names stand upon the church record! If persecution should arise and the Smithfield fires be kindled again, how many of these who now deny Christ without any cause, being protected by wholesome laws, in worshipping God in a land of plenty, would give over Christ and his religion into the hand of their

enemies, and cry with the multitude, "Crucify him, crucify him." Let every one ask the question, "Lord is it I?" We are not at liberty to devote a certain portion only of our lives to God, and give away the remainder to the world and Satan. God commands us to love him with the whole of our existence from the earliest dawn of moral consciousness.

3. A man may be said to love God with all his mind, when he devotes his mind to study and know God and his worship. The mind is taken to represent the intellectual powers, by which we reason, judge and understand. In all our research and employment, whether as students, teachers, mechanics, merchants or agriculturalists, in the parlor, kitchen, or elsewhere our direct or remote object should be to increase our knowledge of God and his worship. Heretical books may be read by some persons, to the increase of their knowledge and love of God, or to heighten the beauty of the truth as colors appear brighter by the contrast. But inexperienced and immature Christians should keep to the "the sincere milk of the word" until they are able to endure "strong meat." We are not called to love God with the intellects of dwarfs, having no higher grade of intellect at three score years, than in youth; but with all the giant powers we can possibly develop, and cultivate by the best improvement of our time and talents. If we could arise to a par with Gabriel, Christ would be worthy of, and command our entire service. How unworthy then do men act who seek only such knowledge and improvement of their minds, as shall serve their own ease, honor or promotion. Most men value knowledge in just such proportion as it brings them money; whereas God requires us to know all we possibly can, in order that we may the more fully glorify him and enjoy him the better. It is true that knowledge may exist empty and alone; but He who has given men knowledge, requires that it should increase our love to him. The great absorbing topic among men is, wherewithal shall we be clothed, fed and housed; whereas, after being diligent in business, the great and all important object should be to know how to love God the most, that is how we may best answer the purpose of our existence, preservation and redemption: how we may seize the prey from the jaws of death and hell and bring lost sinners home to God.

4. A man loves God with all his strength, when, "whatever he does is all to the glory of God." We are not endowed with any surplus energy or reserved strength with which to love any thing independent of God; though he that loves God will necessarily love his brother also. We are not to love any creature in earth or heaven for its own sake. Here is a nice point,—the distinction between the love of God and the love of the world. When a man looks with delight and esteem upon his house or land, herd or purse, friend or relation, with no reference to or regard for God on account thereof, he is guilty of loving the world: and in such proportion "the love of the Father is not in him." The creature is designed to lead to the Creator. We see then, that the command to love God embraces the sum of man's powers, and the entire extent of his being. Nothing can be more clear. How far short do those Christians come of duty who consider love to God to be mere passion or emotion, however short-lived or fluctuating; and the service of God to be, only to get happy for the time.

5. Many who admit the reasonableness of the command, defer compliance with it, hoping for a more convenient season. Let me address a few candid words to such. Suppose you take it for granted that you will see the three score years, or more, and then find a *convenient season* being sure of heaven. Suppose you devote the strength and vigor of your years to the world and your own pursuits; what then? Why this must be your return to your Maker. "Lord it is true, I received my being from thee, this wonderfully wrought frame, and this immortal soul, capacitated to so large enjoyment and endless improvement; and thou hast upheld me, surrounding me with innumerable comforts, since my earliest infancy, moreover thou didst send thine only Son to die for my salvation, the ministry to call me, the Holy Spirit to reprove me, and the church to foster me.—Now I have had my fill of earthly pleasures, my sight is dim, my senses are all impaired, my hand is palsied, memory is treacherous, judgment is clouded, appetite and relish for this world are gone, so that I cannot get much more money, I am but a wreck of mortality; for it seems the devil cannot make much more speculation out of me in this life: therefore Lord, I pray

thee take this last vestige of my time, these dregs of my life, these fragments of my mangled powers: because for all thy manifold mercies to me this is all I can afford thee ! !” Merciful God ! can thy compassion reach such wretches as these ? How ungrateful, how unjust, how wicked, to pour out the hearts warm affections, as an oblation to the shrine of mammon, and devote thy towering genius to the god of this world ! But you need not be alarmed for fear you will be brought into such a dilemma, for most of you, my unconverted friends, will never see old age.— The leaves of next autumn may fall on your tomb, the winds of next winter may utter your funeral dirge, and the snows drift upon your grave. Alas, for you, that is not the worst; your soul if not converted, and without love to God, will be in hell with the wicked of all ages, “ where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.” Bring then thy heart, thy soul and body, with all thy time, talents and influence, offering them to God through Jesus Christ, and beg him in good earnest to pardon you, and cleanse you, and lay you up for heaven.

6. We observe, to obey this command, to be perfect, to be sanctified, to be holy, and to enjoy perfect love, are the same thing. God commands it, and to be consistent he has provided that “the blood of Jesus Christ his Son shall cleanse us from all sin.” This love, it was said, is first in sufficiency, and so many have proved it. It has soothed many a widow in distress, cheered many a pilgrim on his journey, supported many a martyr at the stake ; and many more when they meet the monster death, shall sing with the poet,—

“ Sink down ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove ;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.”

When the Lord reigns supreme in the heart, how easily, how naturally holy aspirations arise, at all times, in all places, and in all circumstances.

ORIGINAL.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE. NO. I.

BY IDA.

MY DEAR SISTER W.—The blessed doctrine of salvation by *simple faith*, is still very precious to my heart. You know that I have been for several years a decided advocate, for the “*baptism of the Holy Ghost*.” You are aware I suppose, that very many deny its being the privilege of the christian church, to receive this blessing at the present time. It is asserted by them, that it never was given but twice, viz. on the day of Pentecost, and at the house of Cornelius. They also say that all who were then baptized with the Spirit, *spake with tongues*. The question has frequently been asked me, when speaking of some one, as having received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, “Did they speak with tongues?”

The denial of the present attainability of the blessing led me to a more close examination of the subject, and I will record the result for the strengthening of your faith. Jesus, just prior to his ascension, commanded his disciples to “wait at Jerusalem for the promise of the Father, which says he, ye have heard of me.” What was the promise to which he referred? “For John only baptised with water, but ye shall be baptised with the *Holy Ghost*, not many days hence.” The “promise of the Father,” he here denominates the baptism of the Holy Ghost. When had he told them about it previously? See John xiv, 16. “And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you *forever*.” Even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him, but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.” 26th ver. “But the Comforter, which is the *Holy Ghost*, whom the *Father will send in my name*, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.” Chap. iv, 26. “But when the Comforter is come, *whom I will send unto you from the Father*, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he

shall testify of me." Again 16th chap. 7 verse. "It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you, but if I depart, *I will send him unto you.*"

The objector must either admit that these promises were made to the first Christian believers *only*, or that the baptism of the Spirit is promised to the church to the end of time. The baptism of the Spirit is co-existent with the promise, for Jesus said it was in fulfilment thereof, that it was to be poured out upon them at Jerusalem. If that promise was given only to the first Christian church, then those living since, have none to plead, by which to receive the Comforter.

Peter, in defending himself from the unjust accusation of being "filled with new wine," alludes to the very same promise. See Acts. ii. 33, Jesus, "being by the right hand of God exalted, and *having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear.*" He then exhorts them to repent, and be baptized every one, "in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the *gift of the Holy Ghost.* For the promise (of which he had just been speaking) is unto *you*, and to *your children*, and to all that *are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.*" This must then necessarily extend to believing throughout the whole gospel dispensation. Here, however I am met by the objector who says, "I believe the "gift of the Holy Ghost," is promised to all, but not the "baptism." To such I say, the terms, "gift of the Holy Ghost." and "baptism of the Holy Ghost," are synonymous, and for proof of this refer back to the words of Jesus, Acts i: 4, 5. and 10th Chap. 44—47 verse. While Peter was speaking to those assembled at the house of Cornelius, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word. And they of the circumcision were astonished, because that on the Gentiles also was poured out the *gift of the Holy Ghost!* Peter then inquires, "Can any man forbid water that these should not be baptized, who have *received the Holy Ghost, as well as we?*" Now no one disputes but what the baptism of the Holy Ghost, was here given, yet it is not once denominated thus; but, "the Holy Ghost fell on them," "was poured out,"

"the gift of the Holy Ghost," "received the Holy Ghost" is the language by which it is expressed,—terms signifying the very same thing, as the "*baptism*." The objector again meets me here, saying, "the Apostle settles the question that this was the baptism of the Holy Ghost, by saying, the Holy Ghost fell on them, *as on us at the beginning*." Yes, so it does, and it as clearly proves that "God gave them the *like gift*," as he did unto them. Acts xi. 15—17.

As I have much more that I wish to say on this subject, I will defer it until my next. It is not to convince *you* of the truthfulness of this blessed doctrine, that I write out the argument in its favor, for I thank God that he has enabled you for many years to be a *practical witness* thereof, but thinking it may aid you somewhat in meeting the attacks that are so frequently made upon it.

YOUR SISTER IN CHRIST.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

This concludes the valuable article of our correspondent commenced in the February No. We regret that by some misunderstanding on the part of the printer, the first part did not end at the close of the paragraph. We therefore repeat a few lines already published, in order to preserve the sense complete. *Ed.*

I know not how it may have been with other travellers, but I am obliged to add further, that the works of art which I saw from time to time in different countries, not unfrequently inspired emotions, which harmonized with and strengthened the highest religious sentiments. It is something to see the judgment scenes of Michael Angelo, and to stand in the presence of the historical events of the Bible, as they are brought to light in the miraculous cartoons of Raphael. It would argue but poorly for a person's religious sensibility, who should not find it quickened and strengthened in some degree by scripture scenes and events, as they are combined together, and revealed anew, as it were, in the paintings of Correggio and Murillo and of the other great masters, whose works are so frequently found in the galleries of art and in the palaces of Europe.

And I think it may be said further, that there is a sense, in which the works of art may be regarded without impropriety as the works of God ; and in which we may associate God with them, much in the same way in which we may associate Him with the works of nature. Who made the marble which the chisel has wrought into shape ? Who fashioned the hand that holds the chisel, or which guides the painter's pencil ? From whom came that inspiring thought, in accordance with which the marble is modelled, or which gives harmony and inspiration to color ? Genius is not an accident ; but every thing which is true and good in it, every thing which harmonizes with nature and gives strength to virtue, has a divine origin. To the eye of faith which sees causes in effects and which traces the multiplied relations of things to their central element, God sits enthroned in the Capitol amid the countless works of art which he has inspired, no less than on the Alps and the Appenines.

These views might perhaps be presented in another and little different light. The traveller not only meets with flowers and trees, with rivers and mountains, which elevate his thoughts to God, — not only with works of art, which also have their moral and religious influences upon the mind ; — but the power of association, operating strongly in connection with memorable localities, restores, and places before him, almost with the distinctness of real life, the powerful, or illuminated men of other days, who have imparted clearness to truth, or beauty to virtue ; — men who have illustrated humanity by thought, or have honored it by suffering and action. When I came to the places, over which their memory and their spirits hovered, it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that they appeared personally before me. The mind created them anew. Let it not be considered strange, then, if I say, in a sense which is susceptible of a just appreciation, that I met with Somers, Chatham, and Burke, in the Parliament House of England, — with Wesley and Addison, on the banks of the Isis and Cherwell, with Shakspeare in Windsor Forest, — with Algernon Sidney on Tower Hill, — with Fenelon at the Seminary of St. Sulpitius, — with Dantè at Florence, — with Cicero in the Roman Capitol, — with Moses

in the wilderness,—with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, at Mamre and the cave of Macpelah,—with David on the hill of Zion. The reality of places gave reality to men. The mind seized upon what remained, and restored what had departed. The inward senses were opened with a power greater than that which belongs to the outward. The eye of the mind saw them. The ear of the heart heard them. They stood erect in the majesty of man, amid the majesty of art and nature;—sometimes in the hour of their joy, but more frequently, of suffering,—but always with the words of truth and liberty on their lips, and with kindness, courage, and honor in their deeds.

Can atheism thus give life to the dead? Can infidelity, which has no confidence in virtue, thus restore the men of other ages, whose memory remains, because their life was the teaching and the illustration of virtue? How can these things be, if there be no God? And how can they be, with that explanation, which a belief in God can give of them, without a juster appreciation, and a higher love of Him, who, in being the Source of all things, is the Centre of all just thoughts, the Mind of all minds?

One of the pleasant things of a religious nature, which increases the interest and happiness of the Christian traveller in foreign countries, is the evidence which he often obtains, of the essential unity, or oneness of character, which exists in religious experience. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the child of God is one. Under blazing suns, and in polar snows, under all forms of governments and diversities of education, as well as in all varieties of climate, the image of Christ is the same,—drawn in immortal lines by the same mighty architect,—not always completed, but filling out, with each day's added lines and touches, into the likeness of that great and beautiful model, which exhibited the soul of the Godhead in man's human heart. Names, sects, parties, have no power to hide it,—any more than diversities of language, government, and color. This beautiful image I saw in my travels, in countries and places far remote from each other;—on the banks of the Po and the Tiber, in London, in Florence, in Alexandria, in Jerusalem, in the cottages of Waldensian Mountains, as I had seen it before

in the mountains of America,—differing, undoubtedly, in degrees of completeness, but always true to the great Master's hand. It needed no letter of introduction. I saw it with the eye of the heart. I embraced it with the arms of the affections. I cannot say how much I rejoiced in this multiplication of universal brotherhood. It was more pleasant to me, than the beauties of nature, delightful as they are;—brighter than the light of the morning sun on the mountain-tops.

Among other developments of religious feeling, or perhaps, I should say, of those feelings which have a close connection with our religious nature, I am tempted to give the following illustration. It presents a form of experience, related to, and yet, in some respects, very different, from that which I have just given :

One day, after reaching Alexandria, I occupied myself, in company with the friends who were with me, in making a short excursion along the banks of the Mahmoudie Canal. As I had just entered within the limits of those Eastern regions, everything was new. Nature, perhaps, was not more beautiful, than I had found it in other places; but it was a beauty unknown before. Trees and flowers, which I had never seen until that time, rose up around me, and stretched out their blooming arms, as if to demand the delighted homage of my heart; nor did I find any difficulty in yielding to those sentiments of admiration, which their luxuriant beauty was fitted to inspire. I think it is sound philosophy, as well as religion, to say, that it is the nature of a true heart,—and by a *true* heart, I mean one which is born into the truth by being born into God's benevolent image,—to enter readily into a sincere and cordial sympathy with the varied and multiplied existences, animate and inanimate, of which God is the author. But if I am erroneous in this suggestion, I must still acknowledge, that I was a subject, in some degree, of this sort of experience; and that everything, whether it was a tree or flower, or a bird, or flocks, or herds of cattle, if there was something in them which I had not known before, seemed to touch a new chord of sympathy within me, and to call out the music of a new love.

On the shore of the canal, engaged in various occupations, or

strolling at leisure on its banks, were Turks and Arabs,— and not unfrequently with a group of children around them. To me they were a new race of beings,— differing from what I had been accustomed to see, in dress, and outward bearing, and deportment, as well as in their history and language. But under these differences of dress and peculiarities of manner, I recognized, in the “human face divine,” the signatures of a common heart, a common nature. None of the outward differences to which I have referred, no diversities of descent and history, of language, or even of religion, were capable of limiting my affections. My eyes looked upon them, and my heart loved them as promptly, and as strongly, as if they had been, as in fact they were, and are, “bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.” And I must confess, that this unprompted unity of feeling made me very happy for a short time. I was rejoiced to find, that in every part of the world, I had a great multitude of brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, children.

Only a very short time, however, had passed, when I had inward misgivings ; and indeed, the thought was strongly impressed upon my mind, as if by some unseen power, that I had done wrong, in thus promptly giving my heart to those of a different religious faith. An inward suggestion seemed to upbraid me, with placing confidence and affection in a race of men, who rejected the Christian religion, and had often shown hostility and contempt to that Saviour, in whom alone I was entitled to place my dearest hopes. What was a Turk to me ? Or what was I to a Turk ? Had not the scimetar been bathed in the blood of Christians ? The embarrassment and sorrow of this state of mind was not small ; and I was not relieved from it, till I had made it a subject of reflection, and had carried it to God, as the great source of truth. I was soon relieved, and so convincingly and distinctly, that I was not troubled afterwards. God said to me,—if I may be allowed to employ unusual language, but which more accurately describes the intimations and experience of my inward consciousness than any other,— that my business was *to love* ; that God alone could know and appreciate the diversities of situations and creeds ; and that I could not be born into the image of Him who died for his enemies, while I repulsed

from my bosom the man of any clime, or any belief, and that, in all cases, he who wishes to convey the truth to any people, and to do them good, must carry before him, as its precursor, the open banner of a generous and disinterested affection.

One of the results of these long travels, was a clearer and deeper impression than I had experienced ever before, that the presence and influence of God are not limited by locality.

Every man, who has a truly religious heart, has what may be called his sacred places. What I mean to say, is, that every man, in looking back upon his past religious life, is able to recal places which are associated with religious incidents, — places which are allied in his recollections with resolutions of amendment, or with remarkable developments of religious truth, or which have been consecrated by the sorrows of penitence, or by the joys of gratitude. This, I suppose to be the general experience ; and I am neither able, nor have I any desire, to plead an exemption from it. My mind has never ceased to recal such places ; and often it has recalled them with profit and pleasure. I remember the Bible which my mother gave me ; nor is the place forgotten in which she gave it. I remember the places where I read it alone. I remember the garden, the wood, the valley, the river's bank, where I spent many hours in pondering the problems of salvation, and in seeking the great Central Source of Light. I remember the humble abodes, rude and solitary, perhaps, but yet consecrated in the religious affections, where, in the evening of a long summer's day, I stole secretly apart, to listen to the prayers of gray-headed old men, or to learn from their lips the wondrous things of God in glory, and of mankind redeemed. The teachings of God, therefore, and the various religious influences of which he is the source, had become associated, in some degree, with places ; and undoubtedly, forgetting the difference between the Finite and the Infinite, I had a secret feeling, hardly perceptible to myself, that such gracious influences were more likely to be repeated in some places than others. A wider experience dissipated this natural and common illusion. I found that God could travel as far and as fast as any of his poor children. And when I set my foot on the ocean, to visit, for the first time, climes remote, and lands

unknown, I left my country and friends, but did not, and could not, leave my God behind me. Wherever I went, I found him at my side. On the ocean, and on the land, in the storm, and in the sunshine, amid the matchless beauties of Richmond hill, and in the sterility of Arabian deserts, in mountain tops, and in lowly vallies, in the palaces of the Thames, and the Seine, and in the Bedouin's tent, and the Fellah's cottage of clay, everywhere, and under all circumstances, I found him present, to guide, to counsel, and console. And it seemed to be an *actual*, and not merely a hypothetical and constructive presence,—a presence which is recognized by the heart, as well as by the intellectual conviction,—and which harmonizes with the expressions of the Saviour, when he said, “THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.”

I have incidentally referred to this experience in some other letters. I made records of it from time to time. I have sometimes thought, that it is the tendency of raised emotions, when they have harmony in themselves, by being in harmony with God and the universe, to strive after an outward expression in numbers. Whatever is not in harmony,—whatever is discordant with character, position, and all just relations, is, at least, not in the highest form of truth; and hence it was, perhaps, that these slight records of religious feeling, without making pretensions to poetical merit, often took the form of measure or verse. The following lines, from the date attached to them, appear to have been written in Egypt:

Compelled by wasted health to roam,
O'er many a land and tossing sea;
Far from the joys of friends and home,
I find, O God! a home in thee.

I pass from things of space and time,
The finite meets or leaves my sight;
But God expands o'er every clime,
The clothing of the Infinite.

Whatever lands my footsteps trace,
However far,—I find him there;
Again to make my dwelling-place,
Again to shield me with his care.

I could not leave Him, if I would ;
I would not, if the power were given ;
'Twould be to leave the True and Good,
The soul's repose, the spirit's heaven.

On other occasions, also, and not unfrequently, I made slight records of religious feelings. In reflecting, for instance, upon the inward experience of which I had been the subject, I had a clearer view, perhaps, than ever before, of that passage of Scripture to which I have just now referred, "The kingdom of God is within you." Being in such a number of places, and in such a variety of circumstances, I was enabled to understand more fully what I had already read in books of philosophy, that external things take their character, in a great degree, from the mind ; and that the kingdom of God in the soul, by the diffusion of its own beauty, can change any place, however rude and desolate in itself, into a heavenly mansion.

And in accordance with this view, I found my heart allying itself with all objects, animate and inanimate, which came under my notice ; and it found alliances and sympathies in return. The rock, which symbolizes the hardness of a fallen nature, was smitten ; the fountains of the central deep was broken up ; and love, which changes everything into its own beauty, flowed out in rivers. Not only varied and conflicting humanity, harmonized at last into universal brotherhood, clasped me to its bosom, but also material and inanimate nature revealed itself as the clothing or outward expression of a divine principle and life within. There was a voice in the winds. There was a song in the ocean waves. The desert struggled to scatter a few flowers at my feet. The very rocks smiled upon me. With the kingdom of God in the heart, I found no difficulty in understanding the vision of the New Jerusalem, and in beholding its descending brightness in everything around me. It is in the influence of such views and experiences, that you will find, in part, the explanation of the imperfect stanzas, with which I now close this long letter :

How oft our thoughts and hopes arise
To thee, the city of the skies !
How oft we sit in grief, and sigh,
Because thy brightness is not nigh ;
Forgetting that a power is here,
Which makes the high and distant near.

O yes ! To man the power is given,
To bring to earth that distant heaven ;
The power of FAITH, which has the art
To build God's kingdom in the heart ;
The power of LOVE, which has the skill,
With God himself, the soul to fill.

'Tis faith, that conquers time and space,
And love makes heaven of form and place ;
Their strength combined makes all things new ;
It mars the false, it builds the true,
It plants on martyr'd heads the crown,
It brings the golden city down.

O then arise, poor child of tears !
Put on thy faith, put off thy fears ;
And when the power, which faith bestows,
Hath met and crushed thy spirit's foes,
Light in the heart love's shining gem,
And be thine own Jerusalem.

U.

SELECTED.

FAITH THE GIFT OF GOD.

BY REV. JOHN FLETCHER.

But "how is faith the gift of God?" Some persons think that faith is as much out of our power as the lightning that shoots from a distant cloud ; they suppose that God drives sinners to the fountain of Christ's blood as irresistibly as the infernal legion drove the herd of swine into the sea of Galilee ; and that a man is as passive in the first act of faith, as Jonah was in the act of the fish, which cast him upon the shore. Hence the absurd plea of many who lay fast hold on the horns of the devil's altar, unbelief, and cry out, "We can no more believe than we can make a world."

Believing is the gift of God's grace, as cultivating the root of a rare flower given you, or raising a crop of corn in your field, is the gift of God's providence. Believing is the gift of the God of grace, as breathing, moving, and eating, are the gifts of the God of nature. He gives me lungs and air that I may breathe : he gives me life and muscles that I may move : he bestows upon

me food, and a mouth, that I may eat: and when I have no stomach, he gives me common sense to see I must die, or force myself to take some nourishment or medicine. But he neither breathes, moves, nor eats for me; nay, when I think proper, I can accelerate my breathing, motion, and eating; and if I please I may even fast, lie down, or hang myself, and by that means put an end to my eating, moving, and breathing. Once more: faith is the gift of God to believers, as sight is to you. The Parent of good freely gives you the light of the sun, and organs proper to receive it: he places you in a world where that light visits you daily: he apprizes you that sight is conducive to your safety, pleasure, and profit; and every thing around you bids you use your eyes and see: nevertheless, you may not only drop your curtains, and extinguish your candle, but close your eyes also. This is exactly the case with regard to faith. Free grace removes (in part) the total blindness which Adam's fall brought upon us: free grace gently sends us some beams of truth, which is the light of the "Sun of righteousness;" it disposes the eyes of our understanding to see those beams; it excites us various ways to welcome them; it blesses us with many, perhaps with all the means of faith, such as opportunities to hear, read, inquire; and power to consider, assent, consent, resolve, and re-resolve to believe the truth. But, after all, believing is as much our own act as seeing. We may, nay, in general do suspend, or omit the act of faith; especially when that act is not yet become habitual, and when the glaring light that sometime accompanies the revelation of the truth is abated. Nay, we may imitate Pharaoh, Judas, and all reprobates; we may do by the eye of our faith what some report that Democritus did by his bodily eyes. Being tired of seeing the follies of mankind, to rid himself of that disagreeable sight he put his eyes out. We may be so averse from "the light which enlightens every man that comes into the world;" we may so dread it because our works are evil, as to exemplify, like the Pharisees, such awful declarations as these:—"Their eyes have they closed, lest they should see, &c.: wherefore God gave them up to a reprobate mind," and "they were blinded."

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SERMON.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM

(CONTINUED.)

Why do I need it? On what accounts should I press on to the attainment of this great grace?

1. *As a human being*—a member of an apostate race how desirable is it to be again fully renewed in heart after the image of him that created man in righteousness and true holiness. How much to be abhorred are the taints and stains of sin. How desirable is the fact of purity—present, personal conscious purity, through the blood of the Lamb.

Holiness is the family likeness of the sons of God,—the primal characteristic attribute of the citizens of heaven. Nay more, it is the essential glory of the Everlasting Father. O what human being is there, who shall have taken a view of himself as a denizen of God's great universe, but must aspire to be delivered from the last vestige of the pollution that has transformed angels into devils and to be endowed with the attributes at once of similitude and sympathy with heaven.

2. *But you are a Christian.* You aim at symmetry of character. You have noticed that the exhibition of Christian principle presented in the lives of Christians are the source, whence for the most part, men draw their notions of Christianity itself. You know too, that as the *effect* of every work of art is secured mainly or entirely by the *finishing touch*—the final strokes of the pencil or the chisel, so Christian character becomes effective mainly as the result of that completeness, maturity and symmetry, which are reached in the attainment of perfect love.

A slight distortion of a single feature in a group otherwise well done, will often destroy the whole effect of a piece; so a single characteristic defect in a Christian will often act fatally on his influence in a whole community.

A marred or missing feature in a piece of statuary will attract more attention than all its remaining perfections, so a single incongruity in a Christian's character is often found to neutralize the effect of many excellences. Ecel. x, 1.

There are many Christians, who, if they had but one tenth more grace than they now have, would be ten times as useful as they now are.

Let it then my brother be an object with you to make at least that point in Christian progress where antagonisms disappear from the character, and the whole life expends its force without disastrous counterpoises and discounts, in winning back the world to God.

3. *Are you a Methodist?* Then manifestly there is special reason why you should not rest till you are consciously purified through the power of the Holy Spirit.

The design of God in the very existence of the denomination has been understood to be to spread Scripture holiness over these lands. But how is that to be done unless the teachings of her ministry are to be illustrated by the experience and practices of her members.

Even the natural sciences can be successfully taught only as the theory is attended by the experiment and the illustration. The church has avowed her conviction of a special designation to the work of educating human hearts into the theory and practice of holiness. There are peculiar difficulties in this work. The science is comparatively occult, the minds of the pupils are often pre-occupied with counter teachings and they all come reluctantly to their tasks.

Is it then to be expected that the church will succeed in this work while her theory is not only not enforced, but actually *contradicted* by the current experience and lives of her own members.

With what immense power would the church act upon society were she throughout her membership and her grades of office to receive this great salvation, this mighty baptism.

4. *Every wife and mother needs it.* Upon her, fall a thousand little crosses and trials to which her fathers, husbands and brothers are strangers. Often while they are allowed to be at the house of prayer she is at home, confined to a tedious routine of domestic duties or suffering personal indisposition, or an anxious attendant at the bedside of an afflicted child. O how she needs the refreshing waters of life springing forever in her

soul. Blessed be the name of the Lord she may have them in inexhaustible fulness.

And what influence is there so far-reaching and so powerfully saving in its action upon us as that of a holy mother. There is an atmosphere very like our best ideas of heaven itself in that house where she moves like a ministering angel and rules with a sceptre of wisdom and love.

God meant that the female character should be attractive—that it should rule by its attraction—its purity, its symmetry, its rich celestial furniture.

Nothing but the grace of entire deliverance from the inbeing of sin can fit it for its true position.

“ In a mind submitted to this touch of God there is a certain rhythm of music which however it may swell into the thunder or sink into a sigh has still a basis of clear unbroken melody. The discordant starts of passion, the whimsical snatches of appetite, the inarticulate whinings of discontent are never heard, and the spirit is like an organ delivered from the trembling of chance pressures on its keys, and given over to the hand of a divine skill.” *

5. But we are to follow peace with all men, and holiness, *without which no man shall see the Lord.*

All evangelical Christians agree in the doctrine that in some way at some point previous to its entrance into the bliss of heaven the soul of man must be purified from all sin.

In the nature of the case this must be so; for if our sinful affections could find admittance there, heaven itself would cease to be the abode of perfect purity, and therefore of perfect bliss. In other words heaven would cease to be heaven. Viewing it in this light, all Christians seem disposed to set it down as an axiom of theology that holiness—entire purity of heart—is a pre-requisite of heaven. There immediately arises however this question. “ What then is to become of the Christian who dies in a state of justification and without entire sanctification ? ” I answer unequivocally, *If such a case could occur* the soul must be lost according to the teachings of the Scriptures as I understand them. Doubtless however it would be a sufficient answer

* Martineau.

to such an inquiry to say that *no such thing can occur*. If a man is now justified he is now in a state of complete consecration to God up to the measure of his light. While this is so, he is distinctly within the covenant of God's grace. If God shall take him instantly from time, he will doubtless prepare him instantly for heaven. We all believe that the infant (justified but not now sanctified) which shall be taken from time in its infancy will be perfectly purified through the blood of the Lamb, even in the very moment of its dissolution. I see no greater difficulty in believing that God will infallibly communicate the blessing of entire purity to the soul of a justified believer in the very article of death. By "a justified believer" I do not mean merely for one who has once experienced justifying grace, but one who is *now* in a state of justification, or freedom from condemnation.

Such a man has peace with God. Rom. v. 1.

He has the witness of the Spirit. Rom. viii., 16. 1 John, v. 10.

He responds affirmatively to every known requisition of Heaven and is therefore in a condition sincerely to mourn whatever he may discover in his heart of the remains of the carnal mind and to "hunger and thirst after righteousness" even "as the hart panteth after the water brook."

Evidently no one can retain his justified relation to God without the habitual exhibition of these characteristics. And no one will doubt whether such an one dying, even instantly, will infallibly be saved.

But the question of such a man's salvation is one thing; and the question of the salvation of multitudes of careless professors, who seem to reckon on heaven as certain, because they once had the witness of the Spirit, is very distinctly another thing.

Still it remains true, and God forbid that I should say a word to blunt that truth, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," and if any of us shall finally pass the gate of death without purity of heart whatever else we have or fail to have, we must certainly fail of heaven, according to the plainest declarations of the word of God.

It is sometimes objected to this view, when strongly presented, that it makes nothing of justification—that it mercilessly consigns to perdition all who do not exactly come up to its ideal

in the Christian life. The answer is two fold. 1. A careful consideration of the whole view will show that it does not undervalue justification as a state of grace and a step in the soul's progress of preparation for heaven.

2. The idea that the precept of grace, in order to count any thing for the ultimate end of the glorification of the soul in heaven, must be carried on to their completeness is not a new or a strange idea. We are very familiar with the generic idea in other relations.

It is said of one of the Roman Emperors, that "he counted nothing done while anything remained undone ;" and the world has applauded the practical wisdom of the position. The most common occurrences of life daily illustrate the same principle.

A traveller starts upon a journey of a hundred miles and travels ninety five of the distance. What then ? Why, every mile of his progress was alike important and essential upon the supposition that he is going to travel *the remaining distance*. But what if he stops there and goes no further. Why all that he has done is necessarily of no account whatever.

A farmer undertakes to fence a field around and he completes his inclosure lacking a single side, or even a single rod—all very good if he is to complete the work, but utterly valueless if it is to be arrested there, and never completed. You begin the construction of an arch and carry forward the work till only the keystone is wanting. If that is all you are to do you have done nothing. Your fabric will not answer its ultimate purpose even in the smallest degree. It will not hold up a single pound—Nay it must be itself artificially sustained and kept from tumbling into a mass of ruins. Now complete the process—insert the keystone and the weight of the everlasting mountains is insufficient to throw it down.

A husbandman proposes to raise a crop of grain on a given field. He breaks the turf with his plow—he harrows, and sows and then protects the growing crop through the season. Finally in the time of harvest he reaps down the waving grain and leaves it there to rot in the field.

Now who needs to be told that a man who should thus refuse

to *complete the process* on which he had entered, might just as well have done nothing at all.

Now do any of these views undervalue the earlier steps or stages of any process? Obviously no. Every successive step is assumed to be equally vital to the grand result. Nor could any of the others, any more than the final one be omitted from the series, but with fatal results.

The language of God's word then forbidding the hope of heaven to any measure of heart impurity is seen to be coincident with the teachings of as sound and obvious philosophy.

But O it seems a sorry business indeed to urge the attainment of heart holiness upon Christians by the use of any motive of fear.

To exhibit before a Christian the beauty of Holiness, and then to repeat the single passage to him, "This is the will of God even your sanctification"—ought to be enough. Spring forward, ye sons of God, to the prize. Make haste to appropriate this great salvation. Lay hold on this hope set before you.

Holiness is not only to be your credentials at the gate of heaven, but it is to be the very livery of heaven you are to wear on earth. Holiness is beauty—beauty that attracts the eye and wins the heart of God.

Holiness is health—purity—freedom—exaltation. And God says, "Be ye holy."

O my brother let not your soul cower under the command like the spirit of a slave before some dreaded and formidable task, but answer your Father with a shout of joy and hasten to his feet and with sacrifice and prayer wait the baptism of fire.

Concluded in our next.

The Lord is never at a loss for an Egypt wherein to hide and try his people; an Egyptian bondage or hiding-place precedes usefulness and honor. Then fear not, thou worm Jacob, to go where Jesus went before thee, down into secrecy and humility: there thy growth will not cease—holy angels will minister to thee and guard thy path, while the Holy Spirit teacheth thee.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY N. B. C.

DEAR BROTHER, — Should any one be induced by hearing what the Lord has done for my poor soul, to seek for a like blessing, my greatest expectation in forwarding you these lines, will be more than realized. I delight to speak of God's mercies to me, and ever wish to do it with the deepest humility.

It has been only a few months since I started in the way of life. The "Guide" was the instrument in the hand of God in rescuing me from the power of the adversary. It was my determination at that eventful period, not only to seek religion, but to serve the Lord with my whole heart the remainder of my life. My soul was set at liberty in a very short time after forming this resolution. For several days all was love, joy and peace. But it was not long before I discovered in others a state of grace that I was a stranger to ; and this made me feel uneasy. I heard them speak of being saved from the fear of the world ; of having an assurance that a crown of life was laid up for them ; and of the burning desire they had for the salvation of others, &c. This in many respects differed from my own experience. Considering it a duty on all proper occasions to speak to my brethren of what God had done for my soul, I did so ; and in the act, frequently felt a peace and joy within, which the world knows not of. But the same bashfulness and fear of the world I had formerly experienced, still clung to me and caused me much trembling. And when I thought of the dying hour, though I felt no condemnation or fear of death, yet I did not enjoy the full assurance of a perfect meetness for Heaven. Still I was endeavoring in my thoughts, acts, and words, to lead the life of a Christian, and as far as I knew it, to do all God's will ; but it was a hard warfare. Before my conversion I had been troubled with a hasty spirit and became easily angered ; and now it seemed notwithstanding my prayers and efforts to the contrary, as though I was more inclined that way than ever. Up to this time I had thought but little of the subject of entire sanc-

tification. I had on several occasions heard Christians converse on this topic, but from all I could learn, it appeared to be something that was intended for but a chosen few, and only for them after many years of faithfulness. About two weeks after my conversion, I, for the first time listened to a discourse on purity of heart. Among other things the preacher remarked, that it was generally believed that God was not only able, but willing to cut short the work, and that even young converts might obtain the blessing. These were words of encouragement to my soul, and I silently resolved that I would seek for it with my whole heart. At a meeting, held the evening after the sermon above alluded to, a sister arose in the congregation, and while speaking of the goodness of God, received such a baptism of the Holy Spirit, that through physical weakness she was obliged to resume her seat. This little event made me feel strangely and tended to convince me that others were in advance of me in their religious enjoyments.

I commenced praying from that time for a full salvation. The next Tuesday, a friend gave me a description of a meeting held at a private dwelling, in which during prayer, the Holy Spirit fell upon nearly all in the house ; and added, that since then little was heard in the neighborhood but prayer and praise. These tidings increased my sense of want, and caused me more intensely to "hunger and thirst after righteousness." A meeting being appointed for that evening, I resolved to attend. As I entered the house, I felt that I had reached a point in my experience where I must either attain a higher attitude, or lose what I had already gained. To live as I had I could not. The meeting presented a scene well calculated to deepen these convictions. Several were upon their knees fervently praying for salvation ; others were praising God for deliverance, while one or two were warning the impenitent to flee from the wrath to come. I fell upon my knees and began to cry, "Lord come to my soul !" I felt a spirit of holy determination to urge my suit until victory was gained. As I kept my eye fixed upon my Saviour, I seemed gradually to soar until I reached a certain point, when some temptation or unbelief would set in, and I again fell back to my former position. This struggle continued

nearly through the evening, when all at once my praying spirit left me entirely. I arose from my knees in a calm state of mind. My old fear of the world was gone—I cared nothing for it, and such a deep sense of my own nothingness I never felt before. The next morning I awoke with about the same exercises. In the former part of the day, while conversing with one of my neighbors upon the subject of religion, I felt the quickening power of God, and a deeper interest in his cause; and these feelings gradually increased till I went to the evening meeting, when my heart became filled to overflowing. As the invitation was given to those who felt their need of the pardoning love of God to come forward, I felt a spirit of prayer, and a burthen of soul for them that was new and strange. I could scarcely forbear, even while upon my seat, crying to God to have mercy upon their souls. An opportunity being given, I arose to declare what had been done for my unworthy soul; and while speaking it appeared to me as if the room was filled with the glory of God. I no longer feared the face of clay, and would have gladly proclaimed to millions what great things God had done for me. His love seemed diffused through my whole system. It was now my meat and drink to do the will of my Heavenly Father. Several days thus transpired without my suspecting that this blessing was the purity for which I had been seeking, when overhearing the conversation of some friends who were speaking of the experience of some persons who enjoyed this grace, the joyful conviction took possession of my heart, that I was indeed made *clean* through the blood of the Lamb! Entirely sanctified! I immediately promised the Lord that I would embrace the first opportunity to declare what he had done for me, not only in forgiving my sins, but in cleansing me from all unrighteousness. Before however, an opportunity for confessing occurred, I was beset by the enemy in such a manner that my joyous spirit left me, so that when the time came to declare the truth, I had nothing but the consciousness that I had given all to Christ, and the promise which he had made of acceptance to lean upon. Never did the cross seem heavier—not owing to any fear of man, but to the overwhelming sense I had of the solemn import of the profession I was about to make. As soon however as I opened my mouth, my soul was again filled with the love of God.

May the Lord help me ever to remain his faithful witness, not only to the power of Christ in forgiving sins, but to the efficacy of his blood in cleansing from "all unrighteousness." Glory to God in the highest! there is a *fulness* in his love; an ocean into which the believer may plunge deeper and deeper, until he is lost in love's immensity.

Hartsgrove.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE EXAMPLE OF JESUS,

"WHO WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

It is the province of grace to assimilate the soul to Jesus, its divine model. "As he is, so are we in this world." Whatever, then, may be our profession, if the power of grace in us has not been such as to produce the same submission to the Father's will, the same meekness under injury and insult, the same patience under suffering, and the same active zeal in the amelioration and elevation of man in his temporal and spiritual condition, that characterized Christ, we can hardly be said to stand complete in him. An abiding union to the vine cannot be otherwise than productive of great fruitfulness. The very consecration that must precede the act of appropriating faith, ensures this, as far as the pledge of the creature can do it; but superadded to all this, the soul that is baptised with the Holy Ghost, besides enjoying the graces of the Spirit, is inwardly moved to embrace every occasion, and to seek out opportunities of doing good, both to the souls and to the bodies of men.

The Saviour's mission was one of benevolence, and in that work he was ever active. He had compassion on the multitude, where his disciples lacked it. Helpless infancy, decrepid age, the sick and sorrowful, all found in him a commiserating friend. Nor did he wait to be applied to for the distribution of his benefactions. "He went about doing good." Wherever the services of the good physician were needed, thither he lovingly directed his steps. The hovel of the poor, and the palace of the rich were alike visited; and all classes and conditions of men, found in him a benefactor and friend. Such was the spirit of Christ, and such will be our spirit, if we are truly his.

We have been led to these reflections, by reading recently a very interesting book, entitled "The Old Brewery, and the New Mission House at the Five Points," published for the benefit of the mission, by Stringer & Townsend, New York. We hardly knew in its perusal, which to admire most, the Christian love which prompted the efforts of these self-denying ladies, or the power of the gospel in coping with, and saving from the most repul-

sive forms of degradation and vice. In both, we found occasion for devout gratitude to our Heavenly Father, for his "unspeakable gift." There are but few, probably, who have ever heard of New York, but that have also heard of that portion of it called the "Five Points." It derives its name from five streets, which open here into a large square. Of the Old Brewery, a large, yellow colored, dilapidated old house, which formerly stood in this square, Miss Bremer, in her "Homes of the New World," gives the following description :

" We—Mrs. G., and myself—went alone through this house, where we visited many hidden dens, and conversed with their inhabitants. We considered it better and safer to go about here alone, than in company with a gentleman. Neither did we meet any instance of rudeness, or even incivility. We saw a young lad sitting at the gaming table with old ruffians—unfortunate women suffering from horrible diseases—sickly children—giddy young girls—ill-tempered women quarrelling with the whole world—and some families also we saw, who seemed to me wretched rather through poverty than moral degradation. From unabashed, hardened crime, to those who sinking under the consequences of vice, are passing down to death—without an ear to listen to their groans—without sympathy, without hope; there is every grade of moral corruption festering and fermenting in the Old Brewery; filth, rags, pestilential air—every thing was in that Old Brewery, and yet there, after all, I did not see anything worse than I had seen before, in Paris, London and Stockholm."

Such was the place which the ladies connected with the Methodist Churches in New York, have chosen as the seat of their missionary operations. The Old Brewery has been torn down, and through the generous aid of a liberal public, a new mission house has been erected on its former site. Already has this become the centre of a healthful influence. Did our limits allow, it would afford us great pleasure to spread out before our readers a detailed exhibit of the success that has attended the self-denying labors of these Christian ladies and their faithful missionary. But we must leave the "Old Brewery" to tell its own tale. Suffice it to say, souls have been redeemed here, a church has been formed, schools have been established, and attention is being given to the temporal and physical, as well as spiritual necessities of these victims of sin and folly. As an illustration, however, of the power of the gospel in overcoming deep rooted prejudices, as well as with a view of giving an idea of the stirring incidents with which this book is filled, we venture to submit the following:

" Not long since," said Mr. Adams, the missionary, " as I was sitting in the office, a poor-looking Jew, with the longest possible face, and wo-begone expression, came in and asked me if I could do "something for him." I told him that I did not know what he wanted. " He said, " I want some clothes to make me look so as people will like me, and give me work." " What is your business?" said I. " I am glazier; but my diamond is in the pawnshop, and I has not de means to get it out, so as I can work." " Where do you live?" " Around in de next street; but I is very poor, and cannot get any sleep all tree nights. I wish you could give me some place to sleep." I told him I would help him in some way. He brightened up at this, and I asked him, " Do you love Jesus?" " No!" " Do you believe in him?" " No." " Do you believe in God?" " Yes! but not Jesus. No! no! not Jesus!" " Do you believe the New Testament?" " No!" " Well come

with me," said I, as he followed me to the wardrobe, where I clothed him, and then inquired, "Do you think Nature a sufficient teacher?" "Yes! do you know my faith?" I said I did not. "Well, then, I am pantheist, and don't believe nothing." "It was the religion of Jesus," I replied, "that put it into the hearts of Christians to send these clothes to me for you, and then put it into my heart to give them to you, and (handing him some silver) gave others, and me a heart to give you this? Do you not think there is something in the religion of Jesus?" "I don't know," he said, shaking his head; but as he was going out, I saw the big tear roll down his cheek. I was deeply moved with his cold, cheerless unbelief, and as I knew not how to meet his many objections to the religion of Jesus, I the more earnestly prayed for him.

It was sometime before I saw him again; and when I did he said he was sick, and I sent him to Doctor McNaire, who examined him, and found his liver somewhat affected; though convinced, as he has since told me, that his trouble was more of the mind than the body. He came back to me from the Doctor, and said he "felt very bad." I at once began the old story. "You must be converted—the blood of Jesus can alone take away your sins, and without it, you will be lost after all your good thoughts." He sighed deeply, and I spoke earnestly to him, showing him that immediate reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ was his only way of escape. I was called away, and when I came back, he was gone.

Some time elapsed before I saw him again, and then I met him in the street. I asked him how he felt, and to my great surprise and wonder, his only answer was, "I think I need the blood of Jesus." Without another word, I went on my way, thinking that the spirit was doing the work, and needed me not. Some days after, I met him full of smiles, with the queerest expression of face imaginable; a tear standing in each eye, and his mouth in a half laugh, half cry form. "How do you do?" said I. With deep earnestness, he replied:—"I feel such a loveness to Jesus, I could not sleep last night." "Do you believe the Bible, now?" I asked. "Yes! I believe, but I do not understand." "Are you sure your sins are all forgiven?" Laying his hand on his breast he said, "O, yes! I know it here."

What a potency there is in the gospel! It is indeed the power of God unto salvation. What encouragement do such instances afford to those who have a heart to labor for God! Beloved, if you have indeed become assimilated to Jesus, obey the impulses of the Holy Spirit within you, and devote life's best energies to the work of doing good. Content not yourselves with simply meeting the calls that may be made on you, but seek out the haunts of degradation and sin, and become through the blessing of God, the means of dispelling their gloom. Imitate him of whom it is said "*he went about doing good.*" But guard against viewing even these deeds of mercy in a self complacent light. The sainted Chalmers, who originated a very similar enterprise in Edinburgh, was alive to this danger and thus devoutly prays against it—"Lord let me not set my affections on any created thing—not even on an enterprise of Christian good, in such a way as to withdraw me from that direct intercourse with Thyself, in which I meet with the light of Thy countenance, and rejoice in the Lord." May your heart dear reader, respond to this prayer.

Book Notices are omitted this week for want of room. They will appear in our next.

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

BY N. BANGS, D. D.

I have endeavored in previous articles, to define the word "perfection," to adduce the Scriptural arguments in its defence, as well as to exhibit some examples of its power and influence on the heart and conduct of its professors, both in life and death. Notwithstanding the force of all these, there are not wanting those who still prefer objections against the doctrine, contending that it is impossible for any one to attain to this desirable state of Christian perfection in this life. Some of these objections are taken from Scripture. Let us attend to the most plausible of them.

Thus, 1st Kings viii. 46, "For there is no man that sinneth not," is often quoted in support of the notion that it is utterly impossible for any, the best not excepted, to be saved from sin in this life. On this sentence it may be remarked, that the learned tell us that the Hebrew verb here translated *sinneth*, is in the *potential* mood and not *indicative*, as our translation implies, and therefore expresses the *possibility* merely of sinning, and should have been rendered, "For there is no man that *may* not sin;" and this rendering makes it accord with the preceding clause, "If they sin against thee," whereas the present rendering makes the supposition entirely nugatory; for why say *if* they sin, when it is admitted that *all* must inevitably sin while they live! On this admission, most assuredly the supposition would be perfectly gratuitous.

But without insisting upon this criticism, which, however, I believe well founded, we may observe that the expression as it stands in our version, by no means sustains the idea it is brought to prove. *There is no man that sinneth not.* For what is this quoted to prove? Why that every man, the holiest not excepted, daily, hourly, and momentarily sins in "thought, word, and deed." But does the text say so? I think not. It simply says, *there is no man that sinneth not at some* moment of his life,

and not that he sins *every* moment in thought, word and deed ; and though this is true of most men, even of professors of religion, that they sometimes sin, it does not follow of necessity that holy men and women, those who have been entirely sanctified by the “ blood of the everlasting covenant,” must inevitably sin continually in “ thought, word and deed,” as those against whom we contend, insist they do.

Take the same in connection with the context, and we have a plain, common sense meaning, perfectly according with the doctrine taught throughout the sacred Scriptures. Solomon was offering a solemn prayer to God at the dedication of the Temple, for the preservation of the people of Israel, and knowing their liability to wander from the worship and service of the true God he earnestly besought God that He would keep them from that great evil ; but, that if they should so far forget their obligation to God as thus run into the sin of idolatry, and they should afterwards see their sinful error, repent, and return unto the Lord with all their heart—“then hear thou their prayer and their supplication in heaven, thy dwelling place, and maintain their cause.” See verses 48, 49. This gives a plain consistent sense, exactly tallying with every other part of the sacred volume, and the universal experience of the Christian Church, illustrating equally the peccability of holy men on the one hand, and the merciful forbearance of God on the other, showing that if they sin, as all men are liable so to do, and they afterwards repent, and do “ works meet for repentance,” God is abundantly able and willing to forgive them, and restore them to His favor and image. St. John teaches the same consoling truth where he says, “If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous,” and may therefore be forgiven, the moment he repents and turns unto God with full purpose of heart.

The following text is also quoted in proof of the notion that no one can become pure from sin in this life. “ Who can say I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin ? ” Prov. xx.

9. Hence say the advocates of sin, none can have a *clean heart*, or be *pure* from sin, as though because we cannot make our *own* hearts clean, and thus *purify ourselves*, therefore God cannot or will not give us clean hearts, nor purify our natures

from the defilements of sin. That Solomon did not intend to teach such an absurdity is most evident from his words in other places. "But as for the **PURE**, his work is right." Chap. xxi. 8. "The words of the **PURE**, are pleasant words." Chap. xv. 24. Though therefore no one can say, I have made my own heart pure, there are those who can say in truth, that through the faith that is of the operation of God, by which the blood and merits of the Lord Jesus have been applied to their hearts, they have been cleansed from all unrighteousness." Peter would say, teaching a doctrine in perfect accordance with that taught by Solomon in the above quoted words, to the sanctified believers to whom he directed his epistle, "Seeing ye have **PURIFIED** yourselves in obeying the truth, through the spirit into unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a **PURE HEART** fervently." 1 Peter i. 22.

In these words the doctrine of the Divine and human agency is fully asserted, so that we may see how it acts in harmony in the complete salvation of the soul. They had "purified themselves," but it was done by "obeying the truth," and this obedience was rendered through the "spirit's" influence, subduing their unholy desires and passions, and "helping their infirmities," and all this produced that "unfeigned love of the brethren," which gave an evidence that the work of holiness had been thoroughly wrought within them. In this way, and in this way alone, can the sinner, or the believer in Jesus Christ, be brought into the possession of that purity of heart which will qualify its possessor to see God and live.

"If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." 1 John, i. 8. How any one can cite this text, considered in connection with its context, to prove the necessity of living every moment in sin, it is difficult to understand. Thus considered, the sense is plain and obvious. In the 7th verse, the apostle asserts that on condition of walking in the light, as He is in the light, "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all unrighteousness." To the necessity of this cleansing some might object, and say, that because they had been pardoned, or justified, they had no sin left to be cleansed from. Such the apostle declares deceive themselves, inasmuch

as there still remain in the heart those hereditary sins which we bring into the world with us, and which defile the soul and render it unfit for the pure enjoyment of the saints in heaven. And to tear up this error by the roots, that when we are justified we are at the same time sanctified, and therefore need no further cleansing, the apostle affirms in the 9th verse, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," plainly declaring that to "forgive" is one thing, and to cleanse from all "unrighteousness" another; whereas to make the one include the other, is to accuse the apostle of a senseless tautology, by making him say, "He is faithful to forgive us our sins," and, if cleansing mean the same thing, "to forgive us our sins."

So far from this being his design it appears to have been his principal aim, throughout the entire epistle to exhibit the all-cleansing efficacy of the blood of Christ not only to pardon our actual sins, but also, to effect a thorough inward cleansing; and that those thus cleansed should exemplify its reality by "keeping the commandments of God;" for he that saith that he "loves God, with all his heart," as those do who are thus cleansed and "keepeth not his commandments, is a liar." This was plain truth, and went to cut up root and branch, that corrupt doctrine taught by the gnostics, that however unholy their lives, if they did but know God they would be saved.

On the whole, I cannot but conclude that these and other similar texts, so far from militating against the doctrine of Christian perfection for which we plead, that when rightly understood and explained, they tend to confirm it the more steadfastly by showing the delightful harmony of the several parts of sacred Scripture on this important item of Christian experience and practice. On the other hand, admitting the notion so strenuously contended for by our opponents, namely, that it is utterly impossible for us to be delivered from sin in this life, from sinful desires and actions, the sacred Scriptures contain a crude mass of contradictions, and hence render them unworthy of credit by a rational being. But take them in their plain and obvious meaning, these apparent contradictions disappear, and we behold their harmonious testimony, all going to support the

general truth, that though man is naturally and morally corrupt, yet God has provided a sovereign remedy ~~in~~ his pardon and purification ;—that though man is ignorant, God is ready to enlighten and instruct him ; that such is his ignorance that he could not devise a plan for his deliverance from the evils of his nature, but that God has devised and executed such a plan ; that though man is so weak, morally and intellectually that he cannot apply the remedy thus provided, yet such is the goodness of God that He is both able and willing to apply it to the hearts of all those who are ready to receive it by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ :—In a word, though man has neither wisdom nor righteousness of his own, yet Christ is made unto him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.” God awakens ; man sees ;—God calls ; man hears ;—God promises ; man believes ;—God promises grace ; man believes and receives grace, the grace of pardon and sanctification, and thus runs in the way of God’s commandments all the days of his life, and finally receives everlasting life as his ultimate enjoyment.

This view of the subject, it appears to me, presents every theme consistent and harmonious, while the opposite view renders it discordant, contradictory, and of course, absurd. I cannot better express this subject respecting divine aid to help, guide, and to sanctify us, than in the following words of the poet :—

“Jesus, thou art our King !
To me thy succor bring ;
Christ the mighty one art thou ;
Help for all on thee is laid ;
This the word ; I claim it now ;
Send me now the promised aid.

High on thy Father’s throne,
O look with pity down ;
Help, O, help, attend my call ;
Captive lead captivity :
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, be Lord, be King to me !

Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory ;
Hell, and death, and sin control ;
Pride, and wrath, and every foe,
All subdue ; through all my soul,
Conquering unto conquer go."

Let the reader ponder deeply every word in these expressive lines, and he will perceive how perfectly they accord with the doctrine contended for in this article.

ORIGINAL.

ARE YOU WILLING TO BE HOLY?

BY C. W. S.

Dear Reader ; Ponder the above question. You have often expressed your love of the doctrine of holiness. You have often wished you were holy. You have often, in public, prayed that the Lord would make you holy. I do not say you were not sincere, but there is a question that lies back of all your efforts after holiness that ought to be settled intelligently and honestly—*Are you willing to be holy?* or in other words, are you willing to assume that position required, that the blessing may be bestowed—to take all the responsibilities incident upon a profession of holiness—to accept joyfully all that God may call you to do and suffer ?

You say you have prayed for the blessing, but you cannot exercise faith. I fear you do not understand yourself. Are you willing to be holy in God's way ? You cannot be holy in your own way. The difficulty is not a want of faith, but a spirit of obedience. Ponder these words, " How can ye believe which receive honor one of another, and seek not the honor that cometh from God only." God says, " Come out from among them and be ye separate and touch not the unclean thing ; and *I will receive you.*" Are you willing to be holy ? Are you willing to make the separation *a complete separation*, *to do it now*, to consider it a *permanent* act—to take the ever blessed Trinity to the

eternal companionship of your heart? Do you say yes, I am willing? While Jesus says come, can you respond,

"I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come O Lord I come?"

Then the exercise of faith is easy. I have done what God has required; He has bid me make the separation. I have done it. God is my witness. He has said He *will receive me*. He is true. Lord I believe I am now received.

" 'Tis done the great transaction's done,
I am the Lord's and he is mine."

You say you desire to be holy. Are you willing to assume all the responsibilities incident upon its profession and practice? Do not be appalled here. Nothing unreasonable will be required. The commands of a *Father* you are called to obey; His yoke is easy. The commandments of God are not *grievous*, but joyous. The law is holy, just and good. The question is, are you willing to renounce your own ways, your own selfish plans and purposes, to have your will joyfully acquiesce in the will of God? Look within you—look around you—what is your spirit? what your employment? what your business habits? Can you say understandingly, "Thy will be done." You are near the blessing and the exercise of faith is easy. But do not complain of a want of faith to inherit the promise, when you are holding on to the world with both hands, indulging in sinful tempers and delighting in your own ways.

You desire to be holy. Are you willing to seek it and practice it in the path God shall think best. Should he see fit to lay affliction upon you—to call you to toil and suffering, is the blessing so desirable that you would rather be deprived of all things than fail of its possession? Do not start back and think of your property swept away, your children smitten by the hand of death; no such process has been prescribed. But are you willing to live and practice holiness in just such a way as your Heavenly Father shall appoint? If you can answer all these questions in the affirmative, be of good cheer, you are not far from that kingdom which is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

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ORIGINAL.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE, NO. II.

BY IDA.

My Beloved Sister W——. Nearly every objector to the doctrine, I am endeavoring to establish, connects the "gift of tongues" with the "Baptism of the Holy Ghost," asserting that in every instance where it was received, speaking in an unknown tongue, was the result. To be consistent with themselves, they ought then to admit that the disciples whom Paul found at Ephesus, were baptised with the Holy Ghost, for "they spake with tongues, and prophesied, after the Holy Ghost came on them." See Acts xix. 1-7. This however they will not do, because it would conflict with the position taken by them, that the "baptism" was never given except in two instances. We will now proceed to an examination by the Word, of the assertion "that all spake with tongues." For proof of this, Acts ii. 4-8 is quoted. "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the spirit gave them utterance." "*All* were filled with the Holy Ghost, and *all* spake with other tongues," say they. Will the text bear this construction? It does not say *all* spake with tongues, but those who were baptised with the Holy Ghost, "spake with tongues, *as the Spirit gave them utterance*." Did it give utterance to *all*? The text does not say so. But says the objector, is not this clearly taught in the eighth verse, where it is asked, "And how hear we *every man* in *our own tongue*, wherein we were born?" We answer this is explained in the 6th verse, where it is said, "Every man heard them speak in his own language." "Every man," refers evidently to those who *heard*, and not those who spake. But admitting the point even, it does not follow that all who *afterward* received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, spake in unknown tongues, and the Word clearly establishes the point, that they did not thus speak, as we shall show by reference to 1 Cor. xii. The Apostle in this chapter is speaking of the "diversity of gifts, but the same Spirit." "For to one is given by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; to another the word of

knowledge by the same Spirit ; to another faith, by the same Spirit ; to another the gift of healing, by the same Spirit ; to another the working of miracles ; to another prophecy ; to another discerning of spirits ; to another *divers kinds of tongues* ; to another the interpretation of tongues ; but all these, worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will.” “For by one *Spirit* are we *all baptised* into one body, whether we be *Jews*, or *Gentiles*, whether we be *bond* or *free* ; and have been all made to drink into one Spirit.” What! *all baptised*? Yes, “all.” *By one Spirit*? Yes, “by one Spirit!” O, methinks that one text, ought to settle the question *forever*, that *all believers*, were *baptised* with the *Holy Ghost*. And yet, will you believe me, my dear sister, I have had it said to me, in answer to this text, “The apostle refers here to *water baptism*!” Why did not the apostle then say, “For by *water* are we all *baptised* into one body?” The apostle has previously been enumerating the varied gifts of the church, in connection with each of which he uses the phrase, “by the same Spirit ;” he then shows that the body is *one*, yet hath many members, so with Christ’s body, the church. “*By one Spirit* all are *baptized* into *one body*,” yet the members composing that body, “have not all the same office.”

After dwelling somewhat on this point, he proceeds to ask the following questions : “Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? *Do all speak with tongues?* Do all interpret?” Shall we answer nay, to all except one; and to that reply in the affirmative?

When I look over the testimony given in favor of the reception of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost at the present time, I am led to the conclusion that it was a precious legacy given by Jesus to his Church, to comfort, strengthen, establish, and guide them into truth, until he should *return again*, to receive them unto himself. Those who deny this say, “it makes no difference whether we believe in it or not : we do believe in having just as much of the Spirit as the Primitive Church had, but we do not believe in calling it the “*Baptism* of the Holy Ghost!” But it does make a difference, for as I have shewn those who take this

position, are deprived of the promise by which to claim the Holy Ghost; as "the promise of the Father," was that which was shed forth on the day of Pentecost. I believe in calling things by their right names. But my full sheet admonishes me to close. In my next I will give some incidents which have come under my own immediate observation in relation to this interesting subject.

That we may be enabled to hold fast whereunto we have attained, so that we may abound yet more and more, is the prayer of

YOUR SISTER IN CHRIST.

SELECTED.

A HOLY LEADERSHIP.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

In every Church some are the guides of others. By character or office they have prominence and influence. Upon such Christians rest high responsibilities. No merely natural qualities can fit them for their position. It is not amiableness of heart, sternness of intellect or elegance of bearing that they are called upon to teach. Of simple goodness—the highest style of goodness, they are to be models.

The Leader of a Class is constantly before his members, and the church, and the world, in the spirit and character which he actually possesses, and these are decisive of the influence he exerts. Profession is not certainly based upon reality. It cannot be relied upon to determine the reputation of the leader nor the tendency of his efforts. To make earnest and continued claims to a devout temper of mind, a strong sympathy with the wants and sufferings of others, and a lively desire for their religious prosperity, can in no sense answer, instead of inward and outward holiness. If there be cherished depravity—unpardoned sin, it will surely develop itself. Devout minds will see and be grieved at it. The Church, and especially the class, will feel the chill of it. It is vain to vociferate and affirm. Even tears cannot supply the deficiency.

In the same proportion are the effects of remaining depravity. It is a relief to come before a class with a clear sense of accept-

ance with God—with a heart melted to tenderness, under a sense of forgiving mercy and Christian love. A relief!—A blessing indeed, for which no language can make adequate expression. Happy would it be, if the church could be honored and blessed by such Leaders only. There would be in such communion with God—in such representation of his Divine prerogatives and power, a conservative, quickening influence, under which pure spiritual religion would everywhere revive and prosper. But alas! it cannot be claimed. Humiliating as is the fact, it must be acknowledged that multitudes of Leaders go to their classes late or irregularly, because they attach paramount importance to secular avocations—reluctantly, because they have no clear and quickening sense of Divine forgiveness—that they begin and perhaps continue their exercises in a cold, indifferent, mechanical style, because the power of divine love is not upon their hearts. To tell the evils that result from such unfortunate, I ought to say *criminal* misrepresentations of the spirit of our Master, is utterly impossible. There is the chill of faith—the paralysis of spiritual life—the fearful contagion of example—the backsliding of members—the thin attendance—the weakness of the church, and the general suspicion of insincerity pervading the community. Eternity alone can reveal the harm to souls. It is surely worth while to inquire searchingly into the cause of such fatal tendencies, and if we are not mistaken they will develop themselves in a sound discussion of

HOLINESS AS AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESS IN THE CLASS LEADER.

And first of all we must consider the fact that every *form of character exerts its own silent influence upon the minds of others.* If the soul of the leader has been entirely consecrated to God—cleansed from sin, and *filled* with perfect love, in its numberless involuntary revealings, you shall see none of those earthly longings—those ruling creature attachments—those potent secular influences, which mingle so much of dross, “with the pure gold of the sanctuary.” You will feel none of that worldly, selfish spirit, which degrades religion into so striking a resemblance to irreligion—which so nearly annihilates the distinction between the kingdom of light, and the kingdom of darkness. You cannot see nor feel them, because they are not there. By

the blood of Jesus Christ—by the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire, they have been cleansed away. When you come into the presence of your Leader, in the spirit that pervades his soul, that illuminates his countenance, that quivers upon his lip, sparkles in his eye and trembles in his voice, you realize religion. There, in one instance at least, is a living demonstration, apart from all he says, of the existence and power of a spiritual Christianity. By its quiet imperceptible agency it inspires you with a dread of the world—an abhorrence of sin—a loathing of self. By its intrinsic charms, it attracts you to the Saviour, and fills you with unearthly longings after “the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace.” Deep solemnity rests upon the meeting. There is more of heaven than of earth in the classroom. The heart tenders and the eye weeps under a sense of the melting presence of God. The devout aspirations of the soul are kindled afresh, and whatever may have been the condition of the member when he came in, he goes out saying, “my heart and my flesh crieth out for God—for the living God.” This is an attempt to attract attention to the *personal* effect of holiness in a Leader. It ought to be so in theory. It is so, in fact; as all men of experience in this department of Christian labor can fully attest. How easy to get full attendance in the class of such a Leader. How often does the class become too large to remain together, and how difficult the task of division, with such fond and devoted attachments, do members cleave to a man whose worth is of God, and whose power is in his goodness. He may be a plain man—an illiterate man—a man in humble life; but he bears about him the charms of holy love, and there is a chord in the penitent heart striving for spiritual excellence, which responds to the influence of love.

And this faithful reflection of the Saviour’s image, is not confined to the spiritual vision of the little class. It shines out with so pure and steady a light, that all the church and world can see it. Not by the intended exertions of the humble man, for that effect—nor even to his own apprehensions, as a peculiarity in his case, elevating him above his fellow Christians, and giving him a conscious right to say to any of them, “stand aside, I am holier than thou”—but by the simple fact that he is all

the Lord's. God's grace has subdued and sanctified him. The divine image beams from his countenance. The Holy Spirit is soul to his body of Christian profession and outward forms. It is God—God alone whose light is seen—whose power is felt in the feeble worm of earth. And none more decidedly and perseveringly than he, denies all honor to self, all glorying to the mere mortal. The very spirit and fact of his consecration is in the renunciation of self, and the installation of his Divine master as the object of his adoration, and the ground of his glorying. You cannot grieve him more than to elevate his poor unworthy self to the place he has assigned to his Saviour, and he is thus at once an example of perfect humility, and a guide to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." It is in this divine union that the church beholds him, and that he becomes a spiritual leader to the hosts of God. What would the church do without *such* guiding minds? Who would conserve the great cross-bearing, self-denying, humiliating, and saving doctrines of the gospel? Who would represent, exert, and diffuse her spirit and power? Who would give life and energy to her prayer meetings, and her benevolent operations? Who would sustain her reputation before the world when she is charged with insincerity—with supporting an impracticable system, and commanding to the people a standard of goodness, which never has been, and never can be realized? Alas! we are deficient enough at all these points. But holiness alone, vindicates us so far as we are capable of vindication. I repeat—a wider than a class influence is exerted by holiness in a Class Leader. The honor of his position is conceded to him. He is felt to be the man to be among the advance-guard of the army of God. His hands are clean—his heart is pure. He is able to command the confidence of his brethren, without a word to ask it, or an act to implore it.

And what power has such a man over the moral feelings, decisions and destinies of men. Apart from all he may say or do, he is a standing demonstration of redemption by Christ and of the truth of the gospel. Sinners of all grades believe in him, and Infidels are confounded by him. While *he* lives and his presence is felt, no man *dares* to say the blood of Jesus Christ cannot cleanse from all sin.—*Beauty of Holiness.*

ORIGINAL.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

A SERMON,

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM

Concluded.

“*How shall I get it?*” The blessing of Perfect Love is seldom reached as the result of a mere desire to grow in grace and to be in general terms a good Christian. It must stand before the mind as a specific object of pursuit. “*I must be holy.*” Not merely “*I must be better,*” but my whole being must be appropriated to the dominion of grace. All my powers—all my susceptibilities—all my possessions—all my life.

Again, I must desire holiness in all its relations and with all its pre-requisites and attendants, for there are multitudes of persons who desire the *bliss* of holiness, who nevertheless shrink from its peculiar *sacrifices, labors and crucifixions.* Holiness is intrinsically so beautiful that all men love her at sight—all who have any measure of the Christian life. But alas! in many cases—

“ ‘Tis distance, lends enchantment to the view.”

For when this grace is brought so near that I see not only itself, but also its attendant duties and conditions ; the offending right hand cut off or right eye plucked out, favorite schemes abandoned, honor laid in the dust, and friends and goods and reputation and life all surrendered up to Jesus Christ ; and the soul bereft of all latitude of indulgence, and shut up to spiritual joys or none— ah! that is another view of the case ; and, just for the present, on account of a new farm, or five yoke of oxen, or a young wife—“*I pray thee have me excused.*”

Whoever would be a successful seeker of full salvation must be willing to know God’s utmost will concerning him. There must be no shrinking from the light—no attempt to reason away any Scriptural conviction of duty or of privilege—no wish that the claim of God upon the heart were less imperative or exacting. This state of thorough internal honesty will be reached only as the result of continued prayer and repeated acts of self-scrutiny.

Where it is reached, the light will rapidly increase in the soul and you will know something of the meaning of the words of

Jesus, “ If thine eye be single, *thy whole body shall be full of light.*”

You are then in a condition to advance rapidly to the goal. You will get new and still more painful views of your depravity than ever, and you will see an admixture of sinful motive tainting even those acts and feelings which you had regarded as wholly good. A deeper sense than ever of your own helplessness will pervade the soul, and the contrast between itself and the infinite purity of God will crush it into the dust so that you will be brought literally to abhor yourself and repent in dust and ashes. Still take courage. Your redemption draweth nigh. This searching light—these painful revealings—this dreadful process of self-acquaintance, seeks an object beyond itself. The remedy is at hand, and these are but the expedients of mercy to crush out your pride and evoke from your inmost soul such an imploring cry, as shall bring the Saviour speedily to your deliverance. Fix your eye on the Cross. Abandon every thing for Christ. Open your bosom to the truth—aye the very sword of truth. Consent to die—utterly—now—here, and as God is true, He shall instantly become your exceeding great reward.

SELECTED.

SHADOWS ON THE HEBREW MOUNTAINS.

BY H. B. S.

“ Nevertheless, I am continually with *Thee*: thou hast holden me by thy right hand. Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.” Psalms lxxiii: 23-25.

O fresh and beautiful words!—words full of upspringing and joyous life now, in our day; yet first uttered in those dim, backward ages, when even the morning star of Greece had not risen, and her songs were yet an unawakened melody.

While in other nations dark superstitions of fear lay like a nightmare on the soul; while Egypt struggled and sweltered in circles of idolatrous degradation, and men worshipped reptiles, beasts, and insects—broke forth, in the Hebrew land, this beautiful conception of a confiding friendship and intimate union

with a father, teacher, comforter, and guide—this rest of the finite in the love of the infinite !

What a tender and beautiful pastoral seems this friendship of the ardent and sensitive poet and shepherd-king with an unseen, all-perfect Friend ! While all other forms of religion seemed touched by earthly selfishness—like snow mixed with dust—this rises pure as those glacier regions which human footsteps has never defiled, and which give back at morning and evening every tint and hue of the sunlight, rosy and beautiful. Here is love, warm as life-blood, yet snow pure ; it is adoration in the dust, yet familiar as a child's knowledge of its mother. As a dew-drop exhales, drawn up by the silent tenderness of the sun, so this poet-soul exhaled in love and adoration to its God.

“ I am *continually* with *Thee*,” he says. To him as to us, there was the coarse, cold, hard outward of life ; there was the collision, the selfishness, the deadness of men as they are. Worse than that was the consciousness of darkness, disorder, selfishness, weakness, and defect within. In his soul was an inner world, all hid and unbathed—feelings sensitive as the innermost bark of the tree or foldings of the bud, and who could know ? There too, bitterly felt, conscious sins, weaknesses, and errors ! Who could guide and purify ? Who could keep the inner life from becoming a consuming fire, burning away the strength of the soul ? Could we put an impassable barrier between the stream and the ocean, what chafing, what restlessness, what tossing and ceaseless motions ! But how calmly glides the stream that finds no barrier, and loses itself there, day by day, in the great untroubled sea ! So in the human soul is an ever-surging tide of thought, feeling, emotion, hope, fear, desire, that must pour itself out somewhere ! What human soul cares for it ? Nay, what human soul can or will receive it ? Who understands or wants it ? Who can guide, restrain, and govern it ? Thus come disturbances in the current ; the accumulated waters of feeling chafe and wear into the very foundations of life. Some times there are human souls that can receive and appreciate a part of the soul's fulness—as when some waters of the rivulet trickle and struggle around barriers, and through sands and morasses to the ocean ; but who understands or can receive

SHADOWS ON THE HEBREW MOUNTAINS.

all that another soul can feel? Is there even an invented language that can utter it?

The greater, wider, more sensitive is the soul, the more is this inward chafing, and wearing, and complaining. That soul may become wonted to a wearing pain or a chronic ache; but it is *ever there*. And whenever sweet music; or art, or poetry, or the song and bloom and magical loveliness of Nature arouses the inner consciousness of the soul, then comes this struggle, this inner anguish, this dim, aching sense of something never attained, for which the soul bleeds and strives in vain.

Amid the grandeur and beauty of the Alps, in the sweet, low stillness and seclusion of Lake Leman, how did Byron complain of an ever-throbbing immedicable wound, a dim, inexplicable anguish!

But the shepherd-poet, with his yearning, loving heart, his wide, many-voiced, and sensitive nature, had found healing for the wound, and, for the anguish, rest. "*I am continually with thee*," was the alpha and omega of peace to his soul. Habitual as his breathing was his communion with the Unseen Loveliness which was ever at his side. What though all around was sealed with defect and decay? What though in himself he felt with anguish the weakness the ignorance, the darkness of his mortal state? What though he seldom looked within with approving eye—yet by his side, holding his hand, walked the Only True and Beautiful, guiding him by his counsel, afterward to receive him to glory.

It is a beautiful power of our existence, that if dissatisfied with ourselves, we may make, as it were a transfer of ourselves in friendship. We may pass out of self and live in another. We may glory in the beauty, wisdom, strength, and goodness of our friend, and therein take comfort, though we feel ourselves in all these poor. So the human soul is capable of this blest exchange with the Father of spirits. It can give itself away to Him and receive him in exchange. His glory is then its glory; his beauty, worth and excellence is its own; of itself it thinks no more—more blest in thinking of him. True, it sees itself in all things imperfect, it feels itself sinful, but none the less can it rejoice that He is spotless; true and beautiful.

"Whom have I heaven but thee ? and there is none on earth that I desire besides thee!"

This disinterested love—this exchange of the human for the divine, is peculiar only to the Hebrew type of religion. The Greek in his aspirings dimly groped for, but did not attain it. Seneca taught that in the perfect submission of the human will to the divine was the highest point of rest for the soul ; but Seneca could not say, "I am continually with thee ; thou hast held me by thy right hand." And Plutarch taught that the violent emotions of the soul in enthusiasm were her struggles after God. Both saw that the barrier between the river and the ocean was the cause of the chafing and disorder of its waters ; but neither breathed forth, as in this psalm, that long sigh of relief and repose with which the pent up soul breathes itself into the bosom of a long-lost Father, *found* never to be lost again. At the shrine of Venus, of Minerva, of Osiris, of Jupiter, arose petitions for beauty, health, wealth, strength. At all these, the worshipper sought *gifts*. The Judean alone was inspired to seek and pray for the *Giver*. To no heathen god went up the prayer, "*Give me THYSELF.*" To none the exulting voice, "*Thou art my portion. Whom have I in heaven but thee ? and there is none on earth I desire beside thee.*"

If we ask, Why to these glorious Greek souls, so earnest in their inquiries, was not this light and communion given ? we can only answer, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." Not to every child of the heavenly Father is it given thus to see him in this brief state ; but since, in every nation, "he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him," let us hope that even now these struggling souls have seen what in other days they dimly sought ; that Plato has found the beautiful, and Socrates the true, and Plutarch no longer feels the soul's anguish in enthusiasm, but knows the soul's eternal rest in God.—*Independent.*

"Tis the brand of a hypocrite to have devotion come by fits ; to seem like an angel one day, and like an atheist the next.

ORIGINAL.

SELECT THOUGHTS TRANSLATED FROM LETTERS OF MADAM GUYON.

BY P. L. U.

Continued. No. 3.

Vicissitudes in experience to be expected; submission to all states.

1. I have read your letter with great pleasure, seeing there the progress of your mind in grace. Your present state, wherein you experience so much of your littleness and unworthiness, although painful, is a mark of progress.

The interior is a continual paradox. "When I am weak," says St. Paul, "then am I strong." Where there is true poverty of spirit, there is more of God. "*Blessed* are the poor in spirit," says our Saviour, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." This kingdom is within.

2. Vicissitudes in experience form and mature the interior, as the changing seasons make up the year. It is important to bear in mind that it is the same God who makes the summer and the winter; the scarcity and the abundance. And he who prefers one state to another, who loves more high spiritual joys, than to sit in lowliness at the feet of Jesus, waiting to do the smallest errand, loves more the gifts of God, than God himself.

Each change in your inward experience, or external condition, is a new test, by which to try your faith and love, and will be a help towards perfecting your state, if you receive it as from God.

3. Endeavor to understand the beauty and worth of pure love and obscure faith. By obscure faith I mean a willingness to be conducted blindfold, under the strong influence of that love, which sees all things clear in the issue, although the present prospect is dark. Faith and love can never be disjoined. Where faith is perfect it goes out as did Abraham, on the issue or going forth of the commandment of the Lord. Where faith is perfect there is love, a pure flame, rising above all selfish interests, to expand itself in God.

4. Leave yourself in the hand of love, which is always the same, although it makes you often to change your position.

Be under God, indifferent to all states, as water, which takes the form of the vases where it is put, and the colors also.

It is enough for you to know that God loves you, and therefore chooses what is best for you. He takes pleasure to do with us, as the waves of the sea; and whether he takes us to his bosom or casts us upon the sand, that is to say, in ourselves all is well. Let us be the air-balloon, the empty vessel of our good master. It is His space in which we move, His wind that carries us. It is in His will we shall live in eternity, so let it be in time.

5. For myself I am contented with all he orders for me. I hold myself ready to suffer not only imprisonment but death; perils every where—perils on the land—on the sea—among false brethren—all is good in Him, to whom I am united for ever.

ORIGINAL.

THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

BY F. E. KEELER.

“ Call'd from above I rise,
And wash away my sin,
The stream to which my spirit flies,
Can make the foulest clean.
It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide,
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side.”

O yes! There is a fountain—a fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness; and although many hundred years have rolled away since it was opened, and many poor polluted souls have washed, and been made clean; it has, nevertheless, lost none of its efficiency;—nor is the stream less abundant than when it first issued from our Emmanuel's side. Flowing, still flowing, is this mighty stream, ever free—ever full—ever cleansing. O glorious, mysterious fountain! Never will it lose its power,

“ Till all the ransom'd church of God,
Are sav'd, to sin no more.”

How sad is our state by nature. Alas! we were ruined by the fall; and there was none to pity, none to save, until his own arm brought salvation. “ He looked and there was none to help, and wondered there was none to uphold,” and He gave *his* side

to the soldier's spear, and trod the wine press alone ; " of the people, there was none with him." " He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth,"—despised and rejected, " a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." O earth be silent, wonder, and adore, while He undertakes thy redemption ! Almighty Love has devised the plan ! and with sorrowing mien the Lamb wends his way to mournful, sad Gethsemane. In agony he prays, " Father if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But a fountain has been promised, and on mount Calvary the cross is upraised ! *the fountain is opened !*

" See, from his wounded side,
The purple current flow !"

" Is this the Infinite ! 'tis he !
My Saviour, and my God !"

Clad he is in dyed garments, but his "*apparel is glorious !*" and He is "*mighty to save !*" Hallelujah to the Lamb ! O there is virtue in that flowing blood ! Although our sins be as scarlet and crimson, and upon our hearts are stains of deepest dye ; although we are meet companions, for none but the impure and unholy, yet plunged in this fountain—washed in this purple current, our sin and guilt are *all taken away*, and we are brought into companionship with the Triune God ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! O glorious, mighty union ! God is our Father, the Holy Ghost our comforter, guide, and great teacher ; and Christ our precious and adorable Saviour, our elder Brother ; our *all prevailing Advocate* when we sin ; *our Redeemer* ; his arm hath gotten for us the victory, and through his worthiness, and his *all atoning blood*, we are made meet to enter into the "holy of holies," and to forever rest,

" Upon the bosom of our God,
The bosom of his love."

O why such condescension ! O why such love to poor, erring, sinful man ! " He was bruised for our iniquities, and by his stripes we are healed." O, my soul, be silent, wonder, love, and adore !

" 'Tis mystery all ! the Immortal dies !
Who can explore his strange design ?
In vain the first-born seraph tries,
To sound the depths of Love Divine ;
'Tis mystery all ! Let earth adore !
Let *finite* minds inquire no more."

O wondrous plan ! we aspire to comprehend it ! Far back in the distance we stretch our gaze to take in redemption's scheme; but we are lost in God. Far in the future our mind's eye reaches, and, leaping the bounds of time, in unmeasured eternity, and trackless space, we seek to fathom its mysteries and find its consummation ; but we are still lost in God. We cannot grasp the mind of the Infinite. O wondrous plan ! we'll cease to gaze, but 'in silent wonder, adore. This gracious provision avails ! 'Tis all sufficient ! O, sing for joy ye inhabitants of this sin stricken earth ! " *It is finished !*" Once we were lost, and on the threshold of perdition,—now we are hard by the gate of heaven ;—so near, we list to hear the music of the heavenly choir, and to unite in the shouts of the eternally redeemed !

"Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,
And wide unfold the bright ethereal scene !"

A thin veil hides at present the glories of heaven, our purchased inheritance from our view, and, " it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Draw it aside. Take one step. " *Who are these arrayed in white robes, and whence came they ? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.* Wherefore, are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in his temple, and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them or any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

" There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought.
So bright, that all that comes between,
Is with its radiant glory fraught."

'Tis the same fair land ; the saint's sweet home ; the eternal resting place of the weary pilgrim.

" Soon, soon we'll learn the exalted strains,
That echo through the heavenly plains,
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne."

Carmel, N. Y., March, 1854.

Poetry.

BR. DEGEN:—The following sublime stanza, which I copy from memory, has often filled my heart with deep emotions of love. If you approve it, please give it a little corner in the Guide. Yours,

J. A. S.

GOD IS LOVE.

Father, I love thee ! in the silent hour
 Of the deep, quiet midnight, thus alone,
 My spirit turns from sublunary things,
 Seeking communion with its Maker, God.
 My soul is filled with burning thoughts of thee,
 And fain would tell in utterance of fire,
 Its humble wonder at thy glorious name !
 O Infinite Perfection ! Deity !
 Thou self-existent, uncreated One !
 Even to thine awful majesty, my heart
 Dares bring its best affections, (while my mind,
 Trembles with its conceptions of thyself;) ;
 And lowly bending on thy footstool, earth,
 With holy rapture feel that God is Love.

SELECTED.

ALL THE LORD'S.

'Tis done !—those doubts and fears are past,
 And I am all the Lord's at last,
 According to his word ;
 To love Divine I yield, I yield,
 The eternal covenant is sealed
 With Jesus' precious blood.

That boundless love which on me smiled,
 And owned me as a trusting child,
 Speaks all my sins forgiven ;
 Yes, Jesus owns—faith triumphs now,
 He stamps upon my fading brow
 The deep impress of Heaven.

With grateful heart for Mercy's call,
 Into those gracious arms I fall,
 Extended arms of love ;

While from my soul ascends the flame,
Back to the fountain whence it came,
Eternal fount above.

Glorious Saviour! now He raises
Cheerful and delightful praises,
From my confiding soul;
And while his grateful praise I sing,
High let the joyful echo ring,
Jesus hath made me whole!

Now He soothes my lengthened sorrow,
Tells of peace and joy to-morrow,
Among the pure and blest;
Now all the passions of my soul,
Yielding to his supreme control,
Are calmed and hushed to rest.

Oh! I would sing a song of praise
As joyful as the angels' lays,
Or with them bear a part;
Oh, sing with me, swell loud the strains,
Give praise to God! The Saviour reigns
O'er all my grateful heart.

Oberlin Evangelist.

SELECTED.

HOW BEAUTIFUL.

'Tis not in temples made with hands
The great Creator dwells,
But on the mountain top He stands,
And in the lowly dells;
Wherever fervent prayer is heard,
He stands recording every word;
In dell, on mountains, everywhere,
He never fails so answer prayer.

The temple thy Creator owns,
That temple is the heart:
No towering piles of costly stones,
Nor any work of art:
The cloud-capt spire that points on high
May draw the lightning from the sky;
But 'tis the humble, modest flower,
That bows in meekness to his power,
And in turn for favors given,
It breathes its fragrance back to heaven.

Oberlin Evangelist.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY J. H. B.

Having enjoyed for a few months past the privilege of reading the Guide, and being often refreshed by its perusal, I have been rather impressed with the conviction that it may be a duty to contribute my mite to your department of Christian experience.

But a few years have passed, since, on the morning of one rainy day, at the close of a Camp Meeting held within the bounds of Prattsville District, I resolved to seek the forgiveness of my sins and the evidence that I had become a child of God. I had sought but a short time, when the Saviour revealed himself to me as the "One altogether lovely." Oh how sweet was the sound of Jesus name! What peace filled my heart that afternoon! It was not long however before I became convinced that my heart was not in all things exactly right. At our weekly prayer meetings for instance, I often felt a degree of indifference that made me an easy prey to the enemy who strove hard to persuade me that I was deceived. I endeavored however to repel this temptation and continued in the discharge of every known duty.— Another thing that led me to believe that my heart was not right was that my spiritual enjoyments were so transient—the blessings which I had received at some good meeting frequently leaving me before I reached my home. Then again anger, pride, hatred and other evil propensities would occasionally arise in my heart and disturb my peace. Thus I continued to live for about six months, fighting daily against those inward and outward foes that were striving to bring me into subjection.

While attending school at ——, a good brother, on a certain occasion, referring to his Christian experience expressed himself as being perfectly willing to die at any time; assured that whenever called to do so he should go to rest in the arms of Jesus. Turning to me he said, "Brother B., do you feel thus?" Without waiting for an answer, he then dwelt at some length

upon the blessedness of the state into which he had been brought by Divine grace. There was something in his manner and in the very expression of his countenance that deeply impressed me with the conviction that there was a blessed verity in what he had said ; and from that hour my soul became athirst for the fulness of the gospel. I began to examine myself and was astonished to see what degree of depravity still lurked about my heart. As soon as I began to seek for a full salvation, it seemed to me as if all the forces of hell were arrayed against me—but notwithstanding this, I persevered in calling on God day and night for a clean heart. The greatest obstacle I had to encounter was my unbelief. I endeavored to surrender all I had to God for time and eternity, a very poor sacrifice at best ;—and then remembering that the blessing was suspended on the simple condition of *faith*, I endeavored to believe but found it difficult to do so. At times it would seem to be within reach, when an unbelieving heart would suggest “you are not ready for it now—you are too sinful,” and thus cheat me out of its possession. A quartely meeting being held in that place, I went to it determined if possible to find the fulness which my soul so ardently desired. On Saturday evening while wrestling with God in prayer, I was greatly blessed and felt for the moment as though I loved God with all my heart. It was deeply impressed on my mind that I should arise and confess what God had done for me :—but the enemy suggested “you had better wait a little while—perhaps what you have received is not the blessing of a clean heart—you have not the witness yet—wait and you may feel better,” and listening to these suggestions, I was led to doubt, and left the place in a state of condemnation.

Not long after this, being urged by the brother already referred to, to make a confession of the grace received, I went to the chapel on Sabbath evening for this purpose ; but as I arose to do so, the adversary again presented the danger of being over-confident and suggested to my mind a word by which to qualify my profession. I was led to say “I *think* I love God with all my heart.” I sat down and felt in a measure relieved. From this time, I embraced every proper occasion to confess my state, and it was not more than two weeks before I was brought into

the full liberty of the sons of God. Oh! how inadequate is language to describe the bliss of that occasion. My heart went out in praise continually, and I was so filled with the Divine presence and glory that for several days I could not prosecute my studies. To believe, then seemed to me to be the easiest thing in the world, and I wondered why I had not done it before. Blissful as was my state I did not rest in its enjoyment—I saw before me an ocean of love, and my barque had only put off a little from the shore. For nearly two years, I have been sailing on this ocean, and scarcely a day has passed that has not brought with it some fresh discovery of God's goodness, thus increasing the measure of my love to him. *Jesus!* Oh how sweet and precious is that name! To him my heart's warmest affections constantly tend and shall continue to do so to all eternity. The thought of spending an eternity with my Saviour inspires me with untiring zeal and activity in his service—and the love which constantly glows in my heart towards him renders every burden light and every duty pleasant. Glory be to God in the highest!

Ashland, Nov. 29th, 1853.

ORIGINAL.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

BY M. J. W.

When but ten years of age, I have good reason to believe that God, for Christ's sake, forgave me my sins. For a time I rejoiced greatly in God my Saviour; and thought that certainly all my troubles were over, and that I had nothing to do but set down and "count the laurels." But I was shortly made sensible of my mistake. I soon found that "I must fight if I would reign," and that I still had the seeds of sin remaining in my heart. I lived in this state, at times rejoicing, and at other times fearing, for some eight years.

About this time, I read "The way of Holiness, with notes by the way;" and in the blessing there unfolded, I saw the very thing that I needed. O how my soul panted for entire purity! But I found many things in the way of my obtaining it. I had been edu-

cated to believe that such an attainment was utterly impossible, and that I must always bear about with me an evil heart of unbelief. Added to this, the church with which I was then connected totally discarded the idea ; and having no one to take me by the hand, and encourage me in its pursuit, I did not then receive the blessing. But I began to seek for more religion.

About two months after this, on the 9th day of January 1849, I heard a sermon on the subject, by one who could affirm, "I speak that which I do know." After the sermon, he appointed a prayer meeting for those who desired this blessing ; and in that meeting he gave a recital of his own experience. As he proceeded, I could hardly forbear exclaiming, "this is just what I have been seeking for !" and the sudden conviction sprung up in my heart,—"surely it is for me." Oh what unutterable longings I then felt ! I resolved that I would not leave the house till I obtained it. My faith took fast hold on God, I did not for a moment doubt his willingness to save me then. We engaged in prayer. I endeavored to throw myself upon the Atonement; and praise his holy name, my Saviour appeared for my deliverance. I was completely filled with God. My only language for some time was "Glory to God in the highest." Opportunity being given to witness for God, I was about doing so when the enemy suggested, "you need not speak of it—you can enjoy it and yet keep it to yourself." To this suggestion my poor heart yielded ; and almost instantly my joy was all gone. I saw my error but it was too late ; the witness was gone. Oh ! what dearth succeeded ! I felt as if I had lost my all. The language of my heart, and my words as far as I can remember them, were "Lord, again bestow this blessing upon me, and I will proclaim it to the world if thou requirest it." Praise his name ! He did again appear for my deliverance. Since that time my enjoyment of the witness has not been uninterrupted ; but whenever I have lackd it, I have felt an aching void which nothing could fill. Praise the Lord, that I can now say "He saves me from all sin !" That all Christians may speedily be brought to realize their gracious privilege and the world become deluged with the glory of God, is the sincere prayer of YOUR UNWORTHY SISTER IN THE LORD.

Schenevus, Feb. 26th, 1854.

Editorial Miscellany.

MEETINGS FOR HOLINESS.

Objections considered.—Their usefulness.—How conducted.

A correspondent asks that something may be said in the Guide on the best methods of conducting meetings for the promotion of holiness. As we have already had frequent occasion to refer to these meetings, we had intended at first simply to announce our brother's request, and leave it to those who have had more experience in the matter to enlighten him. On further reflection however, we have concluded to state our own course, hoping that others may be called out on the same subject; that thus by a comparison of the different methods adopted, our inquirer and all others interested may have an opportunity of judging which is the most likely to accomplish the desired object. Before doing so however as we have fully committed ourselves in favor of these meetings, we should esteem it a privilege, if our readers will bear with us, to give in brief, our reasons for regarding them with favor. Perhaps we cannot do this better than by noticing the objections that are frequently urged against them, and the grounds on which we dissent from those objections.

And 1st, we have heard it urged against separate meetings for the promotion of holiness, that there is no call for, or need of such meetings; that the church (the Methodist in particular,) recognizes it as her special mission to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the earth, and that consequently every meeting should be a meeting for holiness. While we admit that our pious founder, and his co-adjudors regarded this as the end for which Providence raised up the people called Methodists, and while we admit further, that the precious doctrine of "entire sanctification" committed to our trust as a denomination, is still recognized as an article in our creed, can it be denied that it is but seldom comparatively that the subject is presented from our pulpits! Nay more, must it not be admitted that such is the prejudice awakened in some societies against this doctrine, such is the want of sympathy for those that profess this grace, that they can hardly make allusion to it without giving offence! If these things be so (and we leave every one to judge for himself,) then it is very evident that whatever our meetings *should* be, they are not meetings for the promotion of

this distinctive grace. But even admitting that the entire church, stood where she should on this subject, it seems to us that there can be no more impropriety in holding separate (we mean by this, *special*) meetings for the promotion of holiness than there is of holding enquiry meetings for the benefit of those who are seeking religion, or concerts of prayer in behalf of missions, Sunday schools, &c. &c. They are all designed to concentrate the thoughts, desires and faith on a definite and distinct object.

2d. Another objection urged is, that they tend to engender a spirit of *exclusiveness*, and create invidious distinctions. No one, theoretically or experimentally acquainted with the nature of this precious grace can charge it with begetting such a spirit. That which distinguishes the sanctified soul from others, is its poverty of spirit, its deep humility, its fervent love; and these so far from repelling are *attractive* in their influence. Such to be sure can have no sympathy with a cold, formal, worldly minded, time serving professor of religion—but even toward such they have learned to bear themselves with meekness and patience. Holiness then is not chargeable with such results. If the spirit above referred to exists at all it must be sought outside the circle of those who are in the enjoyment of perfect love. Here we are sorry to say this feeling sometimes prevails. But wherever it exists, we think it will be found that there is, either a lamentably low state of religion, or the design of such meetings is misapprehended. They are not meetings for "*the holy ones*," as such are sometimes sneeringly called, but for all that have tasted justifying grace, to pray for and mutually aid each other in securing that perfect love which casteth out fear:—And can any, whose hearts have been touched by the finger of Divine love, lack interest in such an object? Nay so far from this we are persuaded that the doctrine only needs to be understood in the church, in order to enlist their warmest sympathies: and that meetings for the promotion of this grace instead of erecting partition walls, will tend perhaps more than anything else, to tear down those already existing. We do not advocate separate *organizations* but plead for measures which we believe would secure greater efficiency to those already in being. We would not separate the leaven from the lump—but rather have it so disposed in its relation to the mass, as that it may act the more speedily and powerfully in bringing the whole under its leavening influence.

3d. Lastly it is urged that such meetings draw together persons of an excitable temperament, and that they tend to promote and foster more of a spirit of enthusiasm and fanaticism, than deep, sound, heartfelt piety. There may be persons of the description here referred

to, frequently drawn together on these occasions—this we are free to admit:—but that they find, in a well conducted meeting for the promotion of holiness, anything to cherish a spirit of enthusiasm we deny. So far from this it is our deliberate conviction that were these meetings not only countenanced, but conducted by the pastor, or some suitable person appointed by him, they would furnish a good opportunity to impart correct views on the subject of holiness and to check even the appearance of extravagance. Is it not too frequently the case that our members are drawn into these errors and excesses, by being suffered to grope their way alone in their endeavors to find and walk in the Kings highway?

We attach great importance to the supervision of these meetings. Where suitable persons cannot be obtained to preside over and control them, they had better be discountenanced. But where these precautions are taken, who can estimate the amount of good that may be accomplished by them. Look for instance at the meetings which for the last fifteen or twenty years, have been held weekly at the house of Dr. Palmer, in New York, over which the venerable Dr. Bangs still continues to preside. Eternity alone can disclose the gracious influence that has emanated from this centre.

The meeting which we have established among our own people, has tended perhaps, more than anything else, to keep alive a spirit of vital godliness in the church. The spirit of consecration which is there constantly enforced leads to active efforts in behalf of sinners, and young converts by being brought immediately under this holy influence, are stimulated to "leave the principles," and "go on to perfection." In the management of these meetings, we have felt most deeply the need of divine guidance. After the opening exercises, which have generally consisted in singing one of our inimitable hymns on sanctification (in the progress of which we have taken occasion by some word of comment to impress the sentiment on the mind) and the reading of an appropriate chapter, we spend some time in imploring the Divine presence and guidance. This is followed ordinarily by the narration of Christian Experience, both from those who enjoy the witness of perfect love and those who have "not yet attained." These testimonies besides doing incalculable good themselves, furnish a ground for subsequent comment and instruction by the pastor. They also draw out the state and feelings of those present and thus prepare the mind to engage intelligently and feelingly in the supplications with which our services are closed. We are not confined, however, to this order, but resort to various expedients to promote interest and variety. Sometimes we have requested each one to commit to

memory and repeat a text of Scripture relating to the subject of holiness—and in this way supply the meeting with fruitful topics of thought and meditation. At other times we have given to our exercises the character of a class meeting,—and not unfrequently, we have found it very profitable to spend nearly if not quite all the time in prayer. After all, it is impossible to fix on any one course that shall be applicable to all occasions. In this, however, as in every thing else, it is promised that if we acknowledge Him in all our ways, He will direct our paths.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.—The February and March numbers of this popular pictorial lie on our table. Like their predecessors they abound in illustrations;—and so far as we have had an opportunity to examine them they are of the useful kind. They are mostly copies of the works of distinguished painters and sculptors—though the illustrations of other departments of science and art are by no means meagre. The March No. has a well illustrated article on “Bells and Bell founding.” The Magazine, however, like the popular literature of the day, has its tales of fiction, of which we cannot of course speak with commendation:—still, we are free to admit that it has least of what might be deemed exceptionable, of any similar Magazine of which we know. *New York: A. Montgomery. Boston: Frederick Parker, 50 and 52 Cornhill.*

FORRESTER'S PICTORIAL MISCELLANY, FOR BOY'S AND GIRLS.
Boston: F. & G. C. Rand. Providence: J. K. Stickney, 19 Westminster street. This is the book for the juveniles. It contains 336 pages of most interesting matter, which is illustrated by one hundred engravings.

FORRESTER'S BOY'S AND GIRL'S MAGAZINE.—*Boston: F. & G. C. Rand, No. 7 Cornhill.* We take pleasure in again calling the attention of parents to this little monthly. It cannot fail to interest children; while the fact that it is edited by one of our own ministers, is a sufficient guaranty to parents that it shall contain nothing that will be injurious to morals. See advertisement on the cover of the January number of the Guide. \$1,00 per annum.

☞ We hope hereafter to go to press in season, to enable our subscribers to get their Guide by the first of the month.

ORIGINAL.

HOLINESS IS DESIRABLE IN ITSELF.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

IT is purity; and we are formed to admire purity. Even the garments we wear about us, are comfortable only when they are perfectly clean. If they become soiled, they are offensive. We brush them again and again, to remove from them the smallest particles of dust. If their quality will admit of it, we wash them and polish them, until they are as white as the driven snow. What comfort, what genuine satisfaction we realize, when every garment is perfectly pure; and how uneasy, how dissatisfied with ourselves, when the dust and sweat of the day adhere to us. With what instinctive loathing do we look upon the filthy and negligent around us. They may have excellent traits of character—they may be our kindred, and we may bear them the kindest regard, but can by no means avoid that nervous shrinking, in their presence, which was designed to protect us from pollution. Cellars, and garrets, and courts, and lanes, are odious, chiefly from their impurity, while we should wish to get out of the most splendid mansion on earth, if it were kept in a negligent and uncleaned condition. We feel attracted to persons of taste, on that account alone. Not to those who are distinguished by self-inflation and the airs of vanity, but to those who are neat in person. The homeliest garb is entirely acceptable, even in good company, if it is perfectly clean, while the costliest attire can in no way compensate for stains or neglected rents. We avoid the shops and public houses that are filthy, and patronize, even at much greater cost, those which are neat and tasteful. Dealers, of all kinds, polish their wares to the highest degree of brightness, to meet a law of God in the human soul; and if they fall into the mire and receive ineffaceable stains, though strong and durable as ever, they are utterly spoiled.

From physical to moral purity, the transition is easy. It is made in the Scriptures, and the illustration is remarkably significant. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults," "Come let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as

wool, though they be red like crimson, they shall be whiter than snow." "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." The soul, stained by sin, dark in moral corruption, may be "cleansed"—"sanctified," as the impurities of a garment are cleansed by washing. And what to the eye of a clear conscience, is more offensive than moral defilement, polluting, degrading, ruining the soul? How do we shrink from it in ourselves, or when we behold it in others. Impurity of thought, and feeling, and purpose, and motive! Oh, how it mars the perfect workmanship of God. Sinners as we are, we cannot approbate it. We can but look upon it with horror, and, as our souls become enlightened, with unutterable loathing and disgust. But how lovely are the manifestations of moral purity. We pause before it with feelings of admiration and almost of envy. In the character of a friend it is the most attractive charm. It is the very essence and richness of moral beauty. It is the moral splendor of angels. When we think of them, it is not chiefly as spiritual beings who "excel in strength;"—We do not dwell upon their swiftness in motion, nor yet upon their ministering benevolence, so much as upon their unsullied purity. How charming the idea of their presence, lovely as they are in holiness! What would be the value of an angel's power, an angel's intelligence, an angel's society, if once defiled by sin? if stained by corruption? Let the deep damnation of hell answer. No charms in an angel, amid the glories of his lofty intelligence, if once he is fallen—if stained by sin. Brilliant as are his powers, he is then but a devil.

And what do we most admire, in the heavenly world? It may be different with others, but to us, holiness is the grand central attraction of heaven. If sin should enter it, "Ichabod" would be written upon its walls of sapphire, and the light of its glory would be exchanged for the night of perdition. The higher orders of intelligence that range the fields of light, are bright in unsullied purity. The redeemed are lovely, because "they have washed their robes and made them white in the

blood of the Lamb." And of all the attributes assembled in the awful majesty of the Triune God, there is nothing to us of such wonderful attraction as that which compels the bright retinues of heaven to cry, "Holy! holy! holy Lord God Almighty; heaven and earth are full of thy glory." How desirable! Apart from all its amazing results! with what intense desire do we gaze upon it, and long to grasp it—to feel its power, and revel in its essential excellence.

It is purity; and it is perfect righteousness. We desire it for this. Man's nature decides that holiness is right—that all impurity is inherently and unalterably wrong. That, while we exact purity in every thing else, the immortal soul ought not to be an exception. In the nature of God, we see an infinite reason for the righteousness of holiness. He is our Creator. No moral condition can be right but such as he could give us—such as he could create. All our attempts to be reconciled to a state of inward impurity, are rebuked by the awful purity of Jehovah. In the nature of law, we see the eternal right of holiness. "The law is holy and the commandment holy, and just, and good;" and in this incorruptible holiness we see the unalterable wrong of all impurity in character, in feeling, in desire, in purpose, in motive, in deed.

Who, then, can fail to be charmed by the visible beauties and the essential righteousness of holiness? He who sees nothing in it to admire; who feels no attraction from its moral power; who does not feel the force of its intrinsic loveliness, is not a Christian. It is impossible; nay, it argues a depth of corruption and a degree of moral stupidity and death, most fearful and perilous, to be incapable of evident, inward delight, at the contemplation of holiness and of spiritual desire to grasp it as a prize. One of the first effects of pardon and regeneration, is an inward consciousness of love for purity; and the more thoroughly we know ourselves, the more fully we understand the depths of our own native depravity, and the more we increase in the light and power of experimental piety, the more devoutly do we love holiness for its own sake, the more ardently do we pant to possess it. If it conferred no other benefit than *itself*—if there were no other blessing in it, yet, with the strongest emphasis could we say, *it is desirable to be holy.*

ORIGINAL.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY PORT-FOLIO.

DO I WALK WORTHY OF MY FATHER?

Do I walk worthy of my Father? So I asked myself, as I heard our excellent Bishop Janes discourse from Col. i. 9—12. What a prayer is this. If you have not very recently read it over, do just now get your Bible, and on your knees ponder over it, and then present it to God ceaselessly in your own behalf. Paul said he did not *cease* to pray that it might be answered in behalf of his Colossian brethren. I have presented it daily, weeks in succession, in my own behalf, and feel now that I cannot enter upon the duties of the day, without *believing* that God will fulfil this, the ceaseless desire of my heart.

The Bishop dwelt some time on the portion of the text, “that ye may walk *worthy* of the Lord unto all pleasing.” Never has my heart been inspired with a more engrossing desire to walk carefully before the Lord. I know that the prayer, to be *filled with the knowledge of the will of God*, must be first answered, or I *cannot* walk worthy of Him unto all pleasing. Bishop J. mentioned an incident of a young lady who was the daughter of a minister. She was not pious; but when asked to unite in the foolish amusement of dancing, she almost indignantly replied, “My father is a minister, and I respect him and his calling too much, to do what I know would be so displeasing to him.” She wished to walk *worthy of her father*. The good Bishop then addressing himself to every child of God present, affectionately asked, “Do you walk *worthy* of your Father unto all pleasing?”

AN INCIDENT IN MY EXPERIENCE.

“That ye might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding.” What a privilege is here, and in view of the fact that every prayer inspired by the Holy Spirit, is equivalent to a promise, how inspiring! And here I am just reminded of an incident, in my experience of years since, in connection with this passage. And as I have often seen where an experience, such as I on this occasion had, might have been instructive to others, I will relate it that others may gain by my failure. A short time after I gave myself

wholly to the service of my Saviour, I attended a camp meeting. I was at a meeting in one of the large tents, where the spirit of supplication was poured upon the people in an extraordinary degree. There, in humble prostration were bowed, some seeking to be perfected in love, and others seeking pardon. Such a company of earnest pleaders I have seldom witnessed, as with strong crying and tears they sought the promised grace. In heart I exclaimed, O! that some one would talk about that faith through which the grace is to be received. God is eminently present to give. These suppliants seem to have been prepared through the Spirit's mighty workings, for the reception of the grace, and all now needed is that they be directed to the exercise of that *act* of faith which appropriates the promises. And why do *you* not do it? was suggested. I saw teachers in Israel bowed there, with other responsible persons, and thought that I must have a *special* commission before undertaking such a work. If I had resolved that the emergency should make the duty, as I have since, I do not doubt but that God, through the omnipotence of faith, had saved many. But instead of this, I hastened away to my private tent, a few steps distance, in order that I might with certainty know the mind of the Spirit. I had scarcely began to inquire of God, when it was suggested,—“Did you not this morning ask to be filled with the knowledge of the will of God, with all wisdom and spiritual understanding? And did you not believe, when you asked, that you *received* the thing you desired of God? Why then did you not go forward during that which was in your heart, knowing that the Lord was with you?” I saw my error, and hastened back to do the work; but the opportunity was gone! I had occupied the time which ought to have been spent in doing the work, in inquiring of the Lord about that which my judgment should have made plain; and now the trumpet sounded, calling the people from the social circle to the more public exercises at the preacher's stand. I was convicted of my error in judgment, and felt ashamed before the Lord; but I felt my heavenly Father did not *condemn* me, for He saw that my intention was to please Him. I have since been endeavoring to act upon the principle of *faith*, believing, when I ask to

be filled with the knowledge of God's will, that He hears me. Trusting in Him for a sanctified judgment, I hasten, as emergencies call for promptness in action, believing that Providential indications are manifestations of the will of God.

CAN ONE MADE MEET FOR HEAVEN, REMAIN ON EARTH?

"Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." And can one, after having made all ready *meet* for heaven, still remain below, carrying out the purposes of God on earth, as angels carry out the purposes of God in heaven? This question, says Bishop J., is satisfactorily answered in the foregoing text. Paul includes himself as among the recipients of this grace, "made *us* meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Yet, Paul remained on earth after this was written, some time. And not until we are in this state, are we raised to that entire newness of life, contemplated in the scheme of redemption. It was not a partial redemption, but a redemption from **ALL** iniquity which was wrought out by Christ. And not until we experimentally know the power of this redemption in the entire renewal of our nature—having this meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light, are we prepared to do the will of God on earth as angels do in heaven. Not until this is our experience, have we a full fitness for our work; for it is not until we are delivered from the hand of our enemies, that we are prepared to serve him without fear in holiness and righteousness, *all the days of our lives*, leaving it most evidently inferrable that our entire meetness to serve the Lord *on earth*, just *begins* at precisely the point where the majority of professed Christians strangely persuade themselves it must end. "We are members of the royal family, and our Father would have us wear our white robes every day;" so says my dear Dr. P. Aye, more, we are of the royal priesthood, a holy nation. Surely our Father will be displeased, after he has, at such an expenditure, purchased white robes for us, if, as his children, we go about with garments soiled and polluted by the world. We cannot walk *worthy* of the Lord unto all pleasing, unless we wash our garments in the blood of the Lamb, and then follow Him whithersoever he goeth.

P. P.

ORIGINAL.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE, NO. III.

BY IDA.

DEAR SISTER W—. I promised, in my last, to relate some incidents which have come under my own observation, in connection with the blessed doctrine, which has been the subject of my recent letters.

Never, my dear sister, did I stand up in defence of this precious truth, but God has imparted to me a blessing, and I have felt moved upon by the Spirit to urge it home upon the weak, fearful, doubting soul, as being just what they needed to make them strong, hopeful, and believing. I have seen the striking change wrought in them, and heard their shouts of praise, when "endued with power from on high." A few years since, I was attending a tent meeting in the town of M—, Mass. I was there introduced to a sister, with whom I had considerable conversation upon the subject of faith. She spoke of one of her own sisters who was hungering and thirsting for righteousness, and who had come to that meeting in the hope of hearing something that would aid her in obtaining the blessing she so ardently desired, but had left the ground, disappointed. Sister C. was anxious that I should see and converse with her, but expressed a doubt whether she would come again, as she resided some distance from the place, and had left in so dejected a state. The next day, however, while we were conversing during the intermission, her sister approached us. After being introduced, sister C. wished me to proceed with my remarks, saying, "my sister will be happy to hear you." I had been speaking but a short time of the way by which I was led into the blessed freedom of the gospel, (in the relation of which sister A. seemed much interested), when the bell rang for services, and we were obliged to close our interview. The sermon was not adapted to her state of mind, and I heard that she again left disappointed, and with the resolution not to return. I felt a great deal of sympathy for her, and would have been happy to have spent the afternoon in imparting such instruction as I was able, on the

subject of the way of faith, had I known what turn the meeting would have taken.

About a week after, while at the town of A—, sister C. came to see me, prompted, as she said, by a divine influence. I regarded this as all imaginary, and felt at the time quite tried about it. She stated that her sister had a great desire to see and converse with me, believing, if she could do so, she should be brought into the liberty she was panting after. As sister C. was a woman of uncommon faith, it did not appear to me at all reasonable that the Lord would send her twenty miles for so feeble an instrument as myself, and I was disposed to treat the whole affair rather lightly. In compliance, however, with her request, I betook myself to prayer for direction, and the result was, I became impressed with the conviction that it was my duty to return with her. I was very cordially received by her sister on our arrival, but as it was late, and I was fatigued, we did not converse much that night. The next day she took me into her chamber, and freely opened to me her state of mind. She had been troubled with fears respecting her salvation ; temptations had troubled her very much, and not being able to distinguish between temptation and sin, she had been led to cast away her confidence ; and her conscience being tender, she was ready to accuse herself, on almost every point. To my own surprise, and probably her disappointment, my mind was so closed up, that I was wholly unfitted to instruct her. In the afternoon, she requested me to relate my experience. I told her my barren state of feeling would not allow me to speak of it with any degree of interest, and that it would be difficult for me to converse at all. Being urged, however, I did the best I could, but I was entirely destitute of the assisting influence of the Spirit. I hardly knew what construction to put upon this singular exercise, but supposed that the Lord was probably teaching her that she must not lean on the arm of flesh ; and *me*, that without Him, I could do nothing. I gave the entire matter up to Him, and prayed that I might be led just right.

After tea, my mind began to be exercised somewhat in relation to her case. Turning to her, I said, "I will tell you just what is lacking in your experience—you have never received the

baptism of the Holy Ghost!" This was the first time I ever made such a remark to any one, but I believe the Spirit dictated it. I then asked her, "Do you want it?" "Yes, I do," she replied, with much earnestness, while the tears filled her eyes. After dwelling on the blessed change that would be wrought in her mind by this baptism, until she became deeply in earnest for its reception—I told her the simple way by which she might obtain it—namely, entire consecration and the exercise of appropriating faith. I quoted various promises, and among them the one, "that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

"Now, will you," said I, "agree with me in asking that the baptism of the Spirit may be granted to you; and will you unite your faith with mine, in claiming the promise?" "I will try," said she, with much earnestness. After saying a few more words for the encouragement of her faith, we knelt in prayer. I felt that the power of supplication was given;—the Spirit made intercession, and helped our infirmities;—faith rose with divine energy, and bore the promise to the throne, and in Jesus' name claimed its fulfilment. O how easy to say, "Thou dost *hear* us! Thou dost *answer* us! The blessing *comes*! We *do receive*! The work is *done*!" Then came the *glory*, wave after wave, and filled our hearts full even to overflowing!

Sister —— said she felt the divine influence sensibly, all through her system. The next morning, she remarked that she was so filled with a spirit of rejoicing, that she could not sleep, but spent the night in praising God. Commending her to God, I then left with a glad and grateful heart. Several times since, I have heard of her steadfastness, and strength of faith. To God be ascribed glory and honor, forever! In my next, I may give other incidents bearing on the same point.

Yours with much affection.

SPIRITUAL SENSIBILITY increases as we pursue our course heavenward; we become nice about our subjects of thought, speech and reading. The pure spirit is quickly sensitive to a wrong chord.

SELECTED.

HUNGERING AND THIRSTING AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS.

[From James' Christian Progress.]

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—*Mark v. 6.*

This is a passage too much overlooked and forgotten by most professing Christians. Its terms are exceedingly strong, its sentiment amazingly important. Among all the appetites of our animal nature none is so strong—none so imperiously demands supply—none so constantly returns—none inflicts such suffering when not supplied, as this of hunger and thirst. And this is the appetite which, in the figurative language of Scripture, is selected to express the vehement desire we should feel after righteousness or holiness; and it is not only *one* of our natural instincts of this kind, but both hunger and thirst, that are spoken of. It is not the faint and feeble desire which by one filled almost to repletion is felt after some luxury, which, if it be not obtained, the person can do very well without. Oh, no; but the insatiable, unappeaseable desire of the empty, hungry stomach, after necessary food, that is employed. Such should be the longing of every renewed soul after holiness. Righteousness should be to it that which bread is to the body, and in reference to which we should say, "Evermore give us this bread." Instead of those longings after earthly blessings which characterize the worldly mind—those pantings after wealth, honor, and pleasure, which excite such energies and call forth such activities, the mind of the believer should be intent on spiritual blessings. No measure of holiness to which he has already attained should satisfy him. There are sins yet to be mortified, and he must not be content till they are dead. There are heights of moral excellence above him which he has not reached, and he should long to climb up to them. What he has yet attained to are but as crumbs to a hungry man, who longs for the full meal, or drops of water to a thirsty one, who pants for the copious draught. It is astonishing and affecting to see with what low degrees of righteousness some professors are satisfied. How little they seem to have of the *spirit* of holiness.

How very little is there of forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing forward to greater things yet ! How many are there who are contented with the average piety of the church and the age, who seem only anxious to stand well in the estimation of their fellow-Christians, who are no better than themselves ! How few are there whom nothing can satisfy but an ever-growing conformity to the divine image !

Perhaps there is in some persons a sad disposition to pervert and abuse a passage of most instructive, and encouraging, and cautionary import : I mean the question which was asked concerning the small beginnings, in the erection of the second temple at Jerusalem, “ Who hath despised the day of small things ? ” Zech. iv. 10. This has been applied also in a spiritual way to the commencement of religion in the soul ; and we are told that little grace is better than none at all ; that faith is still faith though it be weak, just as diamonds are diamonds, and gold is gold, though it be in small pieces. Or, to return to the idea already dwelt upon, life is life, though it be but that of a babe, and therefore is not to be despised. We know it, and admit it. But then if little things are not to be despised, ought *great* ones to be so treated ? And is not satisfaction with little things, when great ones *may* be obtained, to despise the latter ? Be it so, that fragments of gold and diamonds are not to be rejected, yet who are contented with the dust of either, when they might have ingots of the one, or large and costly jewels of the other ? No ; the least measure of holiness is *not* to be despised. It contains a powerful principle of expansion and enlargement. Does the gardener despise the germ of a flower or the seed of a plant, or the acorn of the oak ? Or does the parent despise the day of small things in the life of his babe ? No ; but then neither the gardener nor the parent is satisfied with the day of small things. So neither should the Christian. It is well, therefore, to consider, as Barnes, the commentator, remarks, that there is no piety in the world which is not the result of cultivation, and which cannot be increased by the degree of care and attention bestowed upon it. No one becomes eminently pious, any more than any one becomes eminently rich or learned, who does not *intend* it ; and ordinarily men are in religion, *what* they intend to

be. They have about as much religion as they wish, and possess about the characters which they *design* to possess. When men reach extraordinary elevations in religion, like Baxter, Payson, and Edwards, they have gained only what they *meant* to gain ; and the gay and worldly professors of religion, who have little comfort and peace, have in fact the characters which *they* designed to have.

ORIGINAL.

THE BLOOD CLEANSETH.

BY W. D. MALCOM.

Can this be true ? Many hundreds of years have passed since the soldier, with his spear, pierced the heart of Jesus. The blood that flowed from His side, and may have rested on the rock of Calvary, has been long exhaled. How can it be that *this* cleanseth ? Or, if the precious red stream was flowing to-day, could it reach and affect the inner man ?

Do you see that individual in rich apparel, with cleanly person, who fares sumptuously every day ? Ask the poor bystander, how is it that that man appears and lives as he does ? The quick response is, money does it. Money ?—why, his clothing is of finest wool, not silver ; his body is bathed in pure water, not in gold fresh from the heated crucible ; his food is animal and vegetable substances, not jewels from a distant mine. But I mean, money *purchased* his conveniences, is the explanation of the bystander.

So the *blood* cleanseth. It *procured the grace* that purifies the soul. That very blood shed on Calvary secured, *when shed*, the blessing of your present and full salvation. But what is *the grace* that cleanseth, and has been purchased with blood ? *The grace of the Holy Spirit*—His influences, bearings, power. These come in *actual* contact with the inner man, and cleanse him. These break the bands of sin, and enter the heart as a “refining fire.” These cleanse from all impurity of heart and life—send away vile affections—unholy dispositions—every

thing contrary to God, the love, the will of God,—and plant and maintain within us the “life that is hid with Christ.”

“Spirit of Truth, be thou
In life and death, our guide,
O, Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.”

Danville, Vt., March, 1854.

SELECTED.

[SIN DESTROYED AND THE BODY SUBJECTED.]

[From the Unity with God.]

In a former number, in an exposition of the term *flesh*, as used in the New Testament, we promised to resume the subject, and show how far the flesh is to be destroyed by sanctification, and the power of the natural passions when purified from all that is carnal. In that article it was shown that the terms “flesh,” “carnal mind,” “old man,” and “body of sin,” all mean the same thing. Whatever difference of opinion there may be on this point, it is clear that this principle, whatever may be its nature, must be destroyed. We use the term destroyed because the Bible uses it. Says Paul to the Romans, “Our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be *destroyed*.” In the letter to the Galatians the same apostle has these words: “They that are Christ’s have *crucified* the flesh with the affections and lusts.” Now if these texts mean anything they must mean that the flesh or carnal mind is entirely destroyed, so that it no longer exists.

It must not be understood by this that any organ of the body or faculty of the soul is destroyed; it is only the destruction of a wrong *moral state*. This state is personified and represented as having a real living existence, producing “lusts,” “affections,” and “works,” or desires, passions or feelings, and acts. These may all be crucified or destroyed in the sense intended by the apostle, and the soul and body be left in the full possess of all their original powers and passions. We have found it necessary to be thus explicit here, because some, attaching to the apostle’s words too literal a meaning, have misunderstood the

nature of this moral crucifixion, supposing it to imply the destruction of the natural and lawful passions.

After the destruction of the "body of sin," there still remains in man a nature that needs subjecting to grace. Hence the apostle Paul in 1 Cor. ix: 27, says, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away." The term body in this text cannot mean the same as that in Romans vi: 6, there called the "body of sin." That is to be *destroyed*—this only to be kept in *subjection*. Neither can it mean the "flesh," or "carnal mind" referred to in the 8th of Romans. That "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Hence we are shut up to the plain, literal meaning suggested by the words "my body"—the physical body, with its natural and lawful appetites and passions. Now, although a state of entire sanctification does not imply the destruction of any lawful passions; such, for instance, as Adam possessed in paradise, or such as our Saviour possessed in his incarnation—it does imply such a government over all of them as to prevent any violation of the law of God. It gives victory over sin, the world, and self? it enables a man to rule his own spirit, to be master of himself; or rather, to so commit himself to the government of God as to be ruled by him in all things. Still all the useful appetites and passions of our nature remain, requiring us to watch against their unlawful exercise. But we will pass to the practical part of the subject.

1. We ought always carefully to discriminate between the lawful and the unlawful feelings of the soul. It may be laid down as a general rule, that all the feelings which are purely the offspring of the fall, are in their nature sinful, and must be crucified. All malice, guile, hypocrisies, and envies; all anger that is not voluntary, and that is not under the control of love; all malicious feelings, are numbered among the doomed principles, and must be destroyed by the spirit of true holiness. But after all that is sinful in its nature and tendencies is destroyed, there will still remain in man such passions as are adapted to a state of probation in a world like this. There will still exist the passion of fear, that we may be led to shun danger; anger, in

a qualified sense, that we may hate and successfully oppose what is wrong ; appetite for food, that life and health may be preserved, etc., etc. But it should be stated here that none of these passions exist in the sanctified soul as masters, but as servants ; being purified from all the dross of sin, and consecrated to God, they are all useful, and helps in the divine life, instead of hindrances as in an unsanctified state. They *may*, however, still be a means of temptation ; Satan may endeavor to enter the soul by unduly exciting, or taking advantage of, our natural feelings ; but we can resist, if we will ; true faith will always enable us to triumph. Our Saviour was tempted, through the appetite for food, to supply the demands of his nature in an unlawful manner, but was enabled to stand by unwavering confidence in God. And so surely may every one of his followers triumph by keeping his body under, and his eye single.

2. For want of light upon this subject, some have objected to the doctrine of sanctification, and, as a consequence, have never earnestly sought this grace ; and others, who have sought it long and earnestly, have feared to claim it. Some years ago, the writer, after preaching upon the necessity and attainability of complete holiness in this life, called upon a brother in the ministry, who was present, to conclude after him. The good brother took particular pains to inform the audience that they need not expect any such a state of grace in this life in which they would be exempt from a *warfare*, in which there would not be a lusting of the flesh against the spirit, &c. His indirect opposition to the doctrine of the sermon was all honestly meant, and originated more from a want of light than from any hatred to holiness itself. Had he been able to distinguish between indwelling sin and the lawful passions of our nature, he would have known, that while the devil lives and man is man, there will be warfare enough for all practical purposes at least. The holy man need not lay aside his armor ; he will need it to the end ; the devil is to be fought, the world is to be kept under his feet, and his body is to be kept under, lest that he—even after he has preached to others, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses —“fall away, and count the blood of the covenant wherewith

he was sanctified, an unholy thing." The language of Christ to all is, WATCH. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

Distinctly before the writer's mind is the case of a pious brother, who for nearly a score of years has been seeking the grace of sanctification. He has fasted, prayed, and tried to believe, and at times has believed the blessing his while under the influence of very strong religious emotions. But being a man of very strong feelings naturally—though we are not aware of his manifesting externally any unchristian temper—when his overwhelming religious emotions would subside, and he would find within him still human feelings, such as he had supposed would be destroyed in sanctification, he would lose his confidence, and sink back into his former state. Now it may be that this good brother has never made a proper distinction between what is natural and lawful, and what is sinful, and has thus been induced by Satan to throw away the beginning of his confidence on improper grounds.

This is an important and critical point, and much care is necessary to present it in a way that will assist truly sincere seekers after truth, without lowering the Bible standard of holiness. Let us make it as plain as possible. As an illustration of all the other lawful appetites, take for instance the appetite for food. We know this to be a lawful appetite; it is necessary for life and health that it should exist, and that it should be gratified to a certain extent. Yet it must be restrained within the bounds of temperance and propriety. It is not wrong to *feel* hunger, but it would be wrong to resort to unlawful means to gratify this appetite. For this we have the personal example of our Saviour, when tempted in the wilderness to make bread out of the stones which lay at his feet. This would have been to have taken his case out of the hands of God. Whereas, by resisting the tempter as he did, he has left an important lesson to all his followers in every age—that even a lawful appetite is not to be gratified in an unlawful manner. To this it should be added here that the spirit of true holiness will not only have regard to the lawfulness of the gratification, but also to the degree of it; the health of the body and mind will be taken into

the account ; God's glory will govern, whether in eating or abstaining.

3. Another inference from the above, of some practical importance is, that even the highest form of true religion does not destroy the natural constitutional traits of character. True holiness will make all who possess it in the same degree of one heart and one soul, though they may differ materially in their constitutional tendencies. These differences will still call for the exercise of charity. A person naturally quick in mind and body, must not condemn another of entirely opposite characteristics for not acting precisely as he does. We should have fervent charity among ourselves, bear one another's infirmities and so fulfil the law of Christ.

But it is hoped that no one will take advantage of any of the positions taken above, and plead them to justify any unlawful exercises of the natural passions. Some professing Christians do indulge in wrong tempers and acts, and try to justify themselves by the strength of their natural passions. This is always evidence of a bad state of heart. No true Christian who either enjoys or is panting after holiness will do this. He knows that however strong his passions, the grace of God is sufficient, so that he *need* not sin, and that this grace is measured out according as he needs, in view of the strength of his passions, and all other circumstances surrounding him, so that if he sin he is wholly without excuse.

“ Dear reader, in conclusion will you suffer an inquiry ? Are you Christ's ? Have you the apostolic evidence of that relation —have you crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts ? Is there any unholy anger, any feeling of resentment, burning in your breast ? Has envy, pride, or vain ambition a place there ? Is there not too much love of money in your heart ? Is your heart inwardly pure ? Do no lascivious thoughts find a welcome in your mind ? We do not ask what your views are upon the subject of holiness, nor whether you have professed that grace—but what is the present state of your heart ? If any of these soul-destroying works of the flesh are found within or about you, be entreated to come at once to the all-cleansing fountain of the Redeemer's blood. Throw yourself this very

day on God's holy altar, and bind the sacrifice there with cords that neither Satan nor the world can sever. Resolve now to have all that is sin within you utterly destroyed, or to die in the struggle. *Now*, while the word is inviting and the Spirit calling—*now*, while the blessed Saviour is pleading, draw near and take hold of his strength, and a glorious victory is yours.

“The moment we *believe*, 'tis ours;
And if we love with all our powers.
The God from whom it came;
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis all discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.”

Then let the price be what it may,
Though poor I am prepared to pay;
Come shame, come sorrow; spite of tears,
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears:
One soul at least will not repine
To give you room; come reign in mine!”

SELECTED.

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

The name of this eminent servant of God is familiar doubtless to all our readers. The following interesting sketch, is from the pen of the editor of the *Class Mate and Revivalist*, a monthly published by H. S. Elliot, Centerville, Ind.

On a late visit to Cincinnati, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of this distinguished minister, and servant of God, and of hearing him preach two excellent and heart-stirring sermons. He is a native of Ireland. Emigrating to this country in youth, he became the subject of converting grace, afterwards a member of the Troy Conference, and was ordained Deacon in 1834.

The first years of his ministry were not remarkable for success, and gave little promise of his late distinguished career. His attention was particularly drawn, by some part of the writings of Dr. A. Clarke, to the importance of the spirit's influence, in the work of Saul's conversion; and from that time it became a ruling idea, engaging all the energies of his head and heart—leading and directing all his operations. A deep and abiding impression was made upon his mind that it was his duty to visit the old countries—his native land and England, and that great

good to the cause of God would result from his labors there. He disclosed his project to his friends, some of whom were at first disposed to treat it as chimerical, but seeing his earnestness and unwavering confidence in his Heaven-suggested scheme, his brethren of the Conference, granted him leave of absence, that he might carry out his design. He visited Montreal and Quebec ; and finally crossed the Great Waters, thus gaining the object of his most ardent desires, the privilege of preaching to his countrymen on their native soil. He spent six years in Ireland and England, visiting their large cities and more important towns. A glorious flame of revival attended wherever he went. The people flocked in crowds to hear him, the majority to wonder and gaze, some to sneer, but many—thank God—remained to pray, repent, agonize, and find pardon. Twenty thousand converted souls, were the fruits of his six year's labor on the other side of the Atlantic. What an astonishing result accomplished by the instrumentality of one faithful servant, in his Master's vineyard! It seems unparalleled in the history of the triumphs of the cross. What an array of redeemed immortals rise up around him, and claim him as their spiritual father!

Since his return from Europe, Bro. Caughey, has been laboring in Canada and the eastern states. The friends of the cause of Christ, in Cincinnati, have succeeded in obtaining a visit from him, and he proposes spending a week or more in each charge of the Queen City. He has labored a week at Ninth street Church, and some fifty have professed conversion, or received the blessing of perfect love. Great interest is manifested, and immense congregations wait upon his ministrations. From present indications, we expect and trust that much good will attend his visit to Cincinnati.

It was in the evening, at Christy Chapel that we heard him. The rain was rapidly falling, and the evening very disagreeable ; and consequently instead of a perfect *jam*, there were only about a good Sunday congregation present. The seats for ladies were rather sparsely occupied. The utmost interest prevailed, and every eye was directed to the pulpit, where sat Mr. Caughey. It was but a moment ; he arose, as the time for services to commence arrived, cast a hurried glance over the congregation, saying

in a manner perfectly natural, and with that peculiar emphasis, and sweet simplicity of a mind deeply impressed with a sense of the Divine presence, "Let us worship God;" and read his hymn clearly, and with *much pathos*. Simplicity, earnestness, and strong faith characterized his introductory prayer. A portion of Scripture was read, and another hymn sung, and he rose and gave out his text, reading it twice, distinctly—impressively. In few words he explained the scope and bearing of the passage, and launched into the subject without announcing his divisions, aiming with tremendous energy at the heart and consciences of the hearers. Breathless attention is secured from the commencement to the close, and ever and anon an earnest amen is heard from a dozen voices, and occasionally a shout of Glory, half suppressed, yet from glowing hearts, goes up.

In personal appearance, Mr. Caughey possesses no very striking marks, which some would consider the stamp of genius. He is of about the common size, apparently about forty years of age, black hair, dark complexion, erect in posture, pleasant countenance, and expressive eyes. His voice is neither heavy nor shrill, but very agreeable and susceptible of great compass and power. His gesticulation is natural, somewhat exuberant and sometimes unusual. In speaking of the motives of preachers, and the disregard, which they should have for fame and the riches and honors of the world, he held his hand tightly pressed over his eyes for some time, exclaiming, "*Let me not see them. God forbid that I should see them.*"

He is not what most would call a great preacher, nor is he remarkable for system, or for strong, lengthy, and logical discussion. He evidently aims not at anything great and striking, though he possesses strong imagination and great beauty of fancy. His whole object is to present the truth in Christ, with the demonstration and power of the Holy Ghost. Yet his discourses abound with apt and striking illustrations, and gems of thought, possessing rare brilliancy. And passages of highest sublimity are interspersed through his discourses, which render them exceedingly attractive. As soon as the sermon is ended, mourners are invited to the altar, also those seeking sanctification, and a prayer meeting is held. The peculiarity of his

operations consists in carrying on two revivals at once, a revival in the Church, of holiness, and a revival outside, for sinners. In the afternoon he preaches to the Church, on sanctification, at the close of which, he holds a prayer meeting. A select meeting is held at night, beginning half an hour before the public services, in the preacher's study or some other convenient room, designed for all who are seeking religion or the blessing of perfect love, where the time is spent by all on their knees, while he converses with them presenting appropriate passages of Scripture, asking questions, and exacting vows and promises, to which all present are expected mentally to respond. From this room they adjourn to the Chapel, and public preaching. If all ministers had the faith, earnestness, zeal, and full reliance upon the aid of the Holy Ghost, of James Caughey, what a change would soon be effected in the Church, and in the world! May God give us many more men of the same kind, and arouse the slumbering Church everywhere.

THE NOBLER MODE OF "CHURCH EXTENSION."—The desire to spread and strengthen a *sect* may become an unholy ambition; it may engender a yet ranker sectarian antagonism. There is a mode of "church extension," obnoxious to neither of these evils, nor indeed to any other; hence we deem it the "more excellent way." It is ably sketched in the following paragraphs from the Cincinnati Christian Herald, and every Christian should delight to endorse it.

"We do not ask for your eloquence or your wealth, but for your consecration of heart; for your cultivation of personal holiness; for your growth in grace.

"The kingdom of God is within you.

"Christ has set up his standard there and commenced a career of conquest. But broad domains of thought and feeling are still unsubdued. You cherish unholy habits. You give much of your time to pursuits that are hostile to Him. Satan holds many a fortress over which the black flag of sin is unfurled, while a host of carnal lusts rally around it!

Here, then, is a work for you, Christian. A *great* work. Every pure desire which you cherish—every holy habit which you form, every part of your nature which you permit the Holy Spirit to cleanse and sanctify, is an extension of Christ's kingdom—an extension of the church.

Poetry.

The following lines were forwarded to us some time ago, but by some means they have heretofore been overlooked. The writer will please pardon the delay.

EDS.

ORIGINAL.

PARADOX.

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

A prisoner I am,
Fast fettered is my wing,
And yet on pinions free
I soar on high and sing.

Faith bears the sinking spirits up;
Faith makes sweet the bitterest cup.

I'm weary, faint, and sick,
And gnawing pains distress me;
Yet I'm active, strong, and well,
With nothing to oppress me.

Faith makes the heaviest burden light;
Faith turns to day the darkest night.

I'm panting now with thirst;
Thick darkness gathers o'er me;
And yet I quaff of "living streams,"
And all is light before me.

He whose presence makes my day,
Chases every cloud away.

I am a lonely thing,
No kindred souls around me;
Yet while here I lie and sing
Bright angel bands surround me.
And Jesus too is ever near,
Even my faintest wish to hear.

On stormy seas I'm tossed,
Wild waves are bursting o'er me;
Yet on placid stream I glide,
With waters calm before me.
With faithful Pilot ever near,
My frail and trembling bark to steer.

O happy, happy state,
 By faith's strong eye to see ;
 " Though sorrowing, yet glad ;"
 " Though bond, yet ever free."
 Poor in the fleeting things of earth,
 Yet rich in those of greater worth.

Cleveland.

SELECTED.

THE WAY OF HOLINESS,

Isaiah xxxv. 8-10,

BY W. T. E.

How beauteous are their feet
 Who walk in this highway ;
 They're shod with heavenly peace,
 In search of endless day :
 Their features glisten in the light
 Of holy thought and purpose right.

The way these pilgrims tread
 Was cast up by their Lord ;
 They're from his table fed—
 Directed by his Word :
 A cloud of joyful witnesses
 Are swelling *now* his worthy praise !

They've left their labor here
 For an eternal rest—
 Obtained by faith and prayer
 A home among the blest ;
 Where holiness will ever reign,
 Dispelling guilt, and fear, and pain !

Come, let us join the train
 Ascending Zion's mount ;
 Cleansing from every stain,
 And quaffing from the fount :
 The fount of purity and love—
 'Tis at the throne of God above !

SELECTED.

THIRTY LEADINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

[From an old English work.]

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—*Rom.* viii. 14.

Have I been led by the Spirit
 To **FEEL** that I by nature am a child of sin and death ?
 To **MOURN** that I have gone astray e'er since I drew my breath ?
 To *make a true confession* that I merit endless woe ?
 To *fight* against the world, and flesh, and my satanic foe ?
 To *trust* alone in Jesus' blood so freely shed for me ?
 To **SEE**, by faith, that all my sins He bore upon the tree ?
 To **TAKE** *Him* as my righteousness, my title to the skies ?
 To **VIEW** *Him* as my only and atoning sacrifice ?
 To **OWN** the Lord of Glory as my Prophet, Priest, and King ?
 To **TALK** of His salvation and delight His love to sing ?
 To **SPEAK** of his Divinity, believing He is God ?
 To **YIELD** unfeigned obedience, and tread the path He trod ?
 To **PRACTICE** self denial, and to bear my daily cross ?
 To **LOVE** the dear Redeemer, and "count all things else but dross ?"
 To **REST** on all the promises, receiving them by faith ?
 To *search the Scriptures* prayerfully, to see what Jesus saith ?
 To **BOW** to all his wise decrees, and suffer all His will ?
 To **HEAR** in tribulation's hour his whisper, "Peace, be still ?"
 To **PROVE** myself a fruitful branch of Christ, the living Vine ?
 To **GROW IN GRACE** and knowledge too, and in His image shine ?
 To **WASH** my robes in Jesus' blood, and feel my sins forgiven ?
 To **PRAY** for holiness of heart, and rendered meet for heaven ?
 To **FEED** by faith, with thankfulness, on Christ, the heavenly bread ?
 To **SEEK** a closer union with Him my living Head ?
 To **MANIFEST** an active zeal to circulate his Word ?
 To *be "always abounding in the work of Christ my Lord ?"*
 To strive by every lawful means to benefit mankind ?
 To **SHOW** in all I say and do a meek and heavenly mind ?
 To **HOPE** to see my Saviour Christ in yonder bright abode ?
 To **WORSHIP** in a Trinity the unity of God ?

ALL SELF-COMPLACENCY is excluded in the experience of holiness. However deep our peace, however freely justified and uncondemned we stand before the cross, abasement before God is the attitude of the soul praising the grace which saves to the uttermost.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

The following extract from a letter lately received, will be read with interest and profit. But for its great length, the whole letter might have been properly inserted. After certain other statements, the writer proceeds:—

I now saw that to exercise faith in God, would be to leap out of a “waste-howling wilderness,” upon the green, fertile, solid ground in the midst of the ocean. I saw that all my struggle was with those things that hindered my confidence in God, my reliance upon Christ. I knew that without faith it was impossible to please God, and I began to ask the Lord at once to show me the way of faith as it was taught in his word. I desired to have complete victory over sin, to have sweet communion with God, to love my neighbor as myself, and seek his good to edification. I wanted to know Jesus as my present Saviour from all sin, and seek the glory of God as the single undeviating purpose of my life. Again I covenanted with God, that if he would give the victory, and the evidence that my heart was cleansed from sin, my future life should be entirely devoted to his service:—and here I could proceed no farther, my strength failing me to such a degree, that I could scarcely utter a word. I went to the meeting, Saturday evening, deeply convinced of the awful sin of unbelief. When Br. G. knelt down to pray, he commenced preaching a sermon to me upon that very sin. This was his text, “He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar.” John v: 10. I saw then and there as I never did before, how exceedingly wicked it was to disbelieve God; and immediately many passages of Scripture were presented to my mind, encouraging my faith, and they seemed to draw me nearer the throne. I felt unbelief give way in a measure, the clouds began to disperse, light glimmered from on high, and I felt a joy like that which we feel when expecting to meet a beloved, long-absent friend. I continued in this peace of mind during the Sabbath, at times feeling, especially in the afternoon, when Br. G. was reading to us the “will of God, even our sanctification,” just like leaping, or, as he told me on

Friday, like jumping right into the arms of the blessed Saviour. After the sermon in the evening, and while singing at the altar, "Glory to the Lamb," I felt faith spring up in my heart without any effort of my own, almost causing me to shout aloud to Jesus:—I caught a view of my Saviour, and wanted immediately to be alone, and pour out my soul before him. After my return home, I began to lift up my eyes to the "hills from whence cometh our help," and the Lord did send me help from his holy place; my heart melted down before him like wax before a blazing fire; he discovered my heart to me, and showed me clearly that *I had no righteousness at all*. An awful dread came over me, and I felt that I deserved nothing but banishment from his presence and the glory of his power. In that solemn moment I felt the power of God settling down upon me, and I beheld the Lamb of God taking away my sins. Then I felt that I had redemption through his blood. I had the happy assurance that "my Beloved" was mine, and I was his. This evidence continues to the present moment. "My soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit did rejoice in God my Saviour" with joy unutterable and full of glory. With many tears I said, "Glory to the Lamb! glory to the Lamb! Hallelujah to Jesus, my sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb!"

Since that delightful evening, December 24th, I have been enabled to hang, moment by moment, by faith upon the dear Redeemer, and his praise has been continually in my mouth. O glory to the Lord forever, what a salvation is this! I have freedom from sin, constant peace, and not an unholy desire. My heart grows warm while I am writing. My soul is sweetly at rest, and I desire no other portion on earth or heaven.

Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I drink and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof,
Ah! who that loves can love enough.

The Lord shows me clearly, what is pleasing to him, and I am enabled continually to do his will in love. I receive daily from him strength and peace, and I have nothing to do for him but what I love to do—praise mingled with every duty. The least omission pains me exceedingly. I cannot tell you how grieved

I felt, in not being able to witness for God in the meeting. I wept excessively, all the way home; but it drove me to the blood again, which makes the wounded whole.

While praying this morning, the thought that God would hear *me*, and answer *my prayer*, humbled me in the dust at his feet; and then he gave me such a sense of his presence, and such a view of the fulness of his grace in Jesus for *me*, that it quite overwhelmed me, and while wave after wave of love and glory rolled over my soul, tears poured in streams from my eyes, and I exclaimed,

*My God, my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In thee my vast desires are filled,
And all my powers rejoice.
From thee alone my joys shall rise
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies
And all created bounds.
Long as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King and God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.*

Oh! glory be to God for these foretastes of heaven! May eternity be spent in these sublime pleasures and joys! I feel that I have already begun my eternal song, and with all my heart ascribe salvation and honor, dominion and majesty, to Him that sits on the throne, and to the Lamb forever, who has *loved me*, and ransomed me with his precious blood. Glory to the Lamb! I hope to gain the skies through the blood of the Lamb. Glory to the Lamb forever! glory to the Lamb!

The commencement of the new year has been the most solemn and the most joyful period of my life: the Lord has made it the commencement of a new era in my religious experience. I know I still inhabit a tenement of clay, and I have no confidence in the flesh, for every hour's experience convinces me more and more that I am a sinner saved by grace; still I live, "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I now live in the flesh, is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." I now desire to serve God understandingly, faithfully, cheerfully. *His yoke is easy and his burden is light.* I praise him for the facilities offered me of late, for learning his will and my privilege, and I esteem the

instruments very highly for their works' sake. Will you pray for me, that the anointing "which I have received of him may abide in me," and that I may so abide in him, "that when he shall appear I may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

L. G. P.

ORIGINAL.

SHE, "BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH"

SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN.—The following is the experience of our departed Sister Lockwood, who died some few months since at Victory Mills in this charge. On her dying bed, when her recovery began to be doubtful, she sent for me and committed to my charge the substance of what is here written, with the request that I should prepare it for press, and forward it to the Guide. She was a sister of precious memory, and was, during the past winter, a most *efficient* laborer in our revival in this place. She said she wrote this article while watching with her sick child, who has, since her decease, also departed to the spirit land. As she committed the papers to me, she said, "I became exceedingly happy while writing it."

Affectionately, S. P. WILLIAMS.

I was converted to God Dec. 11th, 1831; and three years afterward received the witness of perfect love. The subject was brought before the congregation of which I was a member, by Bro. Lull. This was the first time I ever heard this doctrine distinctly presented. It was just what I needed. I purchased a book devoted to the subject, and so deeply was I convicted of the need of this grace, that I spent nearly the whole night in reading and praying alternately, yet my soul found not the peace it sought. Through the constant assaults of the enemy of souls, I was thrown into a state almost bordering on despair. At a conference meeting held at our church, I endeavored, in the strength of the Lord, to give a plain statement of my feelings. My confession seemed to astonish all, as from my outward deportment they had judged me a devoted Christian. Indeed, I *had* endeavored to live according to the light I had: my sins were more of omission than commission. So deeply was I convicted for the blessing of inward purity, that I considered no sacrifice too great to make, in order to obtain it, and with joy would have suffered martyrdom, if called to it. Oh, how tempting the martyr's crown appeared to me! I had indulged the thought of being a missionary from my earliest recollections. With joy I would have sacrificed friends and home. The glory of God was with me the supreme object of

desire. I thought if I could not be employed in the missionary field, I would gladly be transported to some lonely isle where, in solitude, I might seek that preparation of heart which would fit me for death. I looked at others who, by their holy lives, were better qualified for usefulness than myself, and longed for that sanctified state of heart which would prepare me for the work of my heavenly Father. The precious promise, that "they that turn many to righteousness" shall shine "as the stars for ever and ever," awakened in my heart an ardent desire to lead sinners to the Saviour.

But to return to the subject. At the close of the meeting, Bro. Stillman, who was then our Pastor, came and imparted some suitable instruction, after which, all retired but myself. I resolved never to leave the house until the Lord had fully sanctified my soul. Whenever I had endeavored to make this committal before, the enemy had thwarted me by suggesting that nothing but a disappointment would ensue; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, I was now enabled to repel the suggestion. When I found myself alone, something seemed to whisper in my heart, "you are not alone, for God is here." I knelt and prayed, and Oh! what precious access I was permitted to have at the mercy seat. I asked and received. My tears were speedily dried up. My burden of soul was gone, and I felt an inward consciousness that I was made pure by the blood of the Lamb. I could then have performed any duty. My soul was filled with sweet peace; and it seemed as if I was endowed with new senses — hearing and seeing as I never did before. After retiring from the church, I felt no disposition to mingle in conversation; but wished to be alone with God. In the evening, I again repaired to the sanctuary and took the seat I occupied when the Lord sanctified my soul. Here, in an important sense, I was again alone with God. My soul enjoyed uninterrupted communion with him, and love, like a steady flame, glowed on the altar of my heart. At the close of the sermon an invitation being given to penitents who were seeking the Saviour, and to those who were willing to present them to God in prayer, to gather around the altar, remembering the promise I had made to discharge every known duty, I ventured forward with others and engaged with them in prayer.

In the earnestness of that exercise I wholly lost sight of myself, and of the position which I had assumed.

At a subsequent meeting, held on the same day, the congregation having assembled before the time for commencing public service, the Pastor arose, and remarking that there were some ten minutes which might be improved, requested some one to lead in prayer. I immediately fell on my knees and commenced praying. When I first heard my own voice I was somewhat frightened, but my heart was so full of love and my mind so overflowed with holy thought, that I found myself borne on in my supplications for sinners.

In this manner I continued to perform every known duty, giving glory to God, and blessing the day in which I had resolved to be wholly his.

Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

As it was not customary for females to participate in public exercises, these duties were somewhat crossing, but in their performance I inwardly received a great blessing.

About this time I visited some friends who were not interested in religion, and I was obliged to listen to their idle and vain conversation. Separated from the public means of grace and the society of Christian friends, I became the subject of powerful temptations: but faith in God's promises and prayer gave me the victory. Blessed be God whose kind care is ever over his children, and who will not suffer their feet to slide.

Editorial Miscellany.

WHY ARE THERE NOT MORE WITNESSES OF HOLINESS IN THE CHURCH.

Don't understand us as intending to intimate by this question that the witnesses of the power of Christ to cleanse the soul are not in the aggregate numerous. We rejoice to know that they are told by hundreds and by thousands.

Still they constitute but a small minority of the whole church, and why are they not more numerous?

Certainly the provisions of the gospel are adequate to the highest development of the Christian life in any given number of instances. This is understood by the majority of Christians.

If men would but think they would see that it is obviously easier to maintain a *constant* walk with God, than to get along in the exercise of a remittant piety.

Christ attracts the soul in proportion as the soul draws near him. The facility with which the soul follows the Saviour is, therefore, always greater, as it cleaves with the greater tenacity to him.

In many things the whole is easier of accomplishment than a part. Total abstinence is easier than partial reformation for an inebriate. To walk uprightly is easier than to go half prone or to creep. The *centre* of a "way cast up" is precisely the line where the traveller will find the easiest walking, and where his feet will be least likely to slide.

The soul can only hope to "mount up with wings as eagles," when it has "laid aside *every* weight."

So the man who gives no *quarter* to sinful indulgence or appetites finds it vastly easier to maintain a heavenward direction, than he who allows himself in a variety of oscillations from time to time.

Aside from these considerations men know that holiness is bliss in itself, and bliss is what all seek as by a common intuitive impulse. Its conscious purity—its mute acquiescence in the will of God—its supreme delight in an object always present—its freedom from the antagonisms of sin—its prelibations of the future heaven—these are perpetual sources of bliss to a holy heart.

The wonder that there are not more persons who personally prove the power of Christ to save from all sin is further increased by the consideration that the peculiar spirit of the age is one pre-eminently of inquiry, and enterprise, and progress.. Men evince everywhere the greatest eagerness to make the most of every known truth.

The polarity of the needle has made man at home on the ocean and in the desert.

The knowledge of the expansive power of steam has wrought a revolution in locomotion and commerce, and brought men of the same nation and of every nation into near relations with each other. Some knowledge of electricity has resulted in expedients by which men of distant cities stand talking with each other as if face to face.

Indeed, every new truth of physical science which men acquire may be said to agitate society by its advent; nor do men rest till they have laid the last burden upon the new-comer which it can bear.

But here is the truth of God—truth sent from heaven by express, in the hand of a Mediator—truth baptized in blood, and ordained to save the world—a system of truths, a constellation, a whole heaven of truths. How much can be made of them? Let us know immedi-

a ely, for human want is most pressing. Alas, society exhibits but little indeed of its wonted eagerness to push inquiry, or to test by experiment what may come of the revelation. Nay, the very priests at the altars of God are seen delivering the frequent caution to the worshippers not to expect too much of the system. Strange is it not?

G.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ISRAEL'S SPEEDY RESTORATION AND CONVERSION CONTEMPLATED; or, "Signs of the Times," in *Familiar Letters* by Mrs. Phæbe Palmer, Author of "Way of Holiness," &c.

This pamphlet is a reprint of certain "Letters by a Christian Lady," which appeared in the Christian Advocate and Journal some months ago. They have been republished also, we believe, in the Jewish Chronicle.

The positions taken by the author are, that there are numerous promises in the prophetic writings of the Old and New Testaments, of the recovery of Israel from their dispersions, and of their conversion to Christianity; that as these predictions have not hitherto been fulfilled, the events are to be looked for in the future; and finally, that the signs of the times indicate "Israel's speedy restoration."

Like the other writings from the same pen this pamphlet aims at an immediate and practical result.

The author would move the church to the immediate establishment of a mission in Jerusalem. In this respect we devoutly hope the effort may be successful.

Evidently the subject has been thoroughly and prayerfully considered by the author. The citations from Scripture are very numerous, and many of them are highly apposite.

These "Familiar Letters" are destined without doubt to contribute largely to the awakening of an interest in the church on the subject upon which they treat.

Printed by Gray, 95 Cliff street, New York.

G.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, for April, has come to hand. It is illustrated by upwards of thirty engravings. Its table of contents is varied, embodying much that is interesting and useful. Among other things is an illustrated article on pencil making, and another on a subject which at this time is invested with considerable interest, on Russian serfs and Russian nobles. Boston: Frederick Parker, 50 and 52 Cornhill.

D.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for April, is also received, but too late to admit of an extended notice. *Contents.* I. The Conflict of Ages. II. Revival of the Black Arts. III. Science and Revelation. IV. The Point of Power. V. The Prohibitory Liquor Law. VI. A Theodicy. VII. The Ground and Method of Human Knowledge. VIII. Short Reviews and Notices of Books.

New York: Carlton & Phillips. Boston: J. P. Magee, agent, 5 Cornhill.

D.

ORIGINAL.

THE RESULTS OF HOLINESS ARE DESIRABLE.

BY JESSE T. PECK, D. D.

We ask the reader to recall the proposition with which we began. *It is desirable to be holy.* To make this very evident truth more deeply felt we have referred to the nature of sin, to the effects of sin and to the nature of holiness. The argument would be incomplete if it did not include *the effects* of holiness. These are matters of experience. They can never be appreciated without experience. We begin to realize them at conversion when the work of holiness begins. Happiness which no tongue can describe arising partly out of relief from the enormous burden of sin—from the deep consciousness of guilt, from a terrible sense of the wrath of God, from the awful fear of punishment. Happiness produced in part by the contrast which the soul feels between a state of pardon and a state of condemnation: But besides all this the beginnings of a new and spiritual life. The present manifest workings of the Holy Spirit upon the heart and the feeling of inward renovation are all suited to the constitution of the soul. Where the power of inward depravity is broken, and the feelings, motives, and will are brought into harmony with the will of God, inward comfort and joy are the natural results. And there is happiness in faith; for we are formed to believe;—to trust implicitly in God and the manifestation of a Redeemer, suits precisely this propensity to confide in a power able to support and to ransom us. This is *the rest* of the soul. In unbelief it is “like the troubled sea,” agitated, weary away from home, incapable of repose. In faith the soul is *at home*, and must be happy. And there is happiness in love. We were made to love. The malevolence of sin is its principal virus. No man can be happy with a consciousness of *hate* within him. Hatred to God, to man, even to an enemy, will make the noblest soul upon earth the home of wretchedness. Love harmonizes with a sense of duty—with the primary fundamental laws of the soul; and he who first feels the gentle, sweet, subduing power of love can hardly fail to rejoice. To all

really converted we may say, "whom (Jesus) having not seen ye love. In whom though now ye see him not yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." And then there is bliss imparted—direct—rich beyond description, from the resident God within the converted soul, which is designed to increase forever.

But what Christian does not know that this inward joy meets with sad interruptions from the rising power of inward depravity. This, it cannot be denied, disturbs the moral harmony upon which happiness depends, renders it irregular and uncertain in proportion to its amount and force. And to give permanence and certainty to the bliss of conversion it must be totally removed. If it were to be always kept under, if as a source of temptation it were *never* to gain the mastery, the enjoyments of the soul great as they are, would be far less than in a state of perfect purity. If salvation in part—if the beginnings of sanctification are capable of producing so much substantial joy, how much more may be realized when the work is complete? This is clear from a prior evidence, but experience must destroy every vestige of doubt. That this deep, pervading, elevating and abiding joy in the state of entire sanctification is known, is matter of fact which both really and comparatively shows how desirable it is to be holy.

But the moral power it imparts, greatly strengthens the argument. The power to glorify God is fearfully impaired by indwelling sin. The sad accusations of conscience, of history, and of revelation against believers, are in evidence of this. Sin utterly destroyed, the soul, athirst for God and swallowed up in his love and the Divine glory, rises above every other consideration in earth or heaven. With what clearness and force can the soul wholly cleansed, glorify God by reflecting his image, by presenting truthfully his power to save, by showing the Divine reality—the superhuman strength of experimental godliness. How conclusively it refutes all cavil in regard to experimental religious verities, silences infidelity and dissipates fear by the indubitable evidence of fact which all men can see and no man dispute. This is bringing glory to God by confounding his enemies, by demonstrating his claims and illustrating his

living power to save the lost—a style of logic which transcends all the dictations of scholasticism and leaves nothing to desire. And how potent is the arm which is thus held out to the feeble in virtue. What encouragement to the halting and despairing. The living demonstration of the power of grace lifts up the head that was bowed down to the dust, and the sweet, inspiring language of love invites the timid forward in the way to heaven with a charm which multitudes are unable to resist. The work of God strengthens and revives, sinners are saved by scores and hundreds, by the living power of perfect love. We have but to suppose the whole Church of God completely ransomed and burning with love that casts out fear, to have some idea of the power in this experience to promote the glory of God. Who doubts—who *can* doubt that the aggressive energy of the Church would be then immutable and that the earth would soon be full of the glory of God as the waters cover the sea? The results of holiness. They can never be shown by Rhetoric or Logic. They cannot be appreciated without trial. We must feel the power of full salvation to know it. We must prove it when we are called to grapple with the monster death—must enjoy it in the thrill of delight which heaven will bring to the enraptured soul—must see it in the glory that beams from the Triune God in that bright world—must hear it in the songs and hallelujahs of redeemed ones, and angels, and seraphs, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are forever at rest. Desirable! Ah! if it be desirable to be relieved from all fear—to be elevated to a state of calm and permanent bliss—to be able to glorify God even in the fire—to be ready for death without a moment's warning—to live with God forever, it is desirable to be holy.

WHEN the Lord reigns Supreme in the heart, how easily, how naturally holy aspirations arise, at all times, in all places, and in all circumstances.

A moment's divine recognition is the sweetest of all self-justification.

ORIGINAL.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE.—NO. 4.

BY IDA.

My Dear Sister W—, While relating to a brother a few evenings since, the incident narrated in my last, he became deeply interested in the doctrine therein inculcated, and expressed an ardent desire to attain to the same grace. He described his state of mind, which was very nearly the same as others describe, who are not in possession of this blessing. I read to him from the Word, a portion of the testimony relating to it, so that he might understandingly seek, and claim the promise, "Ye shall be baptised with the Holy Ghost."

We knelt in prayer. He led, and was definite in his request, but his faith did not grasp the prize. I felt the spirit of supplication was graciously imparted to me. I felt that I could enter even within the rent veil, and plead with God. The brother's faith, united with mine, and the mighty baptism came, while "Glory! glory!" burst forth from our joyous hearts. It was glory all around, and within us.

In testifying of the work wrought, the next evening in the prayer-meeting, he said that his whole body felt the power of God, and it seemed as though he could gaze into heaven! He confessed after its reception, that he had once before received the blessing, but yielded to the temptation that it was *fanaticism*, and said nothing about it; consequently lost it.

While visiting at the town of G—, I attended a female prayer-meeting. A young disciple present, prayed with deep feeling and much earnestness for the blessing. The Spirit made intercession for her, and she was brought to the point, to claim it by simple faith. This she failed to do, but left the point, and began to pray for other objects. When she did this, she began to sink in her feelings, and subsequently arose in much heaviness. The ensuing week, I found myself again at the house of prayer. The sister was there too, and with a heart still more intensely panting for the blessing. Again she prayed

with fervency for its bestowment. "Lord," said she, "I will be Thine! I give myself to Thee! I lay all upon thine altar! O receive me! Bless me, O my Father! Sanctify me wholly! Baptize me with the Holy Ghost!" And thus she plead for some time, and brought by the power of the Spirit again to the point of reception. I could see it almost in her grasp, but there was a fearfulness to venture by naked faith. Such was the interest of my own heart, I cried out, Believe, and it is done! O how I longed to take the step for her! But unbelief overpowered her, and she arose unblest. Upon leaving the house I walked in company with her, and began to inquire of her why she did not believe when she prayed, that she did receive that for which she asked? "O" said she, "I want to *feel* that I receive it, before I believe!" "But it is on the condition of *faith* that you are to receive, and you cannot therefore have the witness of its reception until you comply with that condition. 'He that *believeth*, hath the witness, none other.' Supposing you were in need of money, and I should say to you, if you will go home with me I will give you ten dollars, would you go?" "Yes" said she, "I would" "Why would you go?" "Because I should believe you had told me the truth, and would give me the money." "Now," said I, "although a stranger to you, yet you would place implicit confidence in my word, and expect, when you complied with the condition, that you would receive the money. If you will now exercise the same faith in God, you would in me, the blessing is yours. I might deceive you; God cannot." I left her a few steps from her own door, and before I reached my own dwelling, God gave me the assurance that she was blest. The glory came, and filled my soul to overflowing. When I saw her soon afterward, she stated that she retired immediately to her room, and ventured all upon the promise of God, and the baptism of the Spirit descended with power upon her heart. Since that, she has loved to speak to others of the simplicity of the way of faith. I might cite other examples, but have not room in this letter. You will not understand me, dear sister, as taking any glory to myself, by alluding to the results which have followed my own personal efforts. I speak of these because I have a clearer understanding

of their case, than of those with which I have had no connection. God chooses weak instruments, oftentimes, for the accomplishment of his purposes, and as well might the axe oppose itself to him that wieldeth it, as for man to exalt himself, instead of God. Yours in love.

IDA.

ORIGINAL.

ALWAYS REJOICING.

NO. II.

BY A STUDENT.

Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.—*Phil. iv. 4.*

“I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation.” What a testimony is this! That tribulation which Paul speaks of was not a little—half of it was not a little—taken altogether, it was “great tribulation.” And yet some of us may sometimes think that there are circumstances harder than any that Paul was brought into, and we wonder if he would have been exceedingly joyful in them too. If exceeding joy can co-exist with exceeding sorrow, there could be no circumstance in which he might not be exceedingly joyful. Or if it is the privilege of the saint of God to have so much holy joy as to outdo any degree of sorrow, and banish it from the consecrated soul as it is banished from heaven, then Paul would be sure of being able to rejoice exceedingly in the worst of situations. It seems that on one or the other foundation, he is sure of being able to triumph over every source of sorrow. And if it was so with him, why is it not so with us? I know it to be true that God sometimes bids sorrow to depart entirely from the soul, when to the outward eye it would appear from the circumstances that sorrow must be the largest sharer of the soul, and that only a few rays of joy could get admission there. I wonder if the three Hebrews had any sorrow when they were walking in the fire? Or were their souls carried as much above the power of sorrow, as their bodies were above the power of fire? I wonder if Daniel so feared the lions when put into the den with them, that he had sorrow on account of being put

there? or did he look upon them only as harmless because restrained by the power of God? But these are extreme cases. So they are; and for this very reason,—for the reason that according to the usual operation of nature's laws they were scenes past endurance, God either so stimulated one principle to operate with unwonted strength, or bade another to draw back and not work at all, that the extremity of the occasion might be met. And the soul, as well as the body, felt this Divine adjustment. We are now-a-days sometimes brought into great extremities; and why do we not look for Divine interference to extend as far beyond the usual dealings of the Divine Hand, as the extremity of the occasion extends beyond common occasions? O Lord, increase our faith!

On every occasion of sorrow there are alleviating circumstances to which we can turn and get glimpses of comfort; and indeed the Christian has positive sources of *joy*. Whether we take of the refreshing draught as freely as we may or not, the living streams still flow on. In the darkest day, the angels are singing to us above the clouds; whether we hear them or not. We always do hear them in some degree, or else we should die in the midst of our sorrow. We sip a little of the cooling streams, else our tongues would cleave to the roof of our mouths. But why this stinted sipping? Why do we not drink freely, that the thirst which grief is causing may be allayed? Why do we not draw large consolations from the fountain of God's wisdom, benevolence—and more than parental kindness? We know that "He is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." We know, too, that He does not give us up to the chances of the winds for a single moment; for this would not be kind in him, since we have abandoned all other resorts and come to him as our Everlasting Refuge. When he suffers us to be afflicted, why do we not go as directly as we can to the fountain of his Love and from thence draw strong consolation in remembrance that his thoughts are deep—that his plans reach from eternity to eternity, taking in time as a span's breadth; and that of their own nature, many of his ways cannot be other than beyond our penetration? I have no doubt Paul drew consolation from all these sources; and in addition to these, he had the oil of holy gladness poured

continually upon his head by the Holy Ghost. He was in extreme cases most of his time, after he began to preach the resurrection of Jesus. And if he had not been in extreme cases ; if he, being a consecrated and pure minister of the Lord Jesus, had passed on smoothly among his countrymen and among the heathen, why might he not have had continual joy in the Holy Ghost ? He was in sorrow sometimes, he tells us. He was not only where sorrow might be felt, but he *felt* sorrow, yet he rejoiced in the midst of it. I do not suggest that joy would be given on all occasions, even if we looked for it, sufficient to drive *all* sorrow away ; but that it is sometimes so given ; and that in the greatest extremity. The death of a child is an awfully extreme case to a mother. Not a day ago I was conversing with a mother who had had an only daughter taken from her at twelve years of age. I asked her how she was sustained under it. She said, " When I first began to see that the child was likely to die, I thought I should die too. I prayed for its life. Soon I began to pray for the sanctification of the child ; and before long *I began to feel that it was best for the child to die.* I was astonished at my own feelings ever after that. *I was perfectly sustained.*"

I could have cried out, when she was speaking, O God ! what canst thou not do with the human heart ? Not a year ago I heard a mother, in the decline of life, speaking of the death of her youngest son—a young man of twenty years—whom she expected to have lived with her until she went into her grave. She told me when she felt the last pang on account of his death. She was walking in sight of the fields in which he had taken so much pleasure, and which he had anticipated cultivating to a great degree of fruitfulness. She then felt anew the pang of grief—seeing that his expectation and hers was so suddenly cut off. At that moment such a view was given her of the fields of celestial beauty in the immediate realms of God, where her son had gone to be a possessor, that she felt no more sorrow on account of his absence from her fields here, and had not from that moment afterwards. People continued to call her a bereaved and sorrowful mother, but with her, joy had taken the place of sorrow.

What I wish to ask, is—Is it not the privilege of the pure in heart to have joy in the Holy Ghost always? I mean not only may we not go at any time and voluntarily draw consolation from the sources given us, but may we not believe in God for the work of the Holy Ghost in shedding upon us clear rays of continual joy, as well as believe that He will give us continual love and peace? In the sacred enumeration of the fruits of the Spirit, I think joy comes next to love. If this order of placing terms has any importance, it is in favor of the prominence of joy as a work of the Divine Spirit. I am sure that the true philosopher would give joy a prominent place in the exercises of a mind whose emotions he was arranging for the most efficient operation. And all true philosophy certainly shows the Divine arrangement. It has often seemed to me that the joy of Christians—of perfect Christians even, is not as constant as the Bible indicates it might be. They need the strong and regular pulse of joy in God, setting all the machinery of the emotions into action, like the strong beating of the heart in health, giving life to the whole organization. Some may say that I give too much importance to the emotions, but the emotions spring directly upon the other faculties when they are touched, so that if an emotion is strongly moved, some other faculty will be moved. And what emotion sets more faculties into action, and into stronger action, and more bliss-making action, than joy does? We may answer that love does, and that it is equal to all demands. But love is more than an emotion. And when love gets to a certain growth it seeks to be always accompanied by joy. So it seems to me.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost and perished in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

COMMUNICATED.

BELIEVE THAT YE RECEIVE AND YE SHALL HAVE.

DEAR BROTHER,—

Believing that as Christians it is our duty when we receive good ourselves to communicate it as far as possible to others, and having been deeply interested, and I trust somewhat profited, by the perusal of the following letter, I send it to you for publication. It was addressed by a Minister of the Gospel to the Rev. J. Caughey, while laboring in Birmingham, England, and contains a statement of his views, experience, &c., and the difficulties he met with in the matter of exercising *present* faith by the attainment of full salvation, and the manner he overcame them, or to use his own phraseology, "how he got out of the fog into the sunshine of perfect love."

A COSTANT READER OF THE GUIDE.

March 11, 1846.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

Allow me to call you so: I have had many thoughts about writing to you, and have often wished either to have an interview, or in this way to lay before you some of the difficulties that have perplexed my mind respecting your "Penitent Meetings," "Calling persons forward to the communion rail," and "Faith as to instantaneous sanctification." Though I have had many reasonings concerning the latter doctrine, about twelve or fourteen months ago I cordially embraced it, and began to seek the blessing. But my views of faith prevented me from obtaining it. However, thank God, I have now got out of the fog into the clear atmosphere, and I see the glorious sun and rejoice in its bright beams. On Friday evening last I was in Birmingham, and heard you preach at Wesley Chapel; and at the close of your sermon, while on my knees with the congregation, I was enabled to believe and realize the blessing. Glory be to God! I afterwards went into the vestry, according to your public request, to register my name; and my object in writing is to state to you, if you will have the patience, some of my difficulties respecting faith, and how I got over them. Residing at —, I have not had an opportunity of hearing you every week, but did hear the sermon on "The substitutes for believing;" yet I fancied they would not meet my case. For years I have reasoned much on the subject of believing, and although I have directed penitents to say, "By his stripes we are healed," yet I never could bring my mind to approve and cordially to receive the

doctrine that seems to be taught in the text, "Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have." To believe what I could not feel, I considered to be unreasonable. I have argued this point with ministers and others for hours together, but without receiving light ; for after all that was said it still appeared to me to be impossible. I maintained that the object of faith was Christ, his divinity, incarnation, sufferings, death, resurrection, and intercession, &c.; and to believe that we receive, was putting the blessing in the place of Christ, and opening a door for enthusiasm and antinomianism ; and further more that the Scriptures ever hold out *Jesus* as the object of faith and assure us that when we believe on him (not when we believe that we receive) we shall be saved. In support of this I quoted Acts xvi. 30, 31. Rom. x. 6, 9. Jno. iii. 14 to 18, 36. Also vi. chap. 47 verse, in all of which I maintained, Christ was the object of faith alone,—and that no place could be found in which the penitent was exhorted to believe, that he was pardoned, but that if he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ he should be pardoned or saved. And thus I considered I had the authority of God's word for rejecting the doctrine generally deduced from the text. "Believe that ye receive, &c." For many years I held this view : but, on further reflection, I was led to see that pardon and salvation were the chief objects of desire to the penitent ; and that he must believe in Christ in order to receive these blessings, so that after all there was a sense in which he must believe, that, for Christ's sake, i. e. on account of his atonement, he did receive them, and that consequently both Christ and Salvation were the objects of faith :—the atonement as the redemption price ; liberty as the blessing procured. It appeared evident that Christ must be believed on, because he is "the way, the truth and the life ;" the "one mediator," the only "sacrifice for sins," the only "foundation," the only "name given," and as our salvation was the ultimate design of his sacrificial death, we must believe that we receive it through him or for his sake. Merely to believe that Christ came into the world and died, could only affect us as a matter of history, or as an affecting narrative and as far as salvation was concerned would leave us where we were before. But to believe that he died for *me*, paid

my debt, was delivered for *my* offences, and rose again for *my* justification, and that by his stripes *I am healed*, is a very different thing, and makes the death of Christ avail for me: then faith in Christ is believing for salvation. When this view began to open before me, I commenced an examination of the above texts again, and soon discovered that the chief object of desire with the jailor was salvation. His soul was agitated with a sense of guilt, and trembling with fear he came and fell down before the Apostles, saying "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Salvation then was the object of his desire, and for this he was directed to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and the promise was annexed, "thou shall be saved," when thou believest; so that he had really to believe that he did receive. I saw also that in the tenth chapter of Romans where the Apostle discourses on the plan of salvation, i. e. the way in which sinners are justified or made righteous, the same view is presented. "Christ" we are there taught, "is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," that is faith in Christ accomplishes the same object as perfect obedience to the law would have done it; it secures life: and believing with the heart, and confessing with the mouth, are in order to salvation. When these texts were made plain, I saw that all others taught the same thing.

I now wondered I had not seen this before. But my difficulties were not yet all removed. That which was the last to give way was the following, which I will endeavor to state as clearly as possible:—All rational belief, I argued, must be the result of conviction, and all conviction must be the result of evidence, and all evidence must arise from existence. This appeared to be self-evident: and therefore I argued, no evidence can possibly outstrip existence; and no rational belief can possibly go beyond the boundaries of evidence; and therefore for a man to believe that he receives, before he does, is absurd and unreasonable, if not impossible. None but an enthusiast can do it. So plain and clear did this appear to me, that I conceived it to be perfectly unanswerable. On the 6th of February, I went to Birmingham and heard you preach in Cherry-St. Chapel, from Mark xi. 24. "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." In the

course of the sermon you related a conversation between a Baptist and a Wesleyan minister, in which some doubt being expressed as to the correctness of the translation, the original was examined and found to be in the indicative mood, present tense, as rendered in our version. I remembered at the time that there was another reading by Griesbach, but did not recollect what was the strength of its authority ; I determined, however, on the following morning, if spared, to examine for myself. At the close of your discourse you exhorted the people to test the promise and called upon them to kneel. I thought to myself, at all events I'll try. I did so, and felt the power of God. But the recollection that there was another reading, and that I had always explained the text by the words "Ask and ye shall receive," hindered me again and again from taking God at his word. A friend afterwards remarked to me, "how simple!" Not wishing to discourage him, I replied, "yes ;" but thought at the same time that could he have seen the difficulties that I did, he would not think so. On the following morning I examined the Greek text and found the different readings to be in the second aorist, and that it was marked by Griesbach as being inferior to the text, but worthy of further examination. Now, thought I, whatever difficulties my logic may interpose, I must respect and believe the word of God, which requires me to believe that I receive. I prayed as I have done scores of times before, but all this time I hesitated, and my logic kept me in unbelief. On examining parallel texts, I found not only the command, "Ask and ye shall receive" but the assurance, that "every one that asketh *receiveth*," as well as the invitation to come boldly to the throne of grace that we may *obtain* and *find*.

Still, the thought that no rational belief can go beyond the bounds of evidence, and evidence cannot outstrip existence, prevented me from believing ; and thus wavering between the text of God's word and the deductions of reason, I was thrown into a state of great perplexity. Pained at the thought that I would not honor and credit God's word, I strove again and again to believe, but as often as the attempt was made, the suggestion

would again recur, "to believe without evidence would be both unreasonable and enthusiastic." At length in the midst of this perplexity my mind was directed to the prophecies, which I remembered foretold things that had no actual existence, and that when I believed them, I was allowing my belief to go beyond the bounds of evidence, and to rest on the word of another. I had thought of them before, but had always satisfied my mind by saying, "they have an actual existence in the purpose of God, and they shall be as they are appointed." I did not see that that *purpose* was *evidence* to me, and that when I believed them, I was believing the word of another, and that that word was my *only* evidence. I now began to think there might be a similarity between the word of prophecy and the word of promise. They both rest upon the veracity of Jehovah, and that veracity was evidence upon which I might lean without enthusiasm: and if I could believe the word of prophecy before it was accomplished, I could see no reason why I should not also believe the word of promise. Again, thought I, is not wishing to feel before I believe, like a person wishing to taste before he begins to eat; and may there not be as close a connection between the former as the latter? In this way I tried to bring myself to submit to God. I prayed and reasoned about the Divine goodness, love and faithfulness; the fulness and sufficiency of the atonement, &c., while I cried,

"Jesus see my panting breast;
See I pant in thee to rest!"

&c., till Friday night last, when you called the congregation to kneel with you. I remember that you had stated, that if we would *touch* the promise, alluding to the figure taken from electricity, we would feel its power. I did so, and experienced a thrill of glory spreading over my entire frame, filling me, not only with rapture, but calm joy, peace and gratitude. Instantly the thought came, "do not mistake this for the blessing of purity," but as quickly the thought followed, "in what way could the Holy Spirit witness with my spirit but in this." All my impressions of outward things are conveyed through the body, and all my inward impressions must in some way affect the body: at

all events I will not reason. I do believe! I do believe! Glory be to God!"

Pardon me for thus trespassing upon your time, and believe me very sincerely and affectionately yours,

ORIGINAL.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY PORT-FOLIO.

BY P. P.

WILL YOU KNOW THE SECRET.

Would you like to know how this hour may be made the most memorable for good of all your earthly history. Well there is a secret of which I may tell you which may thus memorialize this period.

But the *knowledge* of this secret involves *responsibilities* on both your part, and my own, and I must hesitate in divulging it until I may surely know that these responsibilities will be met. The responsibility incurred on your part will be the fact of *knowing* that which you will acknowledge to be for your highest good. To know this will involve the necessity of *doing* it, for how can you know that which you will acknowledge to be as far reaching as eternity, for good to yourself and others, without meeting an imperative requirement for the needful *action*. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." The responsibility of divulging this secret, on my own part I will explain.

The secret is, "The secret of the Lord," and so wonderful is it, that my divulging it to you may make me the savour of death unto death to you in case it does not by compliance on your part become a savour of life unto life. Now do not understand that I would inspire your heart with dread. For there are many who on coming to a period in their history when they have resolved at all hazards to know this secret, have dated it as the most memorable period of their lives, not only in view of their greater usefulness, but also in view of far greater *enjoyment*. Scores among my more intimate friends now stand ready to say that the benefit they derived from the moment they fully learned this secret, made it by far the most memorable period of their

lives. This secret was made known to the writer from the hour she fully resolved to "sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself, in her heart," with the solemn purpose that he *alone* should be her fear and her dread. Come to this resolve *now*, before you proceed a step further, and the secret I have proposed to reveal will have been more than half learned.

THE SECRET.

"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." And now with the resolve fixed that you will not let earthly friends, or any sublunary interests whatever stand between God and your soul, you will be prepared to listen to what I would tell you of the secret by which this period of your history may be distinctly marked for good. The knowledge of this secret stands connected with the *act* of giving yourself up in the bonds of an everlasting covenant to God. This is the will of God concerning you, and if you will now do the will of God, you shall now know what I would tell you.

You need not take hours in doing it. I do not mean that I would have you do this without counting the cost. But if you had in your possession that which by your own frequent acknowledgments belonged to another, would it be needful to take a great while in counting the cost in view of an entire surrender. Has not Christ purchased all? Suppose you should now sit down and take an inventory of all you possess, and all you ever expect to possess, and imagine that so great were the sum that a whole year were required in making out the items. Could you on retracing the list, find a single item worth possessing, but what *already* belongs to God. Then why linger for one moment in giving up all to God. Why wait to make out your inventory as though optional with yourself to withhold this or the other object. God is now saying "ye are not your own." Acknowledge his claim on the entire service of your whole being, thus will you manifest before God, angels, and men, that you fear him above all earthly objects, and you still will have a faithful revelation of what you have so long desired—the secret—of eminent devotedness and eminent usefulness.

You see your duty. The word of God makes it plain. And now that you *know* your duty, will you now be answerable to

the responsibilities which this knowledge involves! Do you now make the surrender, and enter into the bonds of an everlasting covenant with God! Then go on, and from this moment *act* upon the acknowledged principle "*I am* the Lords." By the evident absorption of your powers in the service of your Redeemer, let the manifestation if your life be eminent and entire devotedness. If you so fear the Lord as to make him *alone* your fear and your dread, you will not let the opinion of friends however dear, or worldly interests however desirable, prevent you from being instant in season, out of season in winning souls to Christ. Jesus will enter the temple of your heart which you have set apart wholly for Him. He will come and bring His Father with Him, the Holy Spirit will take up his abode with you, and from this hour you will become a habitation for the Holy Trinity, and who can tell of the memorable, far reaching consequences of what may with you be the experience of this solemn hour, if you will be true to what you now know to be the secret of the Lord.

HOW DOING IS CONNECTED WITH KNOWING, ILLUSTRATED.

I will illustrate how *this* doing stands connected with *knowing*. A person such as the Saviour might have looked upon and loved, said to her friend, "I have been wishing to converse with you on the subject of holiness. There is something about it which I cannot understand." She was intelligent, and lovely and possessed of ability for exceeding usefulness, and her friend yearning for her entire devotedness said,

"Do you *do* as far as you *know*. God has long been saying to you, "ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." You do not need farther light in relation to the duty of entire consecration. Have you consecrated yourself wholly to God?" She manifested much emotion and exclaimed,

"Ah that is the way it always comes to me—I *know* I do not *do* as far as I *know*."

Her friend assured her that it was necessary to do the will of God as far as she knew, if she would know farther of the doctrine, and after having proceeded in doing the will of God thus far, she might at once expect farther revelations of the light, but

otherwise *knowledge* would only increase her *responsibility*—for the servant that *knew* his master's will, and did it not, was to be beaten with many stripes."

Another of my friends who had spent weeks in inquiry on the subject of holiness, with rather a perplexed feeling, concluded that she would cease to occupy her attentions in perplexing inquiries, but would at once consecrate herself wholly to God, and would from that sacred hour act upon the principle that she belonged exclusively to God. In the strength of grace she performed the solemn act, by which she made herself over virtually and forever to God. She began to practice at once on the principle that she belonged to God, and in a moment the Spirit testified with her spirit that God had sanctified her wholly. She being not a forgetful hearer, but a *doer* of the word—was blest in her deed.

SELECTED.

THE SAVIOUR'S MODEL DISCIPLE.

[From "A Lamp to the Path."]

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.—*Mark xviii. 2, 3.*

A little child, then, was the Saviour's model disciple; and what are the characteristics of childhood? It is ready to associate with any who are friendly to it. Regardless of external distinctions, it will condescend to men even of the lowest estate. And is it not thus that they who are born of God should at all times act? Instead of overbearing arrogance, or selfish endeavors to outstrip or supplant, does not the truth as it is in Jesus teach us to do as a little child instinctively does, to condescend to men of low estate? Are we not taught to esteem others better than ourselves, to love as brethren, to be pitiful and courteous?

Farther, we commonly find a little child transparently guileless. Infancy is proverbially artless; it is reserved for advancing years to develop deceit, or mature the power to be false. And is it not ever so with those who are taught of God? They should be pre-eminently men in whom there is no guile, whose

word is truth, and whose ways are uprightness. Who has not seen the flushed cheek, the quivering lip, and the downcast eye of youth, when first beginning to deceive? A similar confusion would be produced in the conscience of him who is born from above, were he to yield himself up to the guidance of lies. The little child is here again a model.

Or farther: Mark how devoid of care the infantine are. They repose without forethought or fear upon those whom they love—literally and absolutely, they take no thought for to-morrow. Borne up by the arms of affection, and neither doing nor dreading evil, they are kept in perfect tranquillity: every want is attended to, nay, every want is anticipated. A wisdom beyond what the young can fancy, and a love beyond what they can fathom, are engaged on their behalf, and resting upon these, the helpless and the feeble are safe amid a thousand dangers.

Now, is not that a model to be copied by all who know God's name, and put their trust in Him? Are we not told that only the Gentiles are anxious and fretful? Is it not announced as a general maxim, to which there can be no exceptive case, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof?" And is not one of the most exquisite proofs of a particular providence that ever gladdened the heart of man, furnished by the Saviour with the flowers of the field and the birds of the air for his text, just meant to produce a child-like confidence in our heavenly Father?*

And once again: Are not children proverbial for their dependence on a parent's word? Do they not place the most unquestioning confidence in the information of those whom they love? Unless the parent be detected as a deceiver, or unless the child be perverted by the vicious example of those who should train it in the truth, not a doubt is felt regarding the word of those with whom infancy associates. And is not that a perfect model of the trust we should repose in the word of our Father who is in heaven? Are we not both reproved and instructed by such little children, as to implicitly confiding in the promises of the unchanging One?†

* Matt. vi. 25-33.

† See the Domestic Constitution, by Christopher Anderson.

SELECTED.

SHADOWS ON THE HEBREW MOUNTAINS.

BY H. B. S.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"

There are times when the soul of every one is oppressed with the *weariness* of living. What *profit* hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? Living, to most who live earnestly, is rowing a boat hard up-stream; it is full of excitement and stimulus to the vigorous arm and determined eye. There is joy in strife, and pride in overcoming. But still, there are hours when the oar slackens and the arm is listless. One does not want for ever to contend with the mad race of waters, and longs to put out of the current into some quiet cove where sunbeams glitter in golden rings, and overhanging trees make green shadows and soft whisperings—it longs for a *rest*.

There are such internal sheltered nooks and shadowy dells, breezy and fragrant with restful images, in almost every soul—some place to retreat into for quiet thoughts. Is it not so, my friend? You are a mother, perhaps, with more than Martha's care, cumbered with much serving. The arranging and harmonizing of a family, the meeting conflicting claims, the endless work of compromising and peace-making among young and vigorous wills, the guiding inexperienced servants, and entertaining guests, and withal, the heavy anxiety to train aright that which never dies; these of necessity oft bring weariness, and there are times when you are sick of all together. But perhaps sleeping in the cradle is a joyous, beautiful creature, over whom, as yet, sin or sorrow has no power, ever sweet and good, gay and loving, and when every thing else is wearisome your thoughts repose there; your heart, like the dove that found no rest for the sole of her foot, folds its wings and is at peace in that cradle.

Walter Scott has a beautiful passage in Kenilworth, where he describes the ambitious Leicester disgusted and weary with the game of ambition, turning pallid and sick from all his schemes, and twining around his finger a fair tress of his young wife's golden hair, reproaching himself that he had so striven for things

of no value, when in the love of one confiding heart he had something so much purer, more satisfying, sweeter, and more beautiful.

So, too, the world of art, of poetry, painting, music, open a rest to the man who has long striven with the actualities of life, and made abundantly good by his experience the truth, "that which is crooked cannot be made straight," and "that which is wanting cannot be numbered." Then is he tired of this unreasonable world, tired of men as they are, tired of hypocrisy, tired of pride, tired alike of conservatism and of reform, and it is a rest to go with Shakspeare into an ideal world of men and women, or with Mozart into a dream-land of sound, or with Rubens into the ideality of color, or with the old Greeks into a labyrinth of beautiful forms, till his soul is rested.

In America, our prosaic work-a-day country, this rest can refresh but few; but "as he who hath no oblation chooseth a *tree*," so even here, *nature* furnishes a ready and benignant provision. Sometimes one single flower, tended and watered from day to day, in the dwelling of sickness and poverty, is a rest from care, and bears healing under its leaves. Happy they who live in the country; there is rest for them in the springing of leaves, in the green, sharp blades of grass, in the glorious sweep of the elm, and the pointing fingers of the spruce, in the flush of the autumn maple, and in the glitter of winter snows.

Many a worn heart has been *rested* by these things, that never knew where rest came from.

But there come times when all these fail—the lock of hair—the cradle; hide them away; they speak of only death and despair; the dream-land of sound has tones in it that are heart-wringing; painting has lost its color, and nature's bloom and beauty, her serene ineffable sweetness and composure pain us like the indifference of a friend. Now for the soul's *rest*! Where is it? Has the Almighty Father sent us here so orphaned that when all else is gone we cannot find *all* in Him? and say, "Return unto thy REST, O my soul!"

But there is a meaning in that word *return*. We cannot return to a place we have never been to. This word *return* speaks of old familiarity and long experience; the dove came *back* to

the ark ; she had not the ark to seek for the first time. There is this savor of familiarity and long-tried friendship, this constant allusion to an established intimacy between the poet and his heavenly Friend, that gives a charm to the Psalms. He is not seeking a rest unknown ; he is returning to one well known and long tried.

Among the green, breezy hollows of the pasture-land at Bethlehem, in early youth, this invisible One, all beauty, all loveliness, had unvailed himself before his soul. He had come to him, not as a fleeting, poetic vision, but as a sober certainty of waking bliss. He had become teacher, comforter, and guide. He had attracted to himself all the fibers of the poet's inner life, so that he could say, "All my springs are in Thee." Thenceforth life became glorified, and all its events, prosperous or adverse, full of divine significance, and bearing a healing power.

The Psalms are full of intimations of this interior friendship. They speak of wakeful hours, of communion in the night-season, when all else is hushed and still. They speak of a glad pulsation of love and joy each morning, such as brightens the infant's eyes, when he awakes, to find his mother's smile. "*When I awake, I am still with Thee.*" They speak of wanderings and returnings, of offences forgiven, of instruction imparted, of doubts allayed, and inquiries answered.

In the Psalm, the poet is speaking as one who has left some warm and kindly home for some uncertain and perilous venture. He has been out into the battle and been wounded. He has been into the race and is weary with the noise, and blinded by the dust. He is heart-sick, weary, lonely, desolate ; but still he knows where to go. He says :

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

But woe for him who has learned no rest ; he who, when the storm desolates and lightning scathes, knows no hiding-place from the tempest. On the wide, blasted heath of time he stands a homeless wanderer ; no distant light gleams from the windows of a well-known home to guide him, no remembrance of a father's face allures him ; desolate above all names of desolation he who is written without God, and without hope in the world.

Christian Experience.

ORIGINAL.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

The subjoined experience is that of a youthful female disciple of the Lord Jesus; one whom the Lord hath greatly blessed. At my earnest and repeated solicitations the writer has allowed her diffidence to be so far overcome as to pen a brief and simple narrative of her Christian state. Although not written for publication, I cannot resist the inducement to transcribe and forward it to the Guide, with the prayer that its perusal may induce some others of her age to imitate so worthy an example.

E. L.

EXPERIENCE.

In compliance with the urgent request of a dear friend, I would endeavor, although very imperfectly, to record something of the goodness of God to one so unworthy.

A little more than four years since, after having been for some months convinced of sin, my unbelieving heart yielded itself up to the influences of divine grace, and by an act of faith on the Lord Jesus Christ, received the Spirit's testimony that my sins were forgiven, and myself brought into reconciliation with God. Thrice happy day, when for the first time I was enabled to look up to Him whose blood had availed for me, and with humble confidence exclaim, my Lord and my God! The first impulse of my heart was to follow my Master fully, and to strive to run in the way of his commandments. Placed by the Providence of God in a Class in which many of the members enjoyed the blessing of holiness, and under the guidance of a faithful leader whose earnest desire and constant labor was that we should all go on to perfection, as might be expected, almost immediately after my conversion I was urged to consecrate myself unreservedly to the Lord, and to seek that holiness of heart without which none can ever hope to see his face. Notwithstanding these advantages, I paused awhile, almost fearing to reach after so high a grace; my youth and inexperience making it appear like presumption to hope for what many around me, so long in the way to heaven, were not in the possession of. But whilst the enemy in this way endeavored

to discourage, I had much to encourage. As I before stated, in the Class to which I belonged were those who were the happy possessors of this pearl of great price, and I could not fail to discover the marked difference between the experience of such and those who had not attained like precious faith. They were also young, and knowing that God is no respecter of persons, I saw that it was my privilege, as well as theirs, to be cleansed from all sin. I resolved to seek, and although I had not those deep convictions of inbred sin which I have heard others speak of, yet I became perfectly convinced that it was my duty as well as my high privilege to present myself to the Lord, a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, which indeed was but a reasonable service—and that I should be conformed to his will, which was my sanctification. The command to be holy appeared such, that to disregard it would be to forfeit the blessing already bestowed; but though I earnestly desired and sought the attainment of this blessed state of experience, it was some time ere I was enabled to triumph over my unbelief. Often did I feel as if I had laid my all upon the altar, but because of my unbelief as to its acceptance, the offering remained unacknowledged. That good Spirit, however, that had begotten within me these desires after holiness, led me to see the thing that hindered my entering into the enjoyment of this grace, and after a struggle of about five months I was enabled, one evening, whilst met with a few dear Christian friends who loved the Lord with all their hearts,* to make the surrender of all to Him “to whom my more than all was due,” and I felt immediately that all I had to do was to believe the offering accepted “through the Beloved.” I ventured then to reckon myself dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and in thus venturing fully upon the atonement, such a holy, heavenly calm filled my soul that for a while the place I was in appeared more like heaven than earth. My feelings at that time are well expressed by those beautiful lines—

“The solemn awe that dares not move,
And all the silent Heaven of love.”

While I listened to the experience of those devoted ones around me, I felt a union of Spirit with them which I had not

previously been conscious of; but oh! how far exceeding anything that I had ever enjoyed in my previous state, was the delightful and sacred union of my soul with my Saviour. Jesus appeared to me the fairest among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. *I believed—I felt* the work was done;—and yet a fear lest I should not be able to retain the grace, and thus by relapse dishonor my Saviour, led me to shrink at the thought of making confession with my mouth. I was tempted to withhold my testimony; but I soon saw this would not do, and that in order to retain it, I must confess it. Having obtained it by faith, I knew that if I continued to walk by the same rule, He was both able and willing to keep me from falling and to preserve me blameless; regarding confession then, as his own appointed way, I no longer hesitated but made known what the Lord had done *in me*, and in so doing my faith was greatly strengthened, and my evidence brightened. From that hour to the present, I have been kept by the power of God through faith. True, I have not ~~always~~ had the same amount of spiritual enjoyment; at times, I have been sorrowful and cast down through manifold temptations and trials, but these are the common lot of all who, in this world of sin, are striving for a better inheritance. *His* grace has ever been sufficient to help me. I do praise God that I am still in the narrow path of holiness, and that I feel increasing delight while journeying along the way, looking to the end of the race. My heart does greatly rejoice at the thought of beholding Him whom my soul loves, and then to be forever with the Lord; there will I give Him nobler praise! O, yes, I shall have an eternity in which to praise Him for what he has done for me.

M.

*This was at a special meeting for Holiness held every alternate Tuesday evening in St. John.

SELF-DENIAL is something more real than a beautiful theory, put forth in glowing language, and held up to an admiring audience. It is that crucifixion of the whole being which makes the endurer like the Master—a root out of dry ground.

Editorial Miscellany.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

This body held its annual session the present year in the pleasant village of Westfield, Mass. Its proceedings were not only characterized by a spirit of harmony, but what to us was of far still greater interest they seemed to be pervaded by an increased measure of spirituality. Several precious testimonies were borne in the Conference Love Feast, to the efficacy of Christ's blood in *cleansing* the heart from all sin. *Purity!* what attraction there is in the very sound, and how it does exalt the Gospel and the mission of the Gospel Minister when as God's ambassador he commends it from a personal knowledge and experience of its blessedness. We were favored with a visit from our old friend and contributor, Dr. Jesse T. Peck, who has recently been elected as an associate with Rev. A. Stevens, in the supervision of the great tract movement in our Church. He preached to us a most impressive discourse on the Sabbath, from Col. i. 9, 11, in which he took occasion to urge upon the ministry as well as membership the necessity of spiritual progress. Its influence on those that heard it, we trust will not be lost.

The Anniversary of the Conference Missionary Society was also an occasion of deep interest. Among many other excellent things, one of the speakers expressed the sentiment that the Church had ample resources, with which to accomplish the great work of her mission; and that all that was needed was to use these appliances and the work would be done. He illustrated his idea, by referring to the great discoveries and improvements of the age. Steam and lightning had been in existence from time immemorial—but the application of these agents to the purposes of human comfort, and convenience had been comparatively of modern date. So the Church has the means. It is for her to use them and the world will be converted. But what are those means? Wealth? Influence? Talent? Something more than these—*the power of the Holy Ghost—the Gospel preached in the demonstration of the Spirit—the holy anointing from Heaven.* He closed his remarks on this point, by expressing a determination to seek for more of the unction, in his public addresses. Oh! that the Church and especially the ministry were alive to this sentiment. Much as we appreciate a learned ministry, we cannot close our eyes to the danger of our forgetting that our sufficiency is alone of God. Ye lovers of holiness, manifest your love by praying for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, not only upon yourselves but upon

every branch of Zion: then shall she arise in her strength, attired in her beautiful garments, and the nations of the earth attracted by her brightness shall flow to the Holy One of Israel, acknowledging him as their Saviour and Redeemer.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—Having been obliged to move, during the progress of the present number through the press, it is possible that some slight errors may have escaped us; if so, we beg the indulgence of our friends. We enter upon a new volume under auspices more favorable, we think, than ever before. One of our number is expecting, Providence permitting, to travel extensively, preaching wherever an open door may occur, aiding the circulation of the Guide, both by soliciting subscriptions to our list and contributions to our pages, and otherwise promoting the cause in which we are engaged.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisements on the cover, and respectfully solicit their co-operation in the enlargement of our list with the ensuing number.

Several communications are on file. Some of these will appear in due time—others, perhaps, may be laid aside. We bespeak the indulgence of all on this point, assuring them that if we err, it is not willingly. With many thanks for past favors, we solicit of our old correspondents a continuance of their contributions.

THE CONTRAST.—A brother in the ministry, writing on business, among other things says, “There has been a reactionary influence here and in this region, on the subject of holiness, owing in part, to the irregularities of its professors, and in part to the opposition of Methodist Preachers. The cause is God’s and must prevail—nevertheless the condition of things is full of instruction, and I hope for one to profit by whatever may occur. Entire sanctification, the present duty and privilege of all believers, is the sun in the glorious system of gospel truths, and the Church shall yet arise and shine in its light. May the day be hastened!”

Another correspondent in forwarding us the experience of a friend, thus writes, “For five years I have had the privilege of being associated with her in the same little band to which she united herself when coming out from the world; and were I writing the experience, instead of my young friend, gladly would I have availed myself of the opportunity of saying much both in affirmation and illustra-

tion of her self-denying, unblamable walk. A pattern to young Christians in dress, habits, works, &c., this Sister exhibits the Christian character in its attractive loveliness. She is a vessel sanctified to the Master's use."

We have no room for comment, neither indeed is there any required. We will venture, however, to submit two texts which may be profitably read in connection with the above, and then leave the reader to his own reflections. They are these: Heb. vi. 4-6, and 1 Thes. i. 10-12.

A WATCHMAN FALLEN.—A correspondent, whom we suppose to be the widow, thus communicates the decease of one of our most active Agents:—"Your Agent, the Rev. Henry J. Van Shaick, is no more. He expired on the morning of the 9th inst. at his father's residence in Spring Vale, Columbia Co., Wis., in the 24th year of his age. A more triumphant death is seldom witnessed. His mind was calmly stayed upon God, without a moment's intermission during the three months of his severe suffering. Almost with his last breath he exclaimed, O! death thou welcome messenger, when wilt thou come? thou *art welcome*, why delay? He passed away without the least struggle, with a smile playing upon his countenance. He was a living exemplification of the blessed doctrine of Holiness."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, for May, has come to hand. This number exhibits a manifest improvement in the mechanical execution of its pictorial illustrations. The superior ink that is used and the manner in which the impressions are worked off, gives them the appearance of copperplate or steel engravings. Among a long and varied list of illustrations is a good likeness of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, another of John J. Audubon, the ornithologist, and several engravings illustrative of the process of Bank Note Engraving, and also of the manufacture of Gutta Percha. *Boston: Frederick Parker, 50 and 52 Cornhill.*

We have received from *Messrs. Gould & Lincoln*, 59 Washington street, a copy of THE LAMP TO THE PATH, or, *the Bible in the heart, the home and the market place*, by the Rev. Dr. Tweedie of the Free Tolbooth Church Edinburgh. We give a brief extract from its pages in the present number of the Guide, which will serve as a specimen of its style. It contains in consecutive chapters, religion in the heart, in our homes, in the workshop, in the market place, in the professions, in our social intercourse, and religion as the crown and glory of man's life. We take pleasure in chronicling the republication of such works. The press of this enterprising and old established publishing house is ever teaming with a sanctified literature.